

CHATELAINNE

JULY 1938



"Me...of all people! Why should my tooth brush 'show pink'?"

**Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage - all can bring about**

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it is upsetting! You were disturbed to see that tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush this morning — shocked to think that it could happen to you. And now you're puzzled. You've always

given your teeth such excellent care — or so you thought!

"You cleaned them, to be sure, regularly every day. You thought that brushing was enough. But, dear lady, a sparkling smile needs more than well-brushed teeth—gums must be healthy, too! And if you want to help guard against that warning tinge of 'pink', you must give your gums special care.

"The point in question—the important point—is this: what can you do now to keep that winning and attractive smile still winning and attractive? You know you can't ignore 'pink tooth brush' and get off scot free! So, as the intelligent adult you are, you're going to make the one safe and sensible move you should. You're going to call your dentist—now."

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

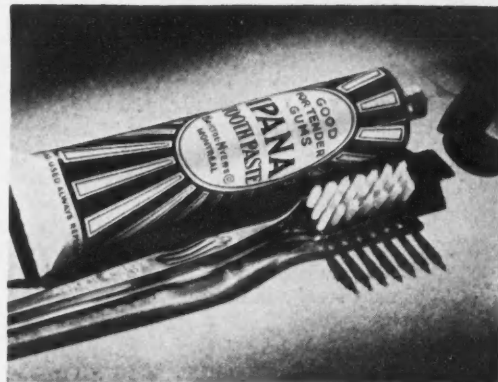
REMEMBER—"pink tooth brush" is only a warning. It may not mean serious trouble but your dentist should make that decision. Usually, however, he will probably describe it as simply a case of gums grown inactive and lazy, gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. And his advice will usually be "more exercise, more work for your gums," and often, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of the gums as well as clean the teeth. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Circulation is awakened within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become stronger—teeth gain a brighter lustre.

Try Ipana, today. Remember, only with healthy gums and sparkling teeth can you have a radiant smile.

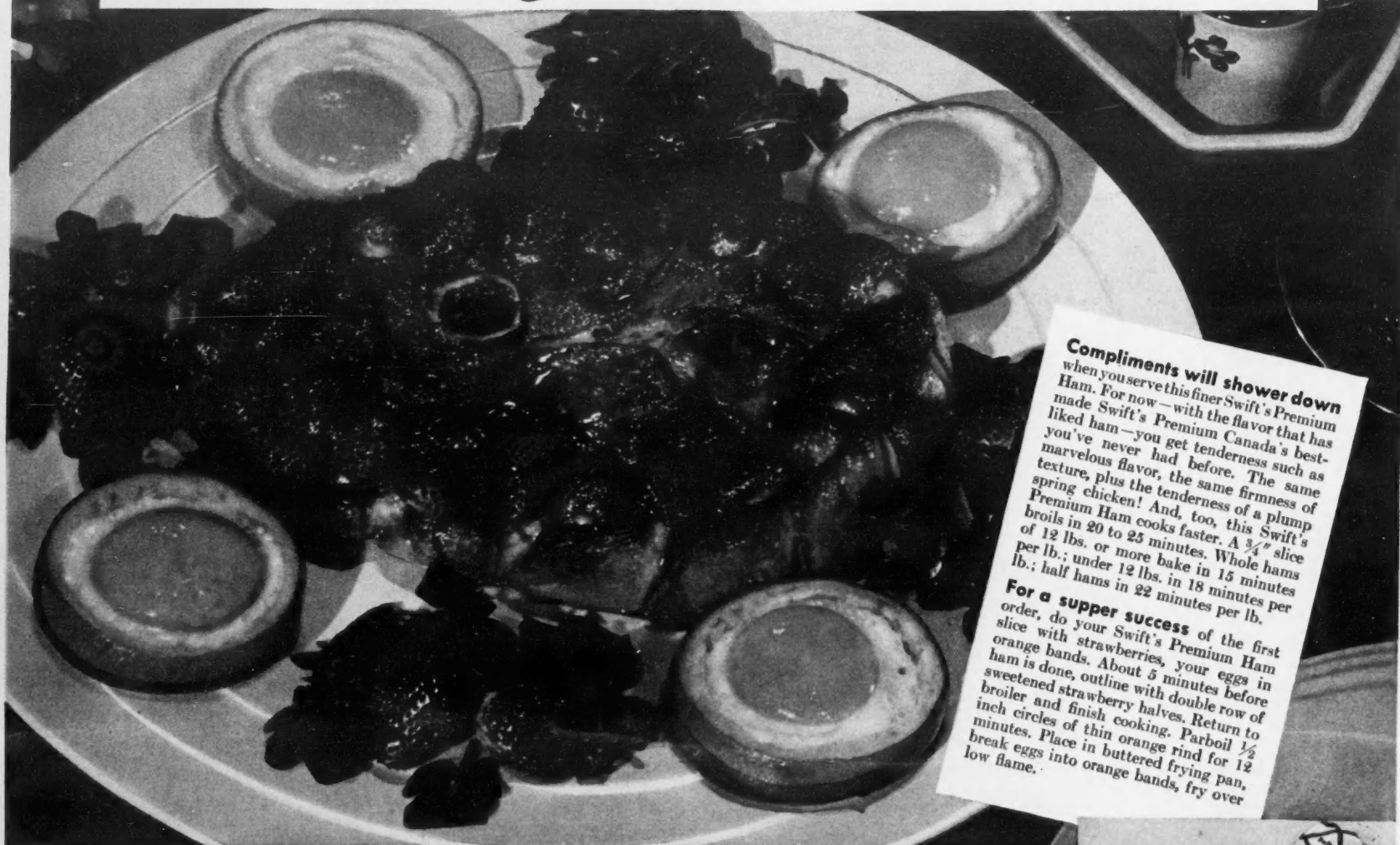
* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

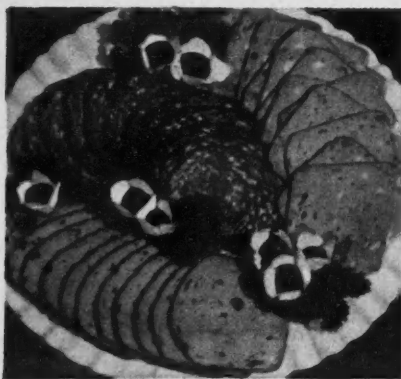
Now WITH THE TRUE SWIFT'S PREMIUM FLAVOR
....*spring-chicken tenderness!*



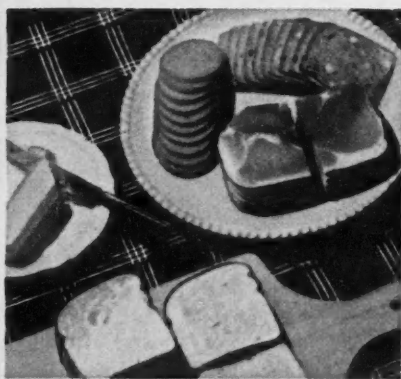
Compliments will shower down when you serve this finer Swift's Premium Ham. For now—with the flavor that has made Swift's Premium Canada's best-liked ham—you get tenderness such as you've never had before. The same marvelous flavor, the same firmness of texture, plus the tenderness of a plump spring chicken! And, too, this Swift's Premium Ham cooks faster. A $\frac{3}{4}$ " slice broils in 20 to 25 minutes. Whole hams of 12 lbs. or more bake in 15 minutes per lb.; under 12 lbs. in 18 minutes per lb.; half hams in 22 minutes per lb.

For a supper success of the first order, do your Swift's Premium Ham slice with strawberries, your eggs in orange bands. About 5 minutes before ham is done, outline with double row of sweetened strawberry halves. Return to broiler and finish cooking. Parboil $\frac{1}{2}$ inch circles of thin orange rind for 12 minutes. Place in buttered frying pan, break eggs into orange bands, fry over low flame.

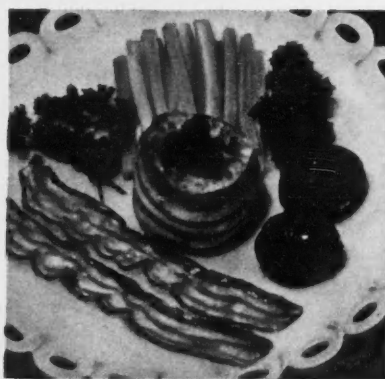
REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL



Come out of the kitchen! You'll treat yourself to extra hours of leisure and your family to something specially good by serving Swift's Premium Delicatessen Meats. Naturally, since they're Swift's Premium products, these table-ready meats are exceptionally fine. And there's a grand assortment to choose from. Meat Loaf, Lunar Loaf, Salami, Delicatessen Ham, Brunswick Liver Sausage and many more. Tempting cold



platters are ready in a jiffy with Swift's Premium Delicatessen Meats. They're the quick and clever makings of de luxe sandwiches, too. And they're grand for party appetizers. Shown above at left is a particularly charming and unusual garnish for a platter of cold meats—radish roses with petals of cream cheese. To make the petals: Fill a small spoon with cream cheese; level off the surface; press the cheese against the radish and pull spoon down.



Patties of poultry dressing cooked with Swift's Premium Bacon make a new dish you ought to try. They're easy, economical, and good, for you get Swift's Premium flavor all the way through. That flavor, often called a "sweet smoke taste," is enough to glorify any dish. The result of the Premium cure and special smoking in ovens, it has made Swift's Premium the world's most popular bacon. P.S. Canned plums taste fine with the patties.



Look for this new, blue-plaid wrapper to get ham that has the true Swift's Premium flavor and is tender as spring chicken. In buying a slice, look for the word Swift in tiny brown dots on the side. Swift's Premium bacon is now wrapped in a similar distinctive wrapper. Ask for Swift's Premium by name!

Recipes by

Martha Logan, Home Economist for
SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
Purveyors of Fine Foods

SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *brand name of the finest meats*

**PULL-LEASE, MRS. BROWN—
I NEED THE CARE YOU
GIVE YOUR UNDIES!**

you don't want
this to happen
tomorrow

AT BRIDGE

MRS. BROWN, DO YOU
MIND IF I OPEN THE
WINDOW A LITTLE
MORE? IT'S SO
STUFFY HERE

THANK GOODNESS—
IT'S REALLY UNPLEASANT
TO BE NEAR MRS. BROWN
IN THIS HOT ROOM

6 P.M.

WHY HARRY,
DEAR, AREN'T
YOU GLAD
TO SEE ME?

OF COURSE, SALLY—BUT...

WHY ISN'T
SHE THE DAINTY GIRL
SHE USED TO BE?

AT NIGHT

I'M SO UNHAPPY.
HARRY DOESN'T LOVE
ME AS HE USED TO...
THOSE WOMEN SEEMED
SO COOL AT BRIDGE,
TOO... OH, DEAR

IF SHE'D LUX
HER DRESS THE WAY
SHE DOES HER UNDIES,
SHE WOULDN'T
OFFEND!

Dresses..

like undies, absorb perspiration odour

Don't offend..

The skin is constantly giving off odour-causing waste matter. Our clothes absorb this. Soon the odour becomes noticeable, especially in hot weather. Frequent Luxings keep underthings and girdles from offending. Dresses, too, need this protection!

Lux them often. This removes odour-

causing waste completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't.

Lux has no harmful alkali (as many ordinary soaps have) — eliminates injurious cake-soap rubbing. Any colour or material that is safe in water alone is safe in Lux. You can Lux dresses again and again — they'll still look lovely as new! For extra economy, buy your Lux in the big box.



**Lux
dresses
often**



CHATELAINE

a magazine for canadian women

Kindness to Speakers The other evening I went with many other women to hear a noted speaker. Following dinner we sat for an hour and a half listening to business reports. Finally the speaker rose. What chance had she for any vital attention when, weary herself, she faced an audience tired already of the whole affair?

This was, perhaps, an exaggerated instance. But similar instances occur many many times. Men and women who do a lot of speaking are, too often, faced with such discourtesies. At many an afternoon's club meeting of efficient women, all of them excellent hostesses in their own homes, the out-of-town speaker must sit through several musical contributions by local talent, half a dozen committee reports, an appeal for funds and a plea that fees be paid. When all the detail has been cleared away, then, and then only, is the speaker allowed to face her jaded audience.

The many clubs who invite speakers obviously do it to attract a crowd. People won't turn up unless there's some featured attraction. Then why not give the speaker the ordinary courtesy of calling on her first? If you have a voice in your own particular club, why not raise it this autumn and urge this point? If you don't, you'll find the possibilities for getting worth-while speakers getting even less than they are today.

Girl With a Latchkey She opens the particularly interesting group of stories we've gathered for you this month. And she is one of thousands of young Canadians. Her story is repeated on every street in town. We publish it this month as a telling example of what parents can mean to their young people. The story, written with the simplicity that marks all the work of Elizabeth Sanxay Holding, concerns only a few hours on a summer's evening, yet many of you will remember its import for years to come.

Which is the ideal behind every good short story. Over a long period of years, it seems to me that the majority of public questions end in the eternal cry, "You must educate the public!" That's the most important part of a magazine's job. So, too, most questions concerning the morals and manners of young people go back to the reiterated, "It's the parents' responsibility!" Such a story as "The Girl With a Latchkey" will probably do more to drive home its basic thought than any amount of talking. I hope that Christie's poignant story will become a reality to you.

Your Own Coiffure Experts are teaching women that it's more important to wear costumes that become them individually than to be a goodlooking fashion plate. "Be Yourself," they say. Make-up is keyed to the various types; new shampoos are created to accent individual color harmonies. This is particularly true of hair styles, which are rapidly moving from the general to the particular. For women are gradually learning the importance of discovering the right line to their head as well as to their hats. So it is with special pleasure that *Chatelaine* announces a three-months service through which you can learn your own most becoming "hair-do." And remember, this is not only for radiant youngsters who want something glamorous or extreme. This service is to show matrons and older women how they can develop their own good looks by knowing how to dress their hair. You'd be wise to take advantage of it early, so that you can meet the summer confidently.

Coming Next Month Since the lazy days of August demand the very best fiction we can find, I'm glad to announce a remarkably good program for next month's *Chatelaine*. The issue is positively guaranteed to add to your enjoyment of holiday moods! For instance, "The Lady Wore White" will take you to Egypt in general, and to the top of one of the famous pyramids in particular, where a charming, but foolish young girl gets the fright of her life. "The Calm and Beautiful" will unfold the struggle of a wife to hold her husband's interest. There's a new story too, from Beryl Gray, of Vancouver, who always wins a round of applauding letters for her work. This time, her story, "The Path to Understanding," has a special note for the thousands of wives who feel quite positive that they will never never have to worry about their husbands' interest in them . . . yet who are sometimes wise enough to consider it. "One Hour for Love" is an enchanting story about two young people who can meet only for a brief hour at a luncheon counter, as he works all night, and she works all day. His week-ends are involved too. It's gay and refreshing—and we've set that as the keynote for the whole August issue. So I hope you'll be with us!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

H. NAPIER MOORE,
Editorial Director.
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS,
Editor.

HELEN G. CAMPBELL,
Director, Chatelaine Institute.
EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.,
Editor "Your Home" Department.

M. FRANCES HUCKS,
Assistant Institute Director.

N. ROY PERRY,
Business Manager.

E. B. HARSHAW,
Advertising Manager.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING
COMPANY . . . LIMITED
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, 2,
CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN
Founder and Chairman

HORACE T. HUNTER
President

H. V. TYRRELL
Vice-President and General Manager

Publishers of: *Chatelaine*, *Maclean's Magazine*, *Canadian Homes and Gardens*, *Mayfair*, *The Financial Post*, *Hardware and Metal*, *Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine*, *Sanitary Engineer*, *Canadian Grocer*, *Drug Merchandising*, *Stylewear*, *Men's Wear Merchandising*, *Bookseller and Stationer*, *The General Merchant of Canada*, *Canadian Hotel Review* and *Restaurant*, *Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News*, *Modern Power and Engineering*, *Canadian Trade Abroad*, *Canadian Printer and Publisher*, *Canadian Advertising*, *Canadian Automotive Trade*, *Bus and Truck Transport in Canada*. Other Services: *The Canadian Press Clipping Service*, *The Financial Post Corporation Service*—BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 521 Fifth Avenue, New York; 918 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6942; Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London — YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE — In Canada \$1.00; all other parts of the British Empire \$1.50 per year. United States and possessions, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$2.00 per year, all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies, 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London, Eng. hotels, 9d. Copyright, 1938, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in *Chatelaine* are imaginary and have no reference to living persons.

Manuscripts submitted to *Chatelaine* must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted.

Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion is never sanctioned.

CHATELAIN

for JULY

a magazine
for canadian
women



Girl With a *Latchkey*

by

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING



She turned away her head. "You just drive out here and park . . . and you never ask me what I'd like to do," she said, with bitterness.

WHEN DINNER was finished, Archer went into the sitting room, and settled himself in his usual chair under the bridge lamp to read a magazine, while his wife and his daughter washed the dishes. He knew Christie was in a hurry, but he didn't offer to help; he never so much as carried out a dish.

Christie, with a familiar sense of urgent haste in her heart, felt a moment's sharp irritation against him. But when she looked at him through the open doorway, that vanished. His hair glistened like silver, his thin face was tired; he looked so very neat—and so shabby. After all, this ignoring of domestic affairs was his way of asserting his pride, his position as the man of the family,

and he needed it. He had been so hurt, so battered; he had lost so much in these last years. Carrying a tray, she went in and kissed the top of his grey head.

"Ha!" he said, without looking up. But he was pleased.

"Mother's so wonderful about him," thought Christie. "So patient. Too patient."

She wanted to cry. There was always that queer heartache now, beneath all her happiness, like a current of bitter salt water running through a clear river.

"Practically no dishes tonight!" said her mother. "I can do them in ten minutes, dear."

"Well, we'll do them together in five," said Christie.

"Mother, you've got those slippers on!"
"Just for a few moments," said Mrs. Archer, apologetically.

For the past four years, she had been teaching again, in a private school, hurrying up and down stairs, hurrying off to the school in the morning, stopping to market on the way home, hurrying to get the dinner, and she had trouble with her arches. She had been ordered to wear shoes with supports in them, and never those old felt slippers.

"Mother—"
"Yes, my dearie?"

But after all, she had nothing to say. She looked at her mother, and smiled, and wanted to cry.

"She looks so tired . . . She looks older . . . I can't stand it, for mother to get older."

That was silly, childish. Everyone gets older. Only, there was a look about her mother's eyes, about her mouth, an unbearable look of resignation.

"People have to fight against getting old. If mother would do exercises, or something. If she'd take some of her pay and get her hair done. Even if she can't afford it . . ."

Her mother had no right to be tired, to grow older. Let her go to the beauty salon and get over this, at once. Let her be gay, alert, not like this.

"It's nearly eight, pet. I'll finish—"

"No. Do you want to make me into a—disgusting, selfish beast? I think it's—absolutely wrong—for you not to want me to do my share of things. Unless you like to be a martyr."

THE LAST dish was put away in silence. While Christie was dressing, she heard Eddy's car come down the street and stop; she heard her father go, with his deliberate step, to open the door.

"Ha! How are you, m' boy? Come in!"

That tone of amusement. He always spoke to Eddy



BY APPOINTMENT

Complexions Unafraid of Weather

Stamp of culture—mark of refinement—fragrant choice of fastidious tastes, the Yardley Lavender Perfume is always correct—40c to \$12.

Close hauled, almost dipping their lee rails, you'll see white-winged hulls beating up wind in the sporting waters of the English channel. Yet their fair crews are as fresh-complexioned as though they were gossiping in the drawing rooms of Mayfair . . . because they depend for skin care on the exquisitely fine products of Yardley of Bond Street, which you may obtain at the finer stores everywhere. Drop a card to Yardley & Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, if you would like a copy of "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street."



In this bewitching box of beauty secrets are small but generous sizes of English Complexion Cream, Foundation Cream, Skin Food, Toning Lotion, Complexion Milk and English Complexion Powder in the shade of your choice—a happy way of introducing you to Yardley luxury for a quite modest sum . . . \$1.50.

Yardley Bath Crystals. They'll blend their fragrance into delightfully softened, refreshing water. \$1.10 to \$4.40.

Lavendomeal makes the bath a beauty treatment for the whole body. This lavender scented luxury makes the hardest water soft as rain—as fragrantly refreshing as a wind-blown lavender field. The cereals it contains keep the skin smooth and supple. Wooden Drum, \$1.10.



Yardley Dusting Powder, with its soft-as-down lamb's wool puff, dusts away the last tiny traces of moisture, and makes you feel luxuriantly clean—buoyantly alive. In Lavender, \$1.35; in April Violets, Red Roses, Orchis, \$1.65.



YARDLEY OF LONDON

or how I feel." She paused a moment, a hot color in her cheeks, a light in her dark eyes. "I'll be very frank," she said. "What do you think I'd get out of a nasty, dangerous, cheap little secret love affair?"

He looked exactly as if she had struck him. Dazed, and white, and sick.

The three-piece orchestra at the end of the room began to play, and couples came out on the dance floor. Some of them in evening clothes; there was one girl in such a beautiful black dress, glistening with sequins, and the boy with her wore tails and a white tie; they looked so happy.

"Want to dance, Christine?"

"All right."

They had to work a tortuous way through the tables to reach the dance floor. Then Eddy put his arm around her, and they set off. They were so used to dancing with each other; she followed Eddy's lead without effort. A good floor; the little orchestra was good, too. They

played a tango for the second number, and she and Eddy went into it smoothly, easily. It made her happy; she knew they were really good. His fingers tightened over her hand in a sudden, painful grip that made her wince; she looked up into his face, startled.

"I love you," he said.

Their eyes met, and she could not look away. His face, that she knew so well, was changed, changed by a passionate and bitter hunger. Her heart quickened, she

felt the blood draw from her face. He drew her closer to him.

"I love you so," he said.

"I know," she said.

Their love drew them together; they went on dancing together; his arm was like steel around her, so that she felt strangely fluid and slight, without volition. Just following Eddy . . .

WHEN THE music stopped, it was a sort of shock. She smiled vaguely at him, and he took his arm away from her waist, but he kept her hand as they went back to their table. A sudden shyness came over them both.

He was young again and a little awkward, and she loved him for it. She sat down and opened her handbag to get out her vanity. Something fell out on the floor, and he stooped to pick it up.

"A latchkey!" he said. "I thought your father kicked too much—"

Continued on page 22



There was a sudden hot color in her cheeks, a light in her dark eyes. "I'll be very frank," she said. "What do you think I'd get out of a nasty, dangerous, cheap little secret love affair?"

Illustrated by Jack Keay

Here's humanity itself, mirrored in the evening spent by Christie and Eddy. Thousands of other couples like them, with a long engagement behind, and little hope of an early marriage must answer the same question. What part would you play in your daughter's life were she facing a similar situation?

like that, always spoke about him as if he were a little funny. "Your young man," he called him. He would be talking to Eddy now, in the sitting room. "Well, how is the world treating you, young man?" Things like that, questions that nobody could answer. Making Eddy seem awkward and stupid.

She combed her hair back from her forehead, the way Eddy didn't like it. "It makes you look haggard," he said.

"He doesn't know," she said to herself. "I know what suits me."

She put on her new hat, and looked at herself in the mirror, a slight little thing, dark-eyed, pale. She had style, an air about her, slim, arched little feet, delicate hands. But she didn't like the way she looked tonight.

"Drab," she thought.

A drab life. Getting up at six-thirty, catching the 7.58, going to the office, catching the 5.30 home, setting the table, drying the dishes; pressing a skirt, washing a blouse. The house was drab, everything going shabby; the whole neighborhood was running down. Growing old, discouraged.

"Hello, Eddy!"

Eddy got up, not smiling.

"Hello, Christine. Well—Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, young man!" That amused tone. Mrs. Archer came into the hall. "You won't be too late, will you, Eddy?"

"No, Mrs. Archer."

"Have a good time, children!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Archer."

He spoke like a good little boy. He had to, when he was treated like that. Like a neighbor's child who came a little too often. And if he ever stayed, it was worse. Archer would sit and talk to them for a while, and then go off with his pipe and his book, so obviously giving up his comfortable chair, his quiet evening. Christine and Eddy would sit there, and Mrs. Archer always had something to do in the kitchen; she would go up and down stairs; she would stop in the doorway, with her tired, friendly smile.

"Ginger ale in the icebox, and there's a box of cookies . . ."

She always thought Eddy wanted something to eat. The neighbor's child idea again.

"She thinks Eddy's such a nice boy," thought Christine. "She'd be surprised, if she knew."

SHE JUST didn't like Eddy this evening. She got into his car, and she hated it. The cheapest sort of little coupé, shabby, needing paint. She was ashamed of it, and she wasn't proud of Eddy, either.

"He's terribly young for twenty-three," she thought.

It would be nice, she thought, to be going out with a man, instead of a boy. A man, with some finesse; a man who would pay her a compliment, sometimes.

"Eddy never says anything nice," she thought.

He reached for her hand and drew it through his arm. She couldn't pull it away; she couldn't let him know how she felt. The last time she had seen him, only four days ago, she had loved him, and had admitted it.

"It's not his fault if I've changed," she thought. And not her fault, either. "It won't last," she thought. "It's been like this before. I go completely off Eddy—sometimes for a couple of days. But I get over it."

Just the same, it worried her. It meant, she thought,

either that she was fickle by nature, or that her love for him wasn't the real thing.

"Don't talk so much," said Eddy.

"I'm tired."

He didn't say anything, didn't say he was sorry; not a word. He drove through the suburban town, and out along the boulevard, turned up a side road, and stopped the car. He put his arm around her, and tried to kiss her, but she turned away her head.

"What's the matter, Christine?" he asked. "Are you mad?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "It's not that. It's—you just take everything for granted. You just—don't understand anything. You just drive out here and park, and you don't ever think of asking me—what I'd like to do."

He took his arm away, and sat in silence. Not saying he was sorry, not trying to give her any reassurance or comfort.

"He's sulking," she thought. "All right. Let him."

But when he spoke, his voice wasn't sulky.

"Well, there's not much we can do," he said. "I mean, without spending money."

He was right, of course. If they were ever going to get married, they would have to keep on saving, and not spend any money. But it made everything so drab, so flat, and it was going to be so long. They weren't engaged; at least, there was no ring, no announcement. Everyone just knew that they were going to get married when they could afford it. Not much romance in that.

"It's so—dingy," she said.

"Dingy?" he repeated, startled, and was silent for a while. "Yes," he said, presently. "I know. Well, shall we go somewhere and have a good time, and forget the money?"

"Yes! Let's!"

HE TURNED the car and started back toward the boulevard.

"Oh, he does understand things!" she thought. "It's just as bad for him—living in that horrible boarding-house. He's sweet to me."

He speeded up his shabby old car; the wind blew in their faces, cool, smelling of the woods.

"It's so darn unnatural," he said. "I mean, going on like this, when we love each other."

"What?" she demanded, slowly. "What did you say, Eddy?"

She couldn't believe her ears. Eddy never talked like that.

"We want to get married," he said. "We ought to. And we can't."

His voice didn't sound so young now, in the dark; there was a new note in it, something bitter and harsh.

"Well, there are plenty of others like us, Eddy," she said, briefly.

"Yes, and there are plenty of people who won't put up with it."

"I—" she began, and checked herself. "It's—hypocritical to pretend I'm shocked," she thought.

Only she was shocked, dismayed.

"Well, I'm not one of those people," she said.

"Have you figured it out? It'll be at least a year and a half before we can get married."

"That won't kill us."

"No," he said. "It'll just kill our love for each other, that's all."

"If that's the way you feel," she said, steadily, "you don't love me."

"What do you think love is?" he asked, with that same harshness in his voice. "Or maybe you don't know. Maybe you don't care—"

There was a long silence. She was crying, without a sound.

"I think that—if you loved me," she said, "you couldn't have said that. You'd have more respect—"

"For heaven's sake!" he cried. "We're both human beings. It's only human—to want each other. It's not my fault that we can't get married now. I'm not stupid. I'm not lazy. I do pretty good work—but I'm underpaid. So are you. Well, do we have to put up with that? Do we have to give up love, out of respect for a rotten, artificial system that we didn't make? Do we have to be so meek and cowardly that we're afraid to love each other until we have enough money—for furniture? I'm sick of it. I—can't go on this way."

She was strangely stirred by his passionate rebellion; she tried to look at him, but in the dark she could only see him dimly, his head set straight, something tense in the look of his shoulders.

"Eddy," she said, "you—wouldn't really love me if—things were like that. Men—just don't."

"That's a lie! Why shouldn't a man love a girl who's honest and generous, or has courage?"

A sudden sob betrayed her.

"I'm sorry," he said, stiffly. "I didn't mean to upset you. We'll drop it."

He did not reach for her hand, did not touch her or turn toward her. There was a dreadful hostility about him, as if he despised her. And the worst of it was, that she could not resent this, could not be angry.

"What's the matter with me?" she thought. "Haven't I any pride?"

He turned into a driveway, and before them, through the trees, were strings of colored lights; the breeze carried a burst of music.

"I don't feel much like going here," she said. "Not after what's happened."

"Nothing's happened," he said. "I just said something I've been thinking for a long time. If I can't even speak frankly to you, that's just too bad."

"I'm sorry you think like that," she said coldly.

"You ought to be glad," he said. "Unless you'd rather have a—tailor's dummy, instead of a man."

THERE WAS a double line of cars parked along the drive near the Casino; Eddy backed skilfully into a vacant place.

"It's the worst-looking car here," thought Christine. And then anger began to rise, a hot flame sweeping away that sense of chilly desolation. She knew now what she felt, and what she wanted to say, but she was going to wait.

Every table on the glass-enclosed verandah was filled; they had to go inside. And the head waiter didn't hurry forward to them; they weren't important. When he came, he led them to a table behind a pillar, and left them.

"I'll be frank, too," she said. "I'm not prudish, or old-fashioned, or anything like that. It's just that I think your idea is the most utterly selfish thing I ever heard of. You're thinking of nothing but yourself. You don't care about me. You don't care what risks I take,

The world acclaimed her a brilliant success, with her three careers—Wife—Mother—Business Woman—flourishing triumphantly. Genius, they said was apparent in her design for living. But she alone knew the truth.

by GERTRUDE LEVY



His mouth worked with fury which he tried to control but couldn't. Suddenly he was shouting at her.

Illustrated by
Robert Harris

older sisters, and the meagre livelihood obtained from her father's seasonal work as furrier, it was a rare event to have anything new. Hats, coats and dresses, were handed down as a matter of course. Luckily, shoes wore out. Or unluckily! She glanced down at her once-new brogans. Hers, ready-made and complete; and yet, not so interesting to her as the feat she had achieved with Helen's hat, which she had ripped apart and put together again.

It was fun to make things over, to seize upon something radically wrong, to grasp its possibilities, simply and miraculously to put it right. The fun was in doing things. Finished things were not so interesting. In the art class at public school, the sketch appealed to her more than the completed picture. A few lines, and her imagination could have free play, directing incredibly daring but quite feasible executions. Something finished was done with, detached, discarded.

THAT WAS the trouble with people, she thought gropingly, as she grew older. Most people were complete, set, finished—not always pleasingly so—but for good or bad, they stood as they were, formed and incapable of much variation. She craved in them the freshness of surprise, the possibility of development, which was almost always lacking. Most people seemed

to plow along fixed tracks like a locomotive, or a freight car, dragging the weights of their temperaments behind them. How rare was the clod who took to wings, leaping space, hurtling distance in all directions, refusing to be shackled to the strange earth-pulling power called gravity.

"You ought to go out more," Mrs. Cramer remonstrated, during the years when Fanny was bringing home a little money as helper in a neighborhood millinery store. "Look at Nettie, ready to be married. And Carrie has a fine time! Why don't you go to some of the dances with her?"

"I have. They're not much fun," said Fanny, gesturing expressively with her sensitive hands. Her own mind knew, although not in so many words, that these men who squired her sisters were as grooved and inevitable as cardboard patterns, familiar mechanisms she had no need for. To her, newness and change meant life itself. Yet life, as the neighborhood knew it, was defined in just such simple masculine terms. She

shrugged her shoulders, baffled, and frowned at her mother.

"It's not as if you couldn't be popular," Mrs. Cramer persisted. "The fellows would like you, if you give 'em a chance. You don't want to be an old maid, do you?"

"Oh, I guess not. I haven't thought much about it," said Fanny impatiently, temper rasping her voice. "Let me be, mama. Just now I've got my mind on other things."

OTHER THINGS materialized quickly enough in a job with a good wholesale millinery house. Her employer, Joseph Galt, recognized in her a quality compatible with his own accurate intuition, and gave her all the latitude consistent with factory routine. "Keep your mind on your work, Miss Cramer, and you'll amount to something," he told her at the outset; and by the time she had been with him six months, it was—"Get Miss Cramer to handle it . . . Well, what's wrong with it, Fanny? . . . Like this, Fanny?"

If Fanny didn't like it, she was apt to voice her feelings in the strident tones of a boiler maker, a shouting explosion of rage, which curiously, was not resented by those around her. Her temper was short-lived, and as spontaneous as everything about her. It was a trait Galt shared, and with tacit equality, they seldom flared up at each other. Fanny liked her employer; she liked her work, and the buyers who were her customers. Sociability was mixed into it, as a matter of course. She lunched frequently with Joseph Galt, discussing orders over corned beef sandwiches and coffee, poking fun at the tense, serious expression of his dark-featured face, which she failed to realize duplicated her own puckered brow. They got along famously. Galt was making money, and liberal increases in her pay envelope testified to his appreciation of her share in his prosperity. He consulted her on every project. Her presence was required on many evening parties, regulation entertainment for visiting buyers, although the honors on these occasions were carried off by the tall, pretty mannequins, eager for off-duty work which included theatre tickets and night clubs.

At first Fanny protested her inclusion on the more festive occasions. "I'm not ornamental enough, and I need my sleep!" she told Galt seriously. "It takes a blonde to double that Robertson order. Give him Dolly."

"Okay for him, but I need somebody to talk to. I've got to tag along, too," Galt replied, as seriously. "Don't be a quitter, Fanny. Come on and relax."

"Just like you!" she joked, as tense-visaged as he. Together they raced through sheafs of orders, closing the day's work in time to study elaborate menus and walk together down the aisles of hit musical shows.

GRADUALLY the pressure of work adjusted to even keel with her income. Fanny moved into a little apartment, sending contributions home regularly, until both her sisters married. Then her parents took a smaller flat, which they said they could keep up without her. She went up to see them whenever she could, which was seldom. There was not much time in her life for visiting.

She hardly knew when dissatisfaction crept in, one day no trace of it, the next, it had engulfed her. Some incident, perhaps, caused her to feel restless—then suddenly the job was tame, there was no longer fun in anything. Vaguely she attempted to overcome this feeling, but not trying very hard. Temperamentally, she couldn't; there was no resistance in her to an emotion of satiety. Boredom affected her not with opiate calm, but as an acute itch demanding instant relief.

Thereupon she electrified Joseph Galt.

"I'm tired of this job," she said. "I'm not getting anywhere."

Galt flushed angrily. They were in his office, in his hand he held a hat she had just designed—a reckless, brazen innovation of a hat ♦ Continued on page 34



Designing Woman

RAIN-BEDRAGGLED, the reporter opened the maroon-and-ivory doors of the Salon Moderne, and paused in trepidation at the wet imprint of her foot on the brilliantly blue carpet. "Probably her customers arrive in taxis," she thought, as a tall, auburn-haired girl, professionally smiling, moved toward her and enquired: "Any special sales person?"

"I'm Miss Quinn from *Vanity Flashes*. I have an appointment for an interview with Mrs. Lester."

"Do sit down. I'll call Mrs. Lester."

Miss Quinn sat down damply on a gold-and-white chair. The room was starkly bright, alternating curtainless windows with mirrors of rose and blue, adroitly simulating day and evening lights. Rain pelted the windows. Handsome girls hurried back and forth, bearing tiny hats with the care bestowed on fragile, precious burdens. Smartly dressed women sat before the mirrors, studying their faces critically, and murmuring in low voices to the attendants. The reporter craned her neck in excitement. "What a hat! Who could wear that maline bow on a velvet plate?" With a gesture of benediction, the salesgirl set it on a rigidly marcelled coiffure—unexpected softnesses appeared in the customer's face—she preened herself, starry-eyed. Small stock-girls passed rapidly, gathering up armfuls of discarded treasures. The reporter pulled her rain-spotted sailor over her ears, steeped to dizziness in feminine sorcery.

"How do you do?"

Looking up, Miss Quinn saw a small, compact woman with alert, birdlike eyes and nervous hands standing before her. That was the first, and the permanent impression—keen eyes and hands anxious to adjust; this, she knew at once, was Fay Lester, New York's most spectacular designer of hats, top copy for the millinery page. She followed Mrs. Lester into an office, a blank expanse of turquoise and silver, with an immense, uncompromisingly flat table-desk. On the desk was a scissors, and a silver-framed photograph of a little girl.

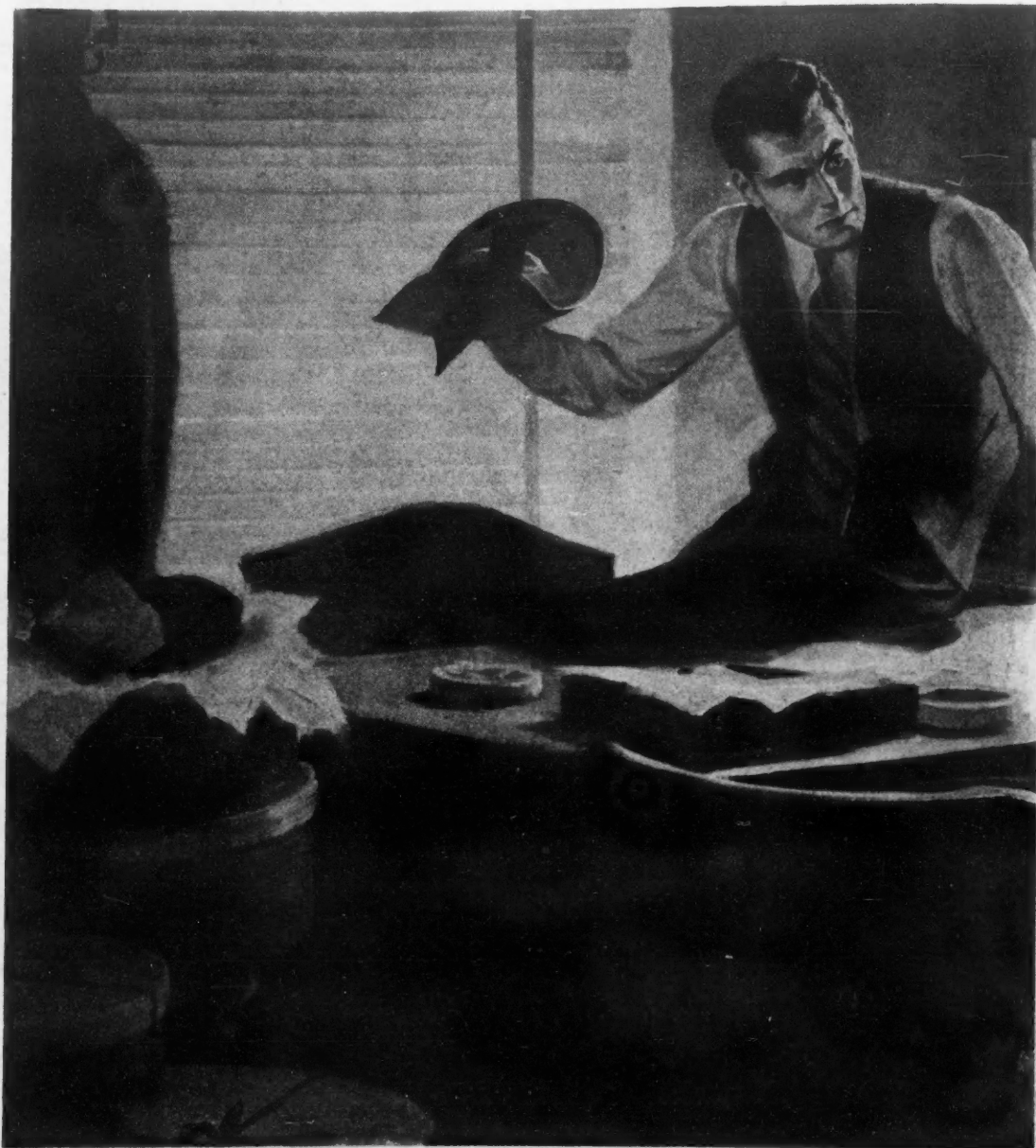
"Your child, of course," said the reporter, from the unexpectedly comfortable depths of a streamline chair. Mrs. Lester nodded abstractedly. "Excuse me," she said abruptly, and darted into an adjoining room. Through the half-open door poured a torrent of invective, venomous in intent upon its unseen victim, or victims. The reporter chuckled, thinking, "I prefer my own boss!" Mrs. Lester walked in composedly, and sat down at her desk. Her manner was that of one professional to another, implying that the interviewer knew her business, and would do a competent job. So let's get on with it!

"What do you want to know about me?" she asked, civilly but impatiently.

They talked for half an hour. Miss Quinn made notes, verbatim: "No, I don't depend on foreign style sources. Yes, I travel, but for relaxation, not to create. That comes . . . I like to make things. Always have. I know when something is right, or wrong . . . Send me a copy of the interview for my O.K. . . . Yes, my little girl is seven. My husband is in business with me. You fill in the details—not too much hokum! . . . Did you get a story?"

"I think so," said Miss Quinn, somewhat exhausted. Her thoughts ran: "I wish I could get a hat. Maybe she'd give me a discount. Better not ask! I wonder what the woman is really like!" she thought, as she trudged out into the rain again.

THE SUN streamed through the windows of the Salon Moderne, illuminating the eager faces of its patrons. Oblivious to their attentive ears, Fay Lester stood in her workroom behind the thin partitioning wall, shouting: "Can I never get a minute alone? Anna, work on that order of Mrs. Collins. It's got to be delivered by six. Grace, have you checked that shipment of felts? Phone Mr. Lester at the factory. Got a cold, have you? You go home early, go to bed, and stay there. Listen, everybody! I'm going into my office to read over an inter-



view, and I don't want to be disturbed for anything short of fire! Ask me anything you want, now!"

A few girls came up to her, buzzing enquiries. Their manners were friendly and confident. One of them put an arm affectionately around her. She answered their questions mildly, gave a final appraising look at the workroom, now humming with activity, and closed her office door upon it. She opened the envelope on her desk and drew out the folded sheets of yellow copy-paper.

"Fay Lester, whose hats are a cult among smart metropolitan women, unites the domestic virtues with the rare instinct of success. Wife, mother and business woman, her three careers flourish triumphantly. Genius is apparent in her design for living. Her early millinery training was obtained in a neighborhood sewing class . . ."

ELBOW ON desk, she leaned forward thoughtfully, cupping her chin in a momentarily quiet hand. The typed words grew animated and alive before her eyes. She was Fanny Cramer again, a restless, eager-eyed schoolgirl, running through the untidy kitchen which reflected her mother's comfortable uncorseted personality—running past the table where her mother and aunt sat drinking coffee—driven, as always, by an urge

too powerful to resist. She dumped her schoolbooks in the bedroom which she shared with her two sisters, and hurried out again, past the mother and aunt typified in her memory by the picture of spoons slowly stirred in a coffee cup.

"Sit down a minute," her mother admonished. "Want some bread and butter?"

"Un-unh," said Fanny briefly. She paused, and kissed her aunt lightly. "I can't stay now, auntie, really. I'm taking a sewing course at the Y."

"Are you?" said her aunt placidly. "What a pretty hat, Fanny! Is it new?"

Fanny shook her head. "That's the one you gave her of Helen's. She fixed it over," said Mrs. Cramer proudly.

Her aunt looked at it in wonderment.

"If Helen could see that, she would be jealous. It's prettier than the new one I bought her," she said reluctantly. "What did you do to it, Fanny?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just fixed it here and there," said Fanny vaguely. "Tell Helen I'm learning how to make hats now. I'll make you all new ones when I finish the course."

She ran down the steps of the shambling apartment house, and hurried to the Y. She couldn't remember how long she had been making things over. With two



These two photographs show the "before and after" photographs of one girl who decided to wear curls

What to do to get Your Coiffure Analysis

Mail a photograph or clear snapshot of yourself (without your hat) to Chatelaine Coiffure Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Write your name and address clearly on the back.

Enclose ten cents to cover cost of returning your picture with analysis.

Mail your picture. Remember the analysis is made **only** from a picture. No personal visits can be made.

Coiffure BECOME YOU ?

discovered in developing the right pattern for a woman's hair. Soon he gave his whole time to hair styling, and under his brilliant direction his salons in Paris, London, New York, and other large cities have become world-famous for their understanding of the art of individual hair styling.

Summer brings with it a greater need for proper hair grooming than any other season. Most of the days are spent entirely without hats—or with the new crownless brims which are so gay, yet so revealing. Summer should mean a period of special hair protection and care, to prepare it for the difficult days of winter, when overheated rooms and close-fitting hats can so easily mar its beauty.

Because of this, Chatelaine has selected the three coming months, to feature this unusual editorial service which will help thousands upon thousands of women to learn what style of hair dress suits them most, and to encourage them to take the proper care of their coiffure. For nothing responds more quickly to a little proper attention than your hair.

Practical Coiffures

The Antoine experts will not advise exaggerated coiffures. Very often a small change in your present style will make a difference in your whole appearance, bringing a new distinction and chic with it. They do not believe that every woman's hair should be cut short, as undoubtedly there are some women to whom long hair is more becoming. But long-haired women need not feel they cannot be smart. It's all in knowing *how* to wear your hair. Antoine's expert stylists will tell you in this helpful Chatelaine service.

The proper placing of the parting in your hair is of definite importance in setting your hair in its most flattering lines about your face. The right curve over the ears—the length of your bob—the size of your waves—are all of direct value in your personal appearance. These are the details which will be considered in analyzing your individual hair problem.

Don't Be Afraid of New Styles

The upward swing in hair styles is generally becoming to every woman—except the one with an ugly line at the back of her neck. If the hairline is badly shaped, it can be given a salon treatment with wax which will remedy it—or one can wear a soft row of curls, or a long roll. But as a general rule the upward swing is practical

and flattering to the majority of women. It is enchantingly saucy for young girls; can be more sophisticated and chic in young matrons; and is particularly becoming to older women as its upswinging lines counteract the down-dropping lines nature writes in one's face after forty.

Don't be afraid of the new upswinging lines. They're practical and becoming. It is not difficult to keep the curls or waves in place if you have a good permanent as a foundation. The sculptured curls which smart women are wearing can be met with skilful swirls at the back which keep their place—if they are properly cared for.

If they are properly cared for—there's the catch! Women who would never dream of expecting a frock to last without proper attention to the fasteners, seams, and cleanliness, calmly expect a hair-do to remain in perfect condition with no attention at all.

The more care you take of your hair, the better it will look. With a good permanent, no amount of combing and brushing will spoil the waves or curls. The secret of combing the upswinging styles of the day is to brush or comb your hair up and back in line with the way the waves are set. You can easily develop a knack of caring for your waves and curls if you have enough interest.

Every good hairdresser may want to thin your hair in places—particularly with curls, which should be tapered and thinned to curl properly. If your hair is not tapered before the curls are made, you will be trying to make them with blobs of hair—and what chance of success have you? In addition, with a proper permanent wave and proper thinning, the hair seems more luxurious than ever—it has more "body" to it. Moreover the waves will stay in longer.

There are inexpensive little brushes on the market which are ideal for brushing the curls around your fingers. Get one and practice with it. At night, brush and comb your hair well, gently coax the waves in place and wear a light net to keep them there. To make your waves last longer, spray them occasionally with a good setting lotion or brilliantine. Massage your scalp regularly. You can do it best by sitting with your elbows on your dressing table and moving your scalp with your finger-tips as if it were a loose cap.

Here are some general rules to follow for the various types of faces:

Face too broad—Wear an angled part and waves on

WE'LL TELL YOU

Would you like, free of cost, a personal analysis of your hair style—with advice by leading experts in hair styling as to how you might make it more becoming?

Chatelaine, in co-operation with the famous Antoine de Paris salon, enables you to do this.

This remarkable editorial service will be available for July, August and September only. The offer will definitely be closed for all requests mailed after September 30.

The analysis of your hair style and the suggestion for making it more becoming, will be made by the five featured stylists on the staff of Antoine de Paris Salon at Eaton's—College Street, Toronto. M. Rene, M. Gustave, M. Bernard, M. Jacques and M. Louis will give your coiffure individual attention, and give advice for your own particular case.

To avail yourself of this valuable help, mail a photograph or clear snapshot to Chatelaine Coiffure Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Enclose ten cents to defray the cost of packaging and returning your picture. Write your name and address clearly on the back of your picture.

We will take your picture to the five artists in the Antoine de Paris Salon, and return your picture to you with their analysis. Every care will be taken of your photographs.

If you send a snapshot, be sure that it is clear enough to enable the hair stylist to see your features and the way in which you are wearing your hair.

bias on the face to elongate the features. Use very simple style.

Face too narrow—Wear a centre part. The hair for this must be kept away from hollows and fall softly on the wider features, allowing no shadow on narrow part.

Face too long—Wear a centrepert with the hair forming a soft frame around the features. It should be rather low to shorten the features.

Face too short—Wear an angled part with the hair swept high.

Forehead too high—Wear an angled part with the hair swept low on brow.

Forehead too shallow—It's important to keep the hair high and definitely off the brow.

Oval face—Hair should be kept not too far forward but just enough to come under the cheekbone softly.



M. René



M. Gustave

Stylists at the

Antoine de Paris

Salon at EATON'S
College Street



M. Bernard



M. Jacques



M. Louis

Elaborate curls are smart for very gay occasions. One of Antoine's new coiffures.



There's a gracious distinction in another of the more sophisticated styles by Antoine.

DOES YOUR

ARE YOU sure it does? Perhaps you've been wearing your hair in one style, ever since you put it up—or cut it off? Maybe you've tried so many variations that you can't decide which is the ideal one for your particular personality?

Or perhaps you can't decide whether you should cut your hair, in spite of your husband's protests, or let it grow long again? If you're in the forties or fifties, you're probably wondering what you should do with your hair to carry your years most gracefully.

Whatever your problem, *Chatelaine* is planning to help you with it, in a unique editorial service, which will enable you to have individual advice on your personal problem, from one of the most famous beauty salons in the world—that of *Antoine de Paris*.

Individual Advice

The plan is a simple one, yet to our knowledge, it has never been introduced by any other magazine in Canada. Send a photograph or a clear snapshot of yourself to *Chatelaine's* Coiffure Service. We will take it to one of the five featured members on the staff of *Antoine's*, at Eaton's-College Street, Toronto. These experts will study your picture and suggest any general change which they think will improve your appearance, and outline, generally, the type of coiffure which will suit you most. You can take this analysis to your own hairdresser—and wear your hair in the style selected for you by a world-famous beauty salon. If your coiffure seems admirably suited to you, *Antoine's* experts will, of course, report the fact, and you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you are looking your best.

This service will be available for *Chatelaine* readers for three months only—July, August and September. It is for pictures only—and no personal visits for advice can be made.

CLEVER WOMEN are realizing more and more that the right lines of a coiffure can enhance one's personality, take years off one's appearance and improve one's looks immeasurably.

Antoine de Paris was, perhaps, the man most responsible for this increased knowledge of what line can do for women's hair. Starting his brilliant career as a sculptor, he became fascinated with the possibilities he

ing her strokes and hurrying like most beginners do, trying to get their rackets on the ball. I don't think," said Rickey, while an expression of personal outrage appeared on his seamed face, "that she cares *what* becomes of the ball."

Andy placed his hand imploringly upon Rickey Peters' sleeve.

"Rickey," he said earnestly, "you won't let this get about?"

Rickey shook his head sympathetically. "Not through me, Mr. Marsden. But you can't keep a thing like this dark long."

This diagnosis turned out to be correct. It was, however, Cora Mackey, No. 1 woman player of the club, who first called it to the attention of the other members, the opening day of the spring tournament. Cora came from as strong a tennis family as Andy; it had always been assumed that they would one day announce their engagement, thereby uniting two active tennis clans. Now Ellen, coming like Young Lochinvar out of the West, had put an equal damper on the wedding festivities; it was hardly to be wondered at that Cora saw her with something less than an ardent eye.

"She has," said Cora, handling her words as crisply as a tennis racket, "no competitive instinct."

The clubhouse kibitzers, who were out on the porch smoking, enjoying long cool drinks and criticizing the form of the players nearest them, were shocked. "What d'you mean, she has no competitive instinct? Look at that drive."

Cora squinted a calm, dark glance toward the long grace of Ellen Tracy, playing a leisurely game with Andy two courts distant. "Yes, look at it! It's nice to watch. But what does she do with it? Just ask her the score."

"Sh-h!" said somebody. "They've finished. Here they come."

Ellen, draping herself lazily on the steps, gave the score readily enough. "Oh, three-six, I guess. Or was it two-six? Andy, how much did you beat me by?"

Andy said uncomfortably, glancing apprehensively at Cora. "It was six-two."

"Don't you care?" said Cora abruptly to Ellen.

"No. What does it matter? We had a good game."

Cora let her quick glance run significantly around the circle. Very sweetly, very kindly and sympathetically, she said to Ellen, "You don't really care whether you win or lose, do you, Ellen?"

"Why, not particularly," said Ellen carelessly. "It's all good exercise."

THE CIRCLE recoiled. The horrid secret was out. Tennis, good exercise! The members of the South Shore Club could forgive much; a soft ball game, a hostile kibitzer, a neighboring doubles team hitting wild balls into their court; but not a tennis player who considered tennis merely exercise. There are limits, even for sportsmen.

Two persons gave a horrified look at Ellen and left. A third, muttering something about an appointment, ground out his cigarette. Andy regarded Ellen, wildly, with an anguished eye. "You shouldn't say things like that."

"Well, isn't it?"

"Certainly not. Or anyway, it's a great deal more."

"I don't see why. It's just a perfectly simple matter of batting the ball back and forth."

Old Mr. Patterson, grown grey in the burning sunlight of many tennis matches, rose to his feet. "The very idea!" he said severely, and stumped off down the path, his stiff back expressing outrage.

Ellen, amused, looked at Andy for explanation. "What makes everyone act so funny?"

"Nothing," said Andy morosely. "Nothing you'd understand, anyway."

Cora, with apparent tact, changed the subject. "I saw Mary Buck the other day, Andy."

"Did you? How is Mary, anyway?"

"She's getting a divorce. She married a man who wanted to spend all his time playing golf."

"Good heavens!" said Andy, shocked.

"And Harry Andrews is getting one, too. His wife said she couldn't have him running out here playing tennis every day."

"Harry always did pick stupid women."

"And you remember the Boltens? Of course you do. They broke up about two years ago. Lack of mutual interests—she wasn't a bit athletic."

Andy sighed, unconsciously. "Yes," he said innocently, "it's certainly important for a couple to have interests in common. Better to find these things out beforehand."

Cora turned her head, casting at Ellen a bland, sidelong glance.

"It certainly is. Because if tennis means a lot to you, you don't want to marry someone to whom it doesn't."

She jumped to her feet. "Like to bat a few around, Andy?"

Andy rose, carelessly, stripping the case from his racket. "Why not? You don't mind, Ellen? Might warm me up."

Ellen looked after them with a very funny feeling in the pit of her stomach. She had a sudden illogical desire to stop them, and yielded to it. "Andy!" she called, "should you? You know you're playing Mr. Higgleby at two."

Andy turned, insulted. He laughed easily. "What, that little mosquito? You don't think I'm worrying about him? Why, he uses his racket like a feather duster. I'll just slug him off the court."

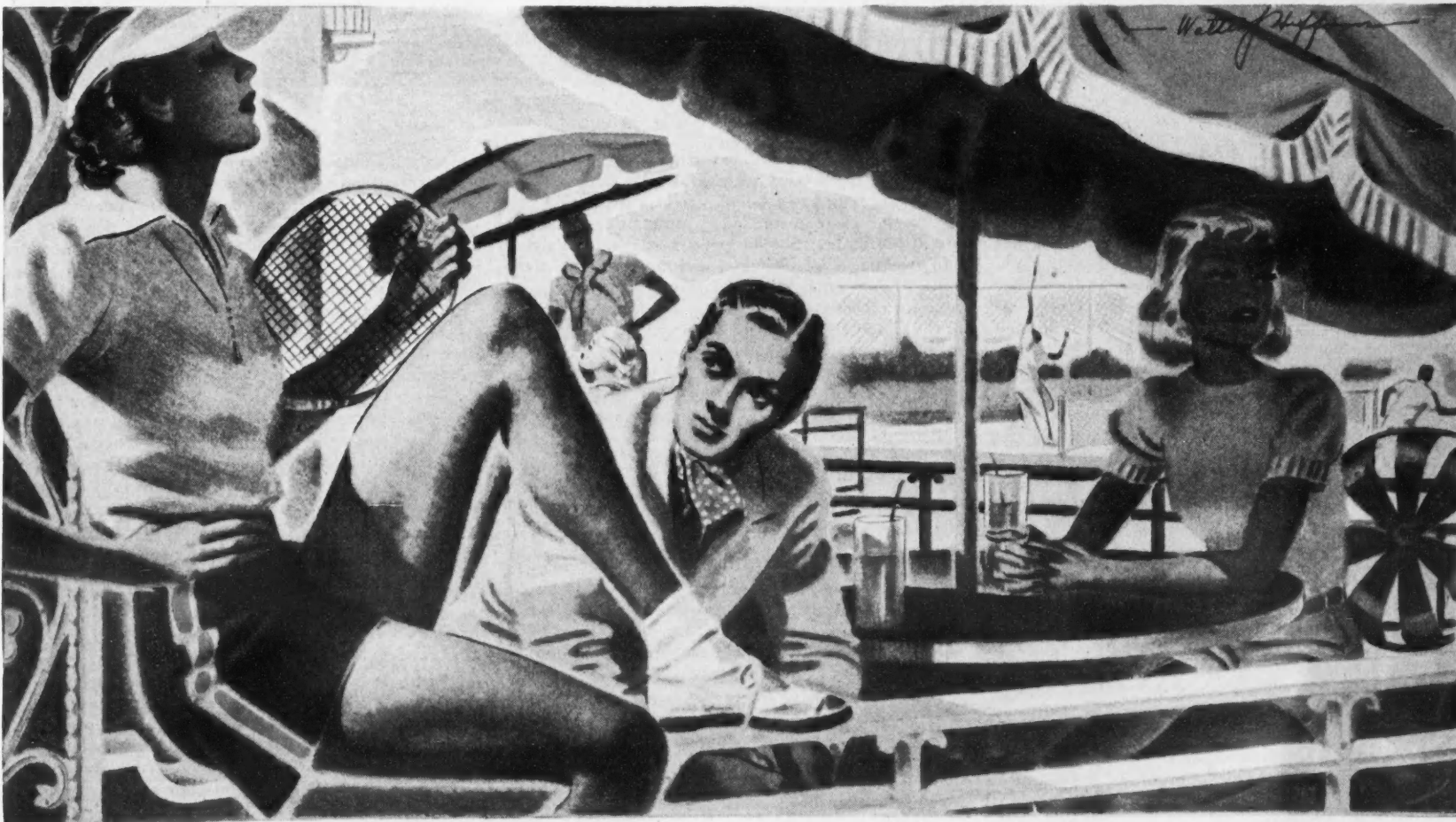
Ellen sat, deserted, alone on the clubhouse porch. From all sides there smote her ear the peculiar muted twang of catgut meeting fuzzy new balls, the shrill of shouted scores, the shriek of healthy animal laughter.

SPRING HAD presented the South Shore Club with what its members tersely described as a Good Tennis Day. So far as they were concerned, the weather could do no more.

The hard baked courts emitted a blinding glare in the bright sunlight; as far as the eye could reach, sportsmen in white were throatily bounding from side to side of the taped clay squares. The view was unmarred by either infant or canine life, the South Shore's membership holding them only next after earthworms and Japanese beetles in the way of major nuisances.

On the nearer court little Mr. Higgleby was darting like an ardent red-headed retriever. His opponent was a tall and well-muscled youth with the build of a Greek athlete; his shots cracked over the net with the hard, uncompromising sound of a revolver shot. None of Mr. Higgleby's shots cracked; he was content merely to get the ball off the court with an odd heaving motion, not unlike that employed in lifting hay; he was also fond of taking the net, when possible, and slapping the ball just over it to drop dead on the other side. Ellen could have sworn that half his shots were made from the wood, as in baseball. Yet, watching the ever more perspiring and enraged face of Mr. Higgleby's opponent, she saw that Mr. Higgleby must be winning again.

Ellen sighed. Mr. Higgleby nearly always won. He was number five now on the club ranking list, but none of the members liked to admit it. It was the concerted belief of the men's locker + Continued on page 29



Cora cast a sidelong glance at Ellen. "If tennis means a lot to you, Andy, you don't want to marry someone to whom it doesn't."



"She just doesn't want to win," the coach told Andy, as they watched Ellen on the court.

Illustrated by Walter Heffron

Andy Hated Losers

So when he fell in love with a girl who had no competitive instinct, it meant trouble for both of them

by FRANCES HOWARD

ANDY MARSDEN proposed to Ellen Tracy in the dead of winter. Afterward, this seemed to her significant. So did the look of admiration faintly tinged with appraisal he cast over her tall, slender and slightly rangy person.

"You've got a good tennis build, darling!" he said. And a dreamy, speculative look came into his eyes, not unlike that of an artist confronted with a good idea for a future masterpiece.

So little significance did Ellen attach to this at the time, however, that she merely said, "Have I?" and laughed lightly.

Later, when all three of Andy's aunts made the same remark, she didn't laugh. Andy's aunts, tall, handsome women with fighting handshakes, welcomed her enthusiastically into the family, all with the same open pleased appraisal in their eyes. Andy introduced them proudly: "Aunt Augusta, No. 2 National Women's Ranking in 1907," "Aunt Edith, Mixed Doubles Champion in 1910," "Aunt Eleanor, Women's Champion in 1916."

"Your family is fond of tennis, isn't it?" said Ellen, on the way home.

with canvas-cased rackets under their arms. Names were tossed lustily through the air, reunions staged; Ellen got the impression that the members of the South Shore Club had been living in a species of spiritual hibernation throughout the winter, waiting for this minute.

Ellen's debut, at first, was hailed with conspicuous success. She had played tennis from the age of six, in her native province, British Columbia; her form was good, she made no waste motions, and without effort she was soon high up on the women's club ranking list. She had the casual, easy ability of the natural athlete. The South Shore Club, enthralled, hailed Ellen as a Comer. Mrs. Stephen Bogardus, head of the women's tennis committee, against whose dauntless backhand, in her time, many a volley had rattled in vain, put the seal of her official approval upon her, and was heard to call her "my dear," and to pat her on the shoulder, after a morning spent observing her on the courts.

For several years, now, there had been no outstanding woman champion to come out of the South Shore Club; the members, smarting under this humiliation, considered Ellen a White Hope. Her drive was perfect, her follow-through superb, her serve a thing to wonder at. She sailed without effort up the women's club ranking list until she was No. 3 from the top.

And there she stuck. The two girls above her—Ida May Dixon and Cora Mackey, while good steady players of many tournaments' experience, with a modest national ranking, were not whirlwinds, as real champions go; they could never be counted upon to carry the South Shore's standards far up into the tennis blue-ribbon class. Though less experienced, Ellen had been expected by Mrs. Bogardus and the wisecracks of the club to sail by them without much effort, establish herself as undisputed No. 1 player of the club, and rocket forth into the greater brilliance of national tournaments.

Instead, their rocket showed every sign of fizzling out.

ANDY TOOK her to Rickey Peters for diagnosis. Rickey was the weasened and squirrel-like little "pro" of the South Shore Club, whose face had turned to leather watching champions go through their paces on the baked hot courts. Rickey was filled with admiration at her perfect and effortless form; but puzzlement succeeded admiration. There was something lacking in this girl, that he was accustomed to see in his champions; he could not quite analyze what. At the end of a week, he took Andy aside, and with an embarrassed and furtive air whispered his verdict.

"She doesn't want to win."

Andy was electrified, and properly outraged. "Of course she wants to win! Everybody wants to win."

Rickey shook his head; the harassed expression on his squirrel-like countenance deepened. "She came this far because her form's so perfect and her eye's so good. She takes tennis like it was classical dancing; she goes through the motions, just like she's seen the champs do, perfect; easy, and casual, too, because she isn't pull-

"A little," said Andy modestly.

Ellen gazed at him with the first faint, curious speculation in her eyes. "It seems to be a process of natural selection," she remarked. "I suppose if your people had gone in for horses, you would have picked me for my gait."

Andy laughed. "Imagine," he said, "mentioning horses in the same breath with tennis!"

The day the South Shore Club opened for the season, Andy drove Ellen out. It was a chill and windy day, with a lowering sky and the promise of rain imminent; but the club was already filled with a horde of muscular, fit-looking people hurrying through the doors

Second Wife

"If there wasn't any Marianne" whispered a strange voice within her. For a blind moment Donny closed her suffering eyes.

about—tender with the ailing little bodies that came and went with aching regularity. Her quick sympathy, her infinite patience, had been her unflinching assurance to herself that the indulged and bewildered Marianne would prove no obstacle to her serenity. She had planned to love Peter's daughter, and to be loved in return. High hopes she had had . . .

And she had tried so hard to be fair about it. But what was fair? Being a bride with all the quivering want for attention from the man she loved, she had been thoroughly unprepared for Peter's continued absorption in Marianne and his complete indifference to the child's defections. That his fine logical mind should have this quirk in it! All of Marianne's demanding insistence, her deliberate carelessness, her lack of consideration, were shrugged away with, "She's only a kid!"

Donalda's eyes remained downcast as she handed Peter his coffee. She was still enmeshed in her own thoughts. But Peter wouldn't notice. The glance at her face when she came back to the table had reassured him, because a nurse learns to look tranquil no matter what faces her, inside or out. Only Peter forgot that he occasionally called her "little poker face."

Back of her chair as she rose, he kissed the exact top of her head where the straight middle part rose over the crown and gently sloped down the curve in the back. "Lovely to look at," he murmured.

She responded with a grateful look and a rallying, "Of course. Thanks for noticing," but it ended in a little sigh.

They walked arm in arm into the living room, Donny wondering a little about the child upstairs. Though, she knew, of course, that sending her to her room was no

She had a bitter lesson to learn . . . how, without heartbreak, to keep outside the magic circle enclosing her husband and his daughter.

by G. SUTLAND SMOLENS

Illustrated by Kenne

punishment for Marianne. Her conduct, either in cause or effect, was entirely unpredictable.

The blood would still ride high in Donny's cheeks at the very remembrance of the meeting between Marianne and Beatrice Dawson, Donny's old friend and school-mate—and of Peter's amazing reaction to the story. It was during the era of Marianne's sudden and complete absorption in art, when it looked very much as though it would be Art with the capital A. Donny's anxious desire to be of help had almost been her undoing. She had arranged a luncheon meeting one bright Saturday afternoon with Bee, who, in addition to being a successful artist, was a teacher of embryo artists in the settlement school. In the back of Donny's mind was the thought that Bee might be of help in advising them. Marianne had really looked lovely and Donny had been a little proud of her, pleasantly conscious that there had been a look of grudging admiration on the face of her peppery unmarried friend, as they came forward to meet each other in the tea room. The talk had been reminiscent at first, and then had veered to Miss Dawson's methods of teaching the "brats." Perhaps the designation had been an unhappy choice. Following a voluble dissertation on her firm methods with their unfailing excellent results, she had turned to Marianne.

"Don't you think you'd like to come and observe us, dear?" she had brightly asked. "I'm sure you'd love it."

"I'm sure I'd hate it," was the crisp rejoinder, "because you sound like an awful pill!"

There had been a bad five minutes—what between apologies and the helpless feeling that Marianne had alienated the friendship, definitely, of the two friends.

BUT PETER, on hearing the story, had thrown back his head and simply howled, and when he could catch his breath, said, "Oh, that's a corker. I wish I could have seen Dawson's face." And that was all.

Now, Peter, stretched on the long sofa that generously accommodated him—all but his protruding feet—spoke from behind his pipe, "I think I've got the solution for that new yarn I tangled myself up in. Came to me just before dinner. Now, if I can work without interruption all day tomorrow, I'll have something to show Randall next week. If he calls again, tell him I went to China or Timbuktu. Don't let me hear his yap about more material."

"That's great, Peter. I'll handle Mr. Randall gently, don't worry. I'll have him thinking he's my Big Moment when I'm through!"

"Here, none of that! You might scare him away. He shies easily."

"Well"—Donny's blue eyes mirrored her bubbling humor—"I like that. If he could see me, he wouldn't scare so easily."

Peter gazed at her in mock severity. "Modesty, my dear Watson, is free. Better lay in a supply."

Donny looked deep into his eyes, her own glowing softly at what she saw there, and bantered, "I can't use any while you still look at me like that. Er—we were discussing your story, weren't we, before you became so irrelevant? How about my suggestion that the girl find herself in the hospital corridor? Did it help any?"

"So, you really think you are a Watson, don't you? As a matter of fact, I'll probably have to kill off an interne or two to get her out of the hospital, now that I got her in. But the gentle Julias who read my trash won't care. Your sex is all bloodthirsty." He swung long legs to the floor and executed a gargantuan stretch, "Well, I'll have a look at our bowl-smasher before she falls asleep."

Donny's eyes dreamed after him as he navigated the steps in swift silent strides. She knew his touch would be gentle as he opened the little yellow door at the top of the house, ignoring the wise owl knocker that guarded

it. Either he would find Marianne asprawl on the floor, dark brows, so like his, scowling over her homework, or—if Donny's knowledge of young energy and its limits was any criterion—the day's happenings and mishaps would have plunged Marianne into an instant and blissfully forgetful sleep. And she was wisely right. What she couldn't know, musing by herself downstairs, was that Peter, the inscrutable Peter, standing a long minute with his hand on the lamp switch while he looked down at the small face framed in the thick black hair, was saying softly to the sleeping Marianne, "You'll always make trouble, honey, always, but people will love you just the same!"

THE HEADINESS of the early spring air had whipped the cobwebs from Donalda's mind by the time she came in from her afternoon walk the next day. She went into the sunny kitchen, humming a tuneless tune over and over. The quiet room seemed bathed in soft yellow light, but it was Donny's bright head, bent over the daffodils she massed into clear glass bowls and the yellow-spiked delicate iris reserved for the slender blue vase, that snared all the sunlight.

"Sara," she said, dreamily, "aren't these just heavenly? Do let's have cornbread tonight, shall we? Mr. Ward just loves your cornbread."

"And so does Marianne," answered Sara.

"Yes," said Donny absently, her eyes moving to the clock. The slam of the front door automatically answered the question in her mind. Three—of course.

"Where's my daddy?" the unvarying formula reached Donny from the hall, followed by the slithering of Marianne's schoolbooks across the table, and a skip-step ascent to the second floor.

"Marianne—" Donny was after her in an anxious attempt to stay the inevitable interruption. But Marianne was too quick for her. Boisterously she burst through Peter's study door to twine long arms around his neck and cover his face with quick kisses. Donny stopped at the open door with a resigned shrug. They were utterly unconscious of her. Peter's remonstrating, "Can't you see I'm busy?" was pure ritual. He held the slim young body close to him tightly and gently, ducking the impetuous kisses to implant a warm kiss of his own on the flushed cheek.

"Of course, if it doesn't matter that you're interrupted—" Donalda said later in the privacy of their room, her voice distant and detached, a pitiable effort to hide the ache inside her.

"I do mind being interrupted, darling," Peter answered, "But how can I help liking it? She's such a little lioness. Her love is so fierce—it would be a shame to frustrate her. I'm the only one she has, you know, to love."

It had been the wrong thing to say. And Peter was instantly aware of his clumsiness. His arms went around her in contrite tenderness. He kissed the quivering lips, and stroked gently the yellow smoothness of her hair.

"She loves you too, Donny. I know she does. Remember how she saved her money and bought gloves for your birthday, all by herself? They were pretty awful, of course, but coming from Marianne, I should say that was love! She's not too fond of giving things away. Poor kid—she hasn't had much chance to share, living alone for three years as she did, before you came to surround us with a little bit of heaven."

His voice dropped caressingly, and all the charm of his great smile was turned on her. She couldn't resist him when he smiled. Nobody could. The smile illumined his face before it was carved on his lips, and it seemed to light up the strong features and perpetually amused brows with a benevolence and graciousness that endowed the observer with a precious gift. Most people loved Peter on sight. ♦ Continued on page 23



DONALDA, on the fringe of the conversation, could only marvel anew at Peter's wholehearted absorption in Marianne's story, and the child's answering effervescence. There seemed to be some secret charm that never failed to enclose the child and her father in a magic circle, outside of which Donny could only patiently wait until they became aware of her again. It was a lesson she had had to learn early—as Peter's second wife. Now she sat at the softly lighted dinner table, gracious, lovely—and lonely.

"Then, daddy," Marianne was saying between giggles, while Peter's buoyant eyebrows rode high in amusement, "the whole class rushed to the window to see where the music was coming from, and the guide was left there, talking to himself. Miss Preston was just *wild*—her face got so red—and she said she would simply never take our class to the museum again. We were nothing, she said, but a bunch of poisons—no, that's not the word—"

"'Hoydens' more likely, Marianne," Peter helped, laughingly. "Here, have some berries before I eat them all. Where in the world did you get them so early, Donny?" he asked, for a swift moment aware of her quiet nearness, of the picture she made in the dull blue dress that set off her blue-eyed fairness so well.

"Well, poison is what she meant," Marianne continued, loath to have her story interrupted, loath as always to leave the centre of the stage.

"It was rude," Donaldalda offered mildly. "Even if the other girls ran to the window, you might have stayed and listened to the poor man!"

"What? And miss the fun? Not much!" Marianne tossed her head and snapped her fingers derisively. Her

elbow, describing the motion with a quick jerk, shot out and hit the berry bowl, which promptly slid across the table and crashed to the floor.

"Ooo-h," came in startled exclamation from the surprised Marianne. She flashed a look, half belligerent, half frightened, at Donaldalda, and mumbling an apologetic, "I didn't mean to," hurriedly unscrambled herself from the table to watch with fascinated eyes the staining of the carpet by the luscious berries.

"Oh, Marianne!" Donaldalda's voice was a wail of dismay and exasperation as she pushed back her chair, but looking at Peter, her tone changed. "It doesn't matter, Peter, really," she added, in a quieter tone.

Peter divided a look between his wife and daughter, but there was no expression in his face. "Perhaps you'd rather not have any dessert tonight, Marianne," he said quietly, and nodded casually toward the door. Marianne fled gratefully toward the stairs, short skirts flying.

PETER TURNED to Donaldalda, tranquilly resuming his interrupted dinner, and speaking as though nothing in the world could ruffle his perpetual calm. "I don't think she really means to be careless, Donny, do you? She's grown so in the last year—her arms and legs seem to get into her own way! But being twelve isn't a permanent thing, unfortunately. Buy a new bowl, and forget this, will you, dear?"

"Of course," Donaldalda answered slowly, her well-disciplined voice only a trifle less serene than usual. With quick deft movements she picked up the remains of her lovely Quimper bowl, while stubbornly she thought, "Nothing is important to Peter . . . not even a honeymoon souvenir! Only Marianne is!" A little well

of self-pity had its inception deep down in Donaldalda, and as she went back to the table she was busily drawing on it for comfort—her smoothly braided yellow head bent over the dish of fresh berries and cream that Sara had silently brought in from the kitchen. But now she wasn't enjoying their fresh early season flavor. "If only he weren't so easy with her—"

Donaldalda sighed a little. But that was so exactly like Peter, good-humored, tolerant, forgiving. Just the qualities that had helped to wrap her heart in a rich mantle of love and deliver it to his unconditional possession, even long before their hurried honeymoon in Brittany last year—where she had ecstatically acquired the bowl. Peter's second honeymoon, of course, but her first. There had been no bitterness about that, however. For her the honeymoon had been beautiful and perfect, because Peter Ward had made it so.

The little wisp of anger stirring inside Donny brought a hint of tears to her eyes. She looked up, meeting Peter's waiting smile, and in a twinkling, was really ashamed of herself. His only child; he loved her for ten years before he even knew I existed, she breathlessly reasoned with herself. If only she would remember that.

"And while you're on that shopping spree," Peter was saying, "you might remember that I like my coffee in big cups, so that I don't waste my valuable time—ahem—waiting for seconds!" He held out his cup in gentle reminder of her preoccupation with her thoughts, but they were whirling too rapidly for her to do more than take his cup perfunctorily and smile absently in return.

SHE WAS back again at the hospital, her nurse's uniform making whispering little noises as she moved

When summer tastes grow hard to please.



Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup
Cottage Cheese Salad*
Roll with Butter
Iced Tea

*Cottage cheese on lettuce, garnished with tomatoes and thinly sliced raw green peppers.

Get out of the kitchen! It's easy these days, with families all set for simpler meals. Here's an especially good one for summer's wilted appetites. An eye-brightening salad, with alluring plates of delicious Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup and cheering glasses of iced tea. Take a few minutes to prepare it, then a few hours to enjoy yourself!



Try serving Menus such as these...



Campbell's Tomato Soup
Potato Salad* with
Vienna Style Sausages
Crackers
Iced Coffee

*Cold potatoes cut about marble size, topped with mayonnaise, and garnished with cucumber pickles, radishes and lettuce. (Add watercress if desired.)

Go places! Here's a way to redeem those promises you've been making yourself (to get away from it all!) — and still give the family the kind of meal they want. Bright, tempting platefuls of the soup that everybody likes — Campbell's Tomato Soup! Add a refreshing salad, and tinkling glasses of iced coffee. A few short moments; and the open spaces are yours!



They're quickly made; the folks will cheer!



MUSHROOM and TUNA FISH SUPREME

1 1/2 tablespoons gelatin 3/4 cup cold water
 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom 1 can (7 oz.) tuna fish
 2 eggs, separated 1 tablespoon pimiento
 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Soak gelatin in 3/4 cup water about 5 minutes. Stir remaining 3/4 cup water and 2 egg yolks into soup and mix well; heat in top of double boiler and cook 3 to 4 minutes. Add the gelatin, stir until dissolved. Let cool, stirring occasionally. When it begins to set, add tuna fish (sprinkled with lemon juice), egg whites (stiffly beaten) and chopped pimiento. Pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water, and chill in refrigerator until firm. Garnish with lettuce, chicory, or watercress. Serves eight.



Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Mushroom and
Tuna Fish Supreme*
Crackers
Coffee

*(Recipe at left)

Do things! Right now is the time—while summer days are beckoning. And here's another suggestion to perk up heat-worn appetites, and get away from the kitchen. Have Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its welcome variety of fifteen different garden vegetables and invigorating beef stock—a novel salad, cool and enticing (as a concession to Old Sol)—and a beverage. A treat to delight anyone!



And you'll have time for Play this year!

CAMPBELL'S SOUPS ARE MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



A Boycott Butter Week brought many demonstrations like this.



"The same night Mrs. Lamb presided over a noisy, unruly meeting of eight hundred women."

When Women Investigate Prices

With the cost of milk as an example, farmers, dairymen, and housekeepers discuss an important question of the day

NOW THAT the initial excitement and turmoil which accompanied the organization of the Housewives' Association in Toronto has quietened, many women are wondering what was the actual outcome of the movement, which like so many Utopian enterprises seemed to gain a quick support. What is the real situation behind the price of milk in Toronto—the factor directly responsible for the forming of the Association? Could women really affect the price of commodities? Was the farmer getting the benefit of the increase? Do the distributors really control the price of milk?

To answer these questions I went to the leaders of the Housewives' Association and to representatives of both the farmers and the dairies. In general I found that an intelligent study of distribution by women was thought to be an excellent thing, as ignorance of the situation as a whole was so often the cause of complaint. The women themselves admit they have made many mistakes, but claim they have learned a great deal through the trial and error method. An official of the Ontario Milk Distributors told me that he hoped an impartial study of the prices of commodities as a whole would result in a more sympathetic attitude toward the harassed dairyman.

But how did the Housewives' Association begin?

It happened like this. On Sunday November 1 an increase of one cent per quart in the price of milk went into effect in Toronto, following a decision of the Milk Control Board that producers were to get \$2.32 per 100 pounds instead of \$2.10. This made milk thirteen cents a quart, though it was ten to twelve cents in other Ontario cities. On the Monday, daily papers carried a report from the Board of Control that a protest against the rise had been useless. Among those who read the paragraph was Mrs. Bertha Lamb. She was an unknown young woman, twenty-three years old, wife of a factory employee, who had never belonged to a club or worked for a cause in her life. She didn't pretend to know the ins and outs of the dairy business, but she knew what it was like to keep house on a limited budget, she knew how important milk was to her baby and all other babies, and she felt that somebody ought to do something. So she telephoned her mother and discussed the matter. Her mother knew that delegations were received by the Board of Control on Wednesdays. Perhaps if some women went down and protested the board might try again. Mother and daughter called representatives of the Local Council of Women, home and school clubs and other organizations, asking whether they planned a delegation and if not whether they would join one. With the assistance of a friend they made 200 telephone calls

in two days. Wednesday morning eleven women were present at the City Hall, most of whom they did not know, and none of whom represented organizations.

Nobody else wanted to do the talking, so Mrs. Lamb agreed to be spokesman. With considerable force she told the Board of Control that the women present, representing East Toronto, thought the rise in milk prices an outrage, though they were glad to see the farmer getting more, and wanted to know whether the board could not do something to protect the consumer. She was informed that while the board had power to pass regulations about milk safeguarding health, it had no power to affect prices. Half jokingly Controller Ralph Day suggested that it might be a good idea for the women to form a housewives' association and organize a boycott of milk to gain consideration.

The suggestion fell flat. Sadly disappointed, the women prepared to go home, and Mrs. Lamb was amazed when reporters clustered around, asking who she was, where she lived, and what she intended to do. Evening papers that night carried a lively account of proceedings, stressing the boycott suggestion, and life in the Lamb household was just one phone call after another. Dozens of complete strangers urged Mrs. Lamb to go ahead and form an organization, promising support and offering suggestions. It was never her idea to be a female Moses leading the people of Toronto to a land flowing with milk and honey. She was shoved into leadership, and on November 9 received an anonymous letter threatening her baby if she did not keep quiet. Undaunted, that same night she presided over a noisy, unruly meeting of 800 women which jammed the Labor Temple hall to overflowing. When it was over she found herself president of the Toronto Housewives' Association, with ten-cent milk the objective and plans for a boycott of thirteen-cent milk well under way. Branches of the association were rapidly formed in each ward and in suburban districts, meetings were held, personal and telephone canvass of housewives was made. Consumption of milk was appreciably reduced for a while, and there was talk of the housewives themselves going into the milk business.

IT WAS a field day for the people who write letters to the editor. In addition to their outbursts, the Toronto daily papers carried numerous interviews, statements, denials, and protests on the subject of milk prices. Farmers, housewives, distributors, and the Milk Control Board were denounced in turn. Nobody had any sympathy for the farmer . . . farmers were getting too much or too little . . . there were too many dairies . . . what would become of the men thrown out of work by

reducing number of dairies? . . . combines controlled the milk industry . . . there were no combines . . . dairy executives were getting fabulous salaries . . . holders of dairy stock protested that they hadn't got a dividend for years . . . stock was watered . . . municipal ownership was the solution . . . municipal ownership would never work . . . etc. Little wonder that the members of the Milk Control Board complained of headaches.

MEMBERSHIP grew by leaps and bounds and included all classes except the very wealthy, with women of average means in the majority. It was notable that many of them were not in the habit of belonging to clubs or going to meetings. Letters were sent to members of the school board, city council, Board of Control, to Toronto Members of the Ontario Legislature and House of Commons, asking them to express an opinion on the association's objects and to address meetings. A great many took advantage of the invitation, speaking not only on topics connected with living costs but on various phases of public welfare. All this has been very illuminating to the women. Many of them had never so much as seen an alderman or an M.L.A. in their lives before. Now they have a new interest not only in the particular speakers they have heard, but in public affairs generally.

SHORTLY after Parliament met, T. L. Church, M.P., who had replied cordially to letters from the Housewives, suggested to the House of Commons that food prices should be investigated under the Combines Act. Hon. Norman McLeod Rogers, Minister of Labor, said that this would be done. Next day he reported that a constitutional difficulty had been overlooked. Food prices were a matter for provincial, not Dominion control, so the Combines Act did not apply. Undismayed, the Housewives prepared a brief for the Rowell Commission, requesting amendments to the constitution which would bring food prices under Dominion jurisdiction. J. J. Glass, a Liberal Member in the Ontario house, advocated municipalization of the distribution of milk, coal and other necessities of life, in the same manner as the distribution of electricity had been municipalized in some provinces. (Hydro to you.) It was all very encouraging to the Housewives.

Then in February the price of butter went up to forty cents a pound. The Housewives refused to believe that there was a shortage, and said that the same quality of butter sold in Toronto for forty cents could be bought for thirty-five cents in cities outside Toronto. They knew very well that most

Continued on page 43

by ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN

Gain a Youthful Figure with the NEW BREAD DIET!

*Enjoy Sparkling Health,
Extra Vitality, New
Loveliness! . . . Reduce this
SAFE, EASY WAY!*

A LOVELY slim figure—sparkling energy—you can have them both on the new Bread Diet!

As you know, extreme reducing diets sap your energy, actually starve your nerves and muscles. But the new Bread Diet protects you against these dangers—actually *increases* your energy while you're losing weight.

This amazing new Bread Diet is the result of four years of intensive research in leading laboratories and universities. For scientists now know that bread itself is not fattening. Actually, it is a perfect combination of carbohydrates and proteins that *burns up* fat, giving you *extra* energy . . . glowing health.

If you want to reduce, try the new Bread Diet. Cut out the starchiest foods, sugars and fats you now eat—and replace them with bread. Feel radiantly energetic while you lose pounds, grow slim and lovely.

Lose Pounds . . . Yet Eat Delicious Meals

Remember—it isn't necessary to starve in order to have a slim, youthful figure. The Bread Diet allows you to eat delicious, satisfying meals—and *two slices of bread with every meal*. Bread is essential to safe reducing. It is one of the best sources of muscle-building protein that you need for sustained energy, glowing health. Send for "The Bread Diet" today.

You Can Climb 1200 Steps on 3 SLICES OF BREAD

Ordinary housework uses up a lot of your energy. That's why bread is so important in your daily diet—and especially if you're reducing. For bread is your best and cheapest food. 3 slices give you enough energy to climb 1200 steps. To reduce safely, cut down on other foods—but eat 6 slices of bread daily—to give you sustained energy.

BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER...

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His trained skill, scientific equipment—and the very finest materials—give you a loaf that is unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.

20 PAGE BOOK—COMPLETE BREAD DIET GUIDE **FREE!**

This valuable book tells you just what you should weigh for your age and height—how much food you should eat to reach your ideal weight. Gives complete Bread Diet menus to suit your needs.

Years of time and thousands of dollars in laboratory and research expense went into this book. Many people consider it the most valuable book on sensible dieting ever printed. But now you can get it FREE. Fill out and mail coupon at once!



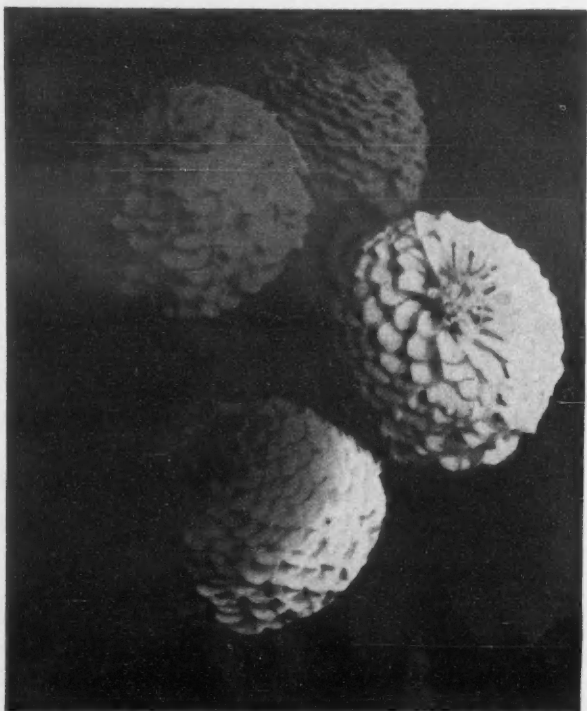
STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street,
Toronto, 2, Ont.

Please send my free copy of "The Bread Diet."

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ Prov. _____



New Pastel Zinnias. These bloom in lovely shades of apricot, peach, creamy yellow, salmon, rose and orchid.



Blaze of Fire. This new dwarf salvia is the earliest of all salvias and is of a most brilliant and vivid scarlet.

Garden plots

by
GORDON LINDSAY

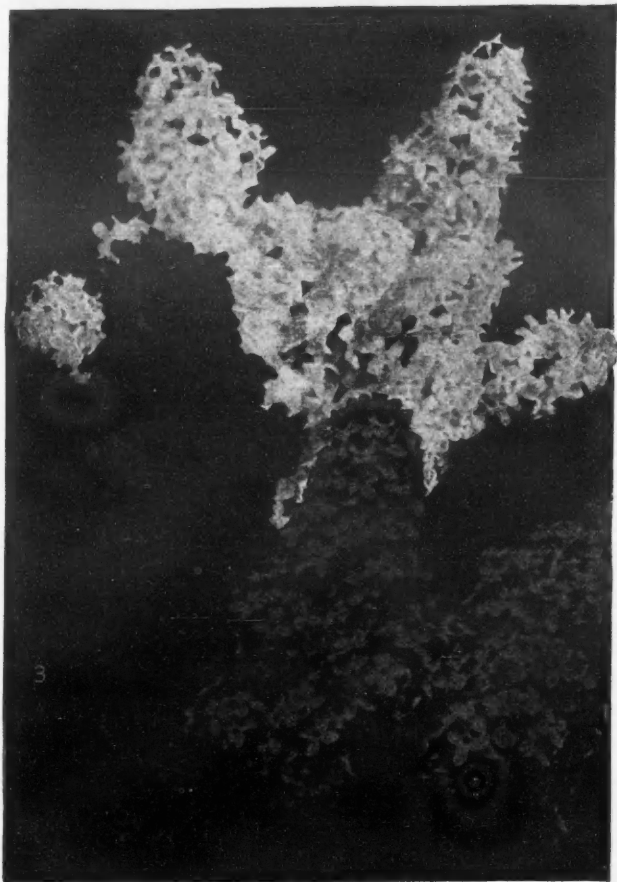
UNLIKE the bank account which shrinks in direct proportion to the number of cheques, the more flowers taken out of the garden the more produced. Indeed this constant clipping of blooms is one of the few vital gardening jobs during the summer months. It is particularly essential with such free blooming plants as sweet peas, nasturtiums, pansies and violas. If the flowers are not removed almost daily, seed pods soon develop and within a few days or a week there will be no more brilliant material for bouquets.

With the more decorative plants like zinnias, marigolds, petunias, asters and cosmos, it is not so necessary. Enough bloom can be left to keep the garden gay, but it is best with these and all other flowers, annual or perennial, that dying bloom and seed pods be removed promptly and constantly. Not only are such things unsightly in any case, but they constitute a drain on the plant.

With tiny or close-flowering things like alyssum, calliopsis, dwarf petunias and phlox, it is quite a task to nip off all fading bloom. With the first named and similar sprawly plants along the front of the borders, sometimes it is possible merely to run the lawn mower—held an inch or so above the plant—loosely over the bed once a month. With the others and alyssum too, one can shear occasionally with a pair of grass clippers.

Where one runs off for a fortnight or more on holidays and leaves the garden to its own resources, there will be less of a jungle on return if a few little extra precautions are taken before departing. The lawn should be mowed, of course, and the whole layout given a thorough soaking, if a hose is available. Flowering borders should be clipped back, removing all bloom. It is best to sacrifice + Continued on page 22

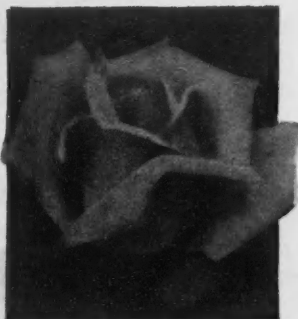
Full-color reproductions of the zinnias, salvia and dwarf marigolds by courtesy of Kenneth McDonald and Sons, Ottawa, and those of the French budded lilac and the roses from the Dominion Seed House, Georgetown, Ontario.



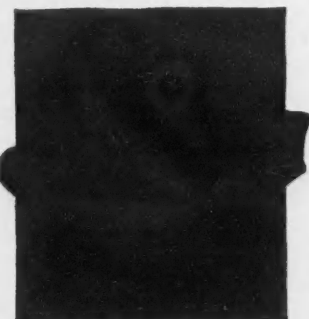
French Budded Lilacs. These beautiful new sweet-scented lilacs grow to a height of six to eight feet and are very hardy.



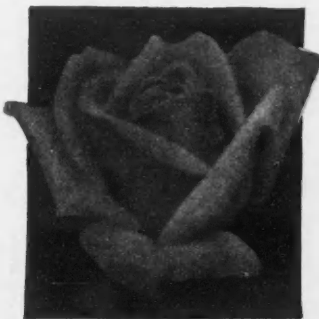
Harmony. This charming and distinct type of dwarf marigold resembles a scabiosa in formation.



REV. F. PAGE-ROBERTS



J. B. CLARKE



JUNE BOYD

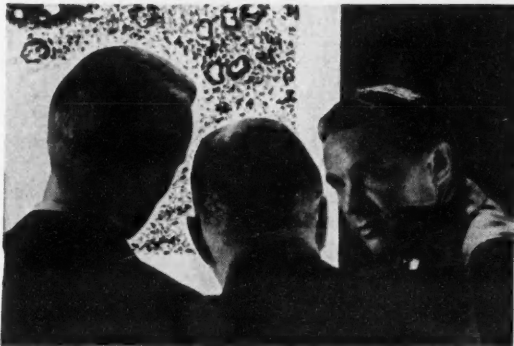


TALISMAN

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife, one of the many who wrote us, says: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(reading down) **FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB**, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; **WENDY MORGAN**, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; **MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES**, grandniece of Mrs. JAMES ROOSEVELT... "Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists—answering increasing requests for Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin"—explain it is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly ac- cepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever."

Their satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Week-end Invitation

The right clothes make it an adventure
in which anything from a heavy suntan
to a happy romance may be achieved

by CAROLYN DAMON

Dear Margaret:

Please come down to the beach for the week-end with us. It seems lovelier than ever this year and there's the grandest crowd summering here. The Bensons are hoping to see you, too, and as they're having a special garden-do for that nice cousin of theirs from Vancouver on Sunday afternoon, I'd suggest you tuck in your most festive tea frock.

Bill sends his love and says to tell you he hopes you're unattached and fancy-free for the nonce, because he's got the nicest new bachelor in tow . . .

Quantities of love—come Friday afternoon, eh? Mary.

P.S. We'll dance at the club Saturday night, of course.

NOW THAT the summer's really moved in and the sun's working his longest shift, hundreds of little notes like that are going from Canadian shore and lake and mountain to city stay-at-homes every week.

And what's the first thing you think about if you're the lucky recipient? Clothes, of course.

What to wear for the holiday week-end! It may be just the grandest break in a workaday month. And again, it may mean anything. Romance under the summer stars and all that . . .

So make your week-end wardrobe just as smart, just as becoming, in its way, as your town clothes are. More so, if you can.

Women used to wear "just anything" once upon a time when they went week-ending. But that was before the day of sports clothes. The really nicest young women didn't behave strenuously. They couldn't do it and keep their glamor.

Then came the slack-age. When slacks and shorts were first accepted as smart as well as useful, girls wore them from after morning dip until bedtime.

But today sport togs have developed to the stage of embracing a complete set of clothes for every occasion. And the clever woman knows that nothing so much emphasizes her debonair boyish charm in slacks or shorts on the beach, as the contrast of filmy, fragile frocks at night.

MARGARET, for instance, to whom the hostess addressed her letter above, is eager to look her best all the time she's enjoying herself in the most carefree manner possible. Slacks, of course, for the beach and lazy daytime hours. She's well outfitted here in a rayon and wool crease-resisting Alpine cloth outfit of slacks, sport shirt and jacket. She chooses that particular costume because she's tall and slim. She's dark, with good rich coloring, so wears a sunny beige tone—grand for shedding dust and dirt. The slacks are nicely tailored, and fit up well around her waist. The shirt is man-fashioned and tucks into the slacks firmly. That's important, because she'll be running and perhaps playing ball and maybe fishing and helping with sailboats. So there won't be any fuss about restless waistlines that don't stay put at energetic moments.

Her little jacket is handy for breezier days and for slipping on if she goes sailing. The nice thing about this outfit is that she can vary it endlessly. A smart pullover in a bright blue or deep rose-

wine shade would give it tremendous zip, and make her look like quite a new woman when she comes back for another week-end! She can wear the shirt with a matching skirt or culottes for bicycling, or with shorts. Or, of course, with any garments of that sort in such shades as pine green or a nigger brown, and then a gay scarlet-splashed triangular scarf and a brown and scarlet beach hat, and bright beach clogs.

BEACH SHOES are important this year and add tremendously to a sports outfit, and the big hat is a "must." It gives the week-end a nicer holiday air that makes her look like a summer-long lounge rather than a hard-working girl on her day off. All the little beach accessories have that particularly subtle quality of giving one a "belonging" look. So please do as Margaret does, and see that you're well equipped.

There's a smart crowd at the beach this year, Mary has explained to Margaret. So she'll take a light flowery frock like this for the garden party Sunday afternoon. It will also be very nice for church, morning or evening, or to wear to one of those very informal dances that are the joy of summer colony evenings. It's wine and pale blue printed chiffon with a soft swirling skirt, tucked and ruffled. The perfect feminine contrast to her out-and-about tailored togs. Her hat's a navy lacy straw, with blue and rose tones in the mixed wisteria and roses that decorate it. Her lacy mittens are navy and so is her bag in shirred crepe, with touches of gold.

She might have any simple summer outfit for her second week-end costume—a fine muslin or even a cotton in flowerpot print. Certainly a deep-toned sheer would be very lovely.

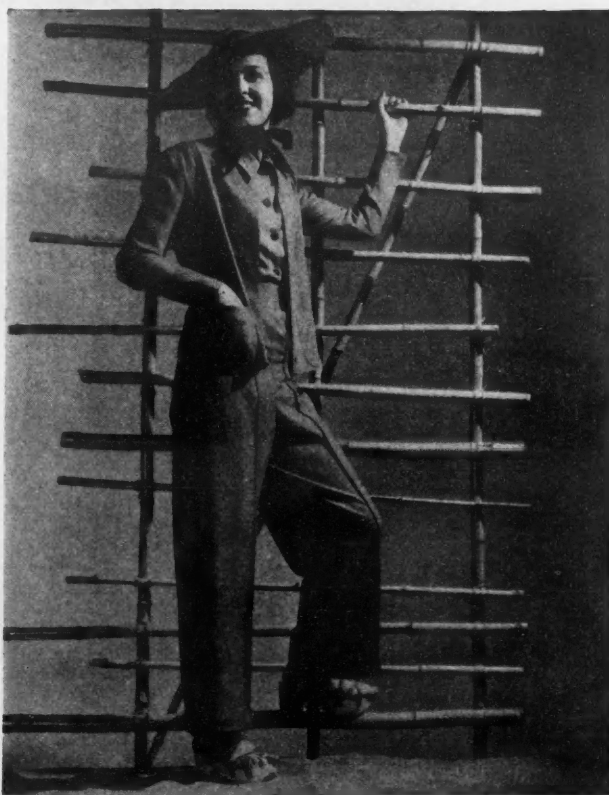
FINALLY, Margaret packs this charming little white lace frock for that Saturday night dance at the club. If the new man doesn't think she looks as lovely as the frosty moonlight, the misty clouds and the black night shadows, he has no poetry in him, that's all. The dress is of exquisite hand-made lace on net over taffeta with bandings of lace, quaint puffed sleeves and a squared neck and full net skirt. It's simple and delicate and summery—the sleeves keep it from being too formal, and the whole effect is one of youthful loveliness.

Whether Margaret chooses this or one of the long washable cottons splashed with big tropic blossoms, or a stiffened taffeta or starched net—she wants to look cool, fresh and fragile in the evening. That's part of the week-end picture she is making.

What mere man could resist? Here's a woman who in the brief period of a Friday-to-Monday visit has been trig and tailored, gracious and charming, delicate and lovely.

And that's where the week-end has the advantage over her stay-all-summer sisters at that. She makes a flashing impression—and disappears.

Make the most of those short but happy holidays that are so much a part of the Canadian summer. And it's just as easy to get the right clothes as the wrong ones. ♦



For morning, afternoon and night . . . tailored crease-resistant slacks, a wine and pale blue printed chiffon dress and a white lace dance frock with moonlight magic in its youthful folds. Photographs and costumes by courtesy The T. Eaton Company, College Street Store, Toronto.

Second Wife

Continued from page 15

THE SOFT twilight had erased all color but a wispy lavender from the deepening sky, and the mild May night came slowly to envelop Peter and Donny as they sat in silence on the terrace overlooking the old garden. Summer was a promise in the air, and Peter spoke of being restless, anxious to be off somewhere now that the story was finished. But Donny wasn't restless. She loved the century-old house with its lovely garden where she was patiently coaxing back some of the beauty that had been lost in three years of neglect.

"Why don't you run off and take a vacation somewhere?" she lazily suggested, stretching her full length on the swinging couch, and slowly pulling herself back and forth by holding to his hand.

"Will you run with me?" Peter stopped the motion of the swing with his foot to get her response.

Donny sat up, her inertia completely gone, her voice childish in her glee. "Oh, Peter, let's! Where will we go? When? How long—but Peter"—Donny's voice flattened into reality—"Marianne—can we leave—"

"Oh, that'll be all right," Peter, the imperturbable, interrupted, "I've thought of sending her to camp with Trudy Martin. She's been coaxing to go."

Donny's thoughts whirled, mixed and settled into a pattern. Marianne at camp. She and Peter alone! She flashed a quick look at Peter, trying to read his face. Was he then not blind to her silent struggling? Could that be it? No! Marianne wanted to go to camp; Donalda's choice was second. Her watchful brain suddenly warned her, brought her to her feet out of the swing. Not to spoil this. Not to let Peter see her angry hurt. Jealous? Oh, it was beneath her—unfair! Take this opportunity, she whispered inside herself, get so much out of it she would never resent Marianne's dictatorship again.

She walked the length of the terrace, glad that the soft dark night hid her burning cheeks. She hadn't guessed what a fury had been brewing inside her. All the resentment of the past year, her fears and sense of failure had been sharply etched against the background of her sudden jealousy. The sudden knowledge made Donny furiously angry now at herself. Gasping a little, she flung her head back to look at the stars that spattered the darkening sky, trying somehow to get her bearings again. She thought, curiously, how big the stars seemed tonight. Almost as big as they are out over the ocean. The nostalgic thought made her catch her breath, again. All her thoughts were swept aside in a sudden yearning.

"I'll go, Peter. Of course I'll go. The vacation will be good for—all of us." The confession in the last three words was said whisperingly, her face secure against his motionless, peaceful shoulder.

A BUSY excitement enveloped the succeeding weeks . . . shopping, planning, endless telephoning, hours spent brooding happily over travel brochures

They finally decided on Bermuda—

for a whole month. Marianne would be safely at camp all summer; they could relax, Peter would write, and Donny would be happy doing nothing. Just being with Peter would be enough. Then they had another inspiration. They would let Sara go for the summer—she would make the visit to her people whom she had been broadly hinting she wanted to see—and when Donny and Peter returned, they would live camp-fashion at the house for the remaining weeks. Donny was wild with anticipation. It sounded so perfect. Making little meals for Peter; running into town to meet him if he wanted her; packing a picnic basket and going off for the day; working in her garden, planning nothing, really doing nothing—just living!

At last Marianne was ready for camp. Even attending to her needs had been fun for Donny. There had been whole days in town buying equipment first-year campers needed millions of things, it seemed.

Camp opened the last Saturday in June. They drove five hours before they reached the almost inaccessible place high in the hills. Marianne had been almost beside herself with excitement. Her questions, all beginning, "Do you think—" had punctuated every mile of the road. Donny was a little sorry she couldn't call on her own memory for information and reassurance for Marianne. Marianne's mouth closed in the middle of a word when at last they sighted the magnificent lake sparkling in the sunlight that marked the end of their journey.

Peter and Donny were silent as the car was turned to go home. It seemed strangely empty without the camp locker, duffle bag, tennis racket, camera and the inevitable books that had all been packed securely in the back with Marianne that morning, wedging her into a corner so that she didn't bounce around like a pea in a pod when the springs of the car were exercised over the bumpy mountain roads. When it had been time for them to leave Peter had been so quiet, never taking his eyes from Marianne's face. Her own embrace and brief kiss from Marianne had surprised and touched Donny. She had found herself returning the caress warmly.

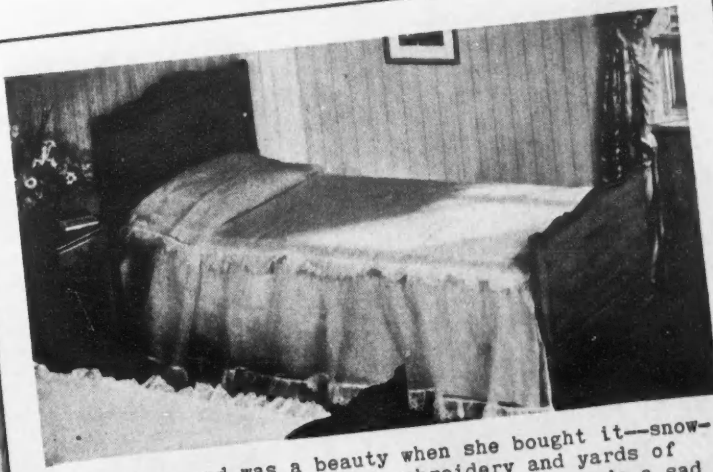
BERMUDA WAS everything she couldn't possibly anticipate it would be. Donny gazed at the unbelievable turquoise water—warm, translucent—washing gently against the island that rose like a gaudy jewel out of the sea. "For once," she thought with a pleased smile, "picture postcards don't exaggerate!"

She had her fairyland house—faded pink, like strawberry ice cream, Peter had remarked—shuttered in heavenly blue, the amazing colors that Bermuda limestone and paints washed by Bermuda air and sun, could achieve. And, in the midst of it—Peter. The final touch.

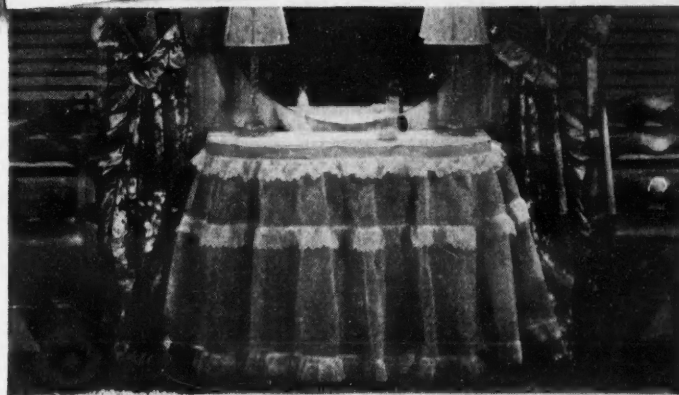
Donny stood on the tiny porch of the house and looked down the hill overgrown with voluptuous hibiscus.

"Here in this heaven, I shall have Peter—alone," she whispered to herself. She breathed deeply and stretched

Three mistakes ...in the bride's house!



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"



Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her lovely home—instead of whispering about it!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Sun LIGHT-
YES
Sun HEAT-
NO



MOTHERS have been told that their children must have sunshine . . . that frequent sun baths are necessary for the development of strong bodies. But perhaps some mothers may not realize the vast difference between the light from the sun and the heat from the sun.

Sunlight carries the beneficial ultra-violet rays that put healthy color in the cheeks of boys and girls. But when the thermometer climbs over 80 degrees, keep your children out of the burning rays of the sun. Too much sunheat may be dangerous. On such days let your boys and girls sun-bathe before 10 in the morning, or after 4 in the afternoon.

In hot weather, brimmed hats—of straw, white or light-colored fabrics—will help keep the hot sun from scorching down on children's heads.

The fact that a young baby's eyes should be protected from the sun does not mean that his entire head should be shaded. Cover his eyes, or place him on his side, so that his face will get the benefit of the sunlight but the strong

rays will not shine directly into his eyes.

During their first year, babies are particularly susceptible to heat and humidity. There are more deaths caused directly or indirectly by excessive heat before the first birthday than during any other single year of a child's life.

Why is the scorching heat of the sun dangerous to children? It lessens appetite, lowers vitality, and may produce fever. It often overexcites them, makes them sleepless, faint and ill.

Strange as it may seem, a sudden drop in temperature which brings welcome relief from excessive heat may not be entirely a blessing. Many babies are made sick by chilling, especially in the night. This chilling is a common cause of diarrhea.

No child need be overcome by heat if simple precautions are used. The Metropolitan leaflet "Heat Exhaustion and Sunstroke" gives additional information everyone should have. For a free copy address Booklet Department 7-L-38, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board



LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE — OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Girl With a Latch Key

Continued from page 7

"Mother persuaded him. I got her to realize how I felt, knowing that someone was sitting up for me. It spoils everything!"

"I know. My mother used to be like that, when I was home. She never tried to keep me tied to her apron strings. She tried to be a good sport about it. But she'd say, 'About what time d'you think you'll be home, Eddy?' A few times I told her—not definitely, but just about when I thought I'd be back. And if I was late, she'd be—she tried to hide it, but you could see how upset she was."

"Mother makes dad go to bed now, and she pretends not to sit up for me. But I know perfectly well that she really does. I've often seen the light on in the spare room when I've come home. She goes in there and reads when dad's gone to sleep, and when she hears me coming, she puts out the light and goes to bed."

The big, old-fashioned latchkey lay on the table between them.

"It really doesn't do any good—to have a latchkey," Christine said. "When I know she's waiting, just the same . . ."

"Yes. I know," said Eddy.

They were silent. The music had stopped, and a babel of voices filled the air that was heavy, blue with smoke.

"What time is it, Eddy?"

"Early. Quarter to eleven."

"It'll take us three quarters of an hour to get home. And she has to get up at half-past six—for that darn' job."

"We'd better get going then. Waiter! Check, please!"

"Eddy—" she said, her voice very unsteady, her eyes fixed on her hands. "I—"

"Listen!" he said. "I knew it—couldn't be that way. I'm sorry! I knew—you couldn't go back home . . ."

He paid the check, and as they rose, the music began; when they reached the dance floor, it was crowded.

"Let's dance out," he said.

They danced, the intricate steps they had practiced together.

"A year and a half isn't so darn long," said Eddy. "And if I get a raise, it might be sooner."

They got into the shabby old car, and he drove out.

"Christine," he said, "I'm sorry . . . It wasn't fair—to you. I'm sorry."

"Eddy, you're sweet to me."

They drove for a long time without speaking.

"The whole setup's wrong—in theory," he said. "I mean—the social and economic conditions and—the whole setup. But—I guess there's not much to be done about it, the way things are."

His voice sounded forlorn in the dark. She couldn't think of anything intelligent or suitable to say, only she wanted to comfort him.

"I love you, Eddy," she said, anxiously.

And he answered in the queerest way, with something grave and quiet in his tone.

"Thank you, Christine." ♦

Garden Plots

Continued from page 18

HOW DO YOU ENCOURAGE BLOOMING

?

DO YOU PLAN THIS YEAR FOR NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN

?

WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO WATER THE GARDEN

?

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR FLOWERING BORDERS

?

well-advanced buds as well. If one can arrange with a neighbor to cut the lawn once in return for similar accommodation in his case later on, things will remain more shipshape.

♦ ♦ ♦

Now that the delphiniums, phlox and the larger annuals are attaining their full height, some support is usually necessary, otherwise they are likely to tangle or fall before the first big thunderstorm. Wooden or metal stakes, painted green or brown, will hardly be noticeable. With the larger and bushy plants two or more stakes linked by wire are advisable. This support should be installed fairly early and will be quickly hidden and strengthened by further growth.

♦ ♦ ♦

When the really hot weather arrives, use the lawn mower less and set so that the grass will only be trimmed lightly, leaving some protection for roots; water thoroughly once a week rather than almost useless daily sprinkles; cultivate flowers and vegetables lightly or spread a mulch of finely cut grass, straw or similar material between rows or plants.

♦ ♦ ♦

During the flowering season is the time to note decisions regarding rearrangement so that colors will blend, removal of unappreciated varieties or planning additions. If these points are not noted now, the chances are they will be forgotten along with location of the plants when the actual time for replanting is at hand next fall or spring. ♦

BEAUTY

culture

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE
AND BEAUTY



By CAROLYN DAMON

Travelling? Take less than your considered minimum. Work your whole wardrobe around two basic colors. Sports and evening togs are all you need—leave your afternoon dresses at home in the closet. Get crush-resistant, water-repellent fabrics when you can. Substitute greyed “cadet” blue for navy in your dark outfit.

Your indispensables are a coat, summer suit (perhaps knitted), dark sheer or patterned rayon or cotton, raincoat or umbrella and rubbers, simple evening or dinner dress.

If it's a long trip, add a stock of your favorite cosmetics and one of those quick-cleansing preparations for freshening up often. Nourishing cream to combat change of climate. An extra pair of glasses or your prescription; a bag big enough for travellers' cheques, souvenirs, sunglasses, etc.

The coat might be coarse yarn rug tweed for the bigger traveller, reversible gabardine and Shetland wool for the college girl, linen for the tropical adventurer and a short fleecy alpaca for the sportswoman.

Get lightweight, packable headgear.

Going to the Big City? You'll need sturdy, but well-cut shoes for sight-seeing. (Watch out for elastic goring on those hot, foot-swelling days.) A smart veiled hat and tucked or printed dark sheer with a little jacket will see you through from morning shopping until dinner. Add your lightweight coat and you have an ensemble. You'll find a linen or sharkskin noncrushable



sport suit and perforated capeskin or leather gloves a grand sport or street outfit. A long skirt and pastel sweater if you're young and slim, a gay cotton or piqué patterned frock if you're mid-twenty and a softly hanging sheer if you're matronly will take care of your evenings.

Get cosmetics that will stay put from morning till night—cream rouge, for instance. Don't make up your eyelashes for warm days in town. They'll run. Go to an expert for advice about make-up, but don't go Hollywood because you're away from home, and do yourself up like a portable bonfire.

Going to a Summer Resort? Run heavily to cottons. A cotton lace, for instance, for special luncheon engagements, a bareback cotton print with bolero for sun and such, a shirt-and-skirt for general getting about and golfing, and a dirndl for those bookish afternoons lying about. Wear slacks, shorts, a play suit or a culotte for tennis, badminton, cycling, or whatever you do. But more of that later. You may want one big prettied-up hat to look languorous in, but mostly little calottes, kerchiefs, berets, dwarf's caps are the kind of soft and simple headdresses that will be best.

Your dance frocks are important. Why not wear hyacinth blue, fondant pink or burgundy in chiffon or crush-resistant organdie? Or two or all of them combined. Or a black sheer with a stiff white lace bolero or an embroidered cotton. You don't need many clothes, but you need the right clothes for whatever you do. Makeshifts won't serve. + Continued on page 26



Look Your
Loveliest

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *before it starts*. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive*!

MUM IS QUICK! There's no problem about using Mum. It takes no time; no fuss and bother of waiting for it to dry. Smooth in a quick fingertipful under each arm and you're through! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

MUM IS SAFE! Use Mum any time, even *after* you're dressed. For it does not injure fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does *stop all odor*. With Mum you'll never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS SOOTHING! Mum is safe and soothing as a healing hand cream. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Start the day or evening with Mum and you'll come home with underarms as fresh as when you started.

—JUST HALF A MINUTE—AND YOU'RE PROTECTED ALL DAY—



For Sanitary Napkins
No worries—no embarrassment—when you use Mum this way, too! Thousands of women have found Mum gentle, safe, and **SURE**.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

glad arms over her head. "Lovely—lovely," she murmured.

She looked with lazy interest at the brown boy on a bicycle toiling up the steep winding hill with the minimum of effort that was typically native. For a moment the boy on his bicycle was lost to view as he rode under the overhanging bougainvillea on the garden wall, but suddenly appeared again—at the gate, asking for "Miz Ward."

Her sun-drenched mind didn't at once question what he could want with her. Then she saw the envelope in his hand. One beat of her heart was suddenly a throb of pain. Her face was vacant as she read: **MARIANNE HURT.**

"No—no," her lips formed. The paper in her hands trembled as though caught in a sudden wind. Donny had the sensation that something near her, around her, maybe in her, had fallen. This idyll, this coveted dream—it was over, then, so soon. They would have to go back.

She turned into the house, the movement pushed the cogs of her mind into normal action again. "Peter, Peter," she called, running through the dim hallway curtained against the heat of the sun. "Peter, where are you?" and to herself, the nurse, saying, "The child is hurt, she needs Peter. She needs you. What are a few weeks dreaming in the sun compared with her life, perhaps? Be a sport, Donny, old girl!"

Peter appeared suddenly through a door. The urgency of her voice had drawn him in one motion from the couch where he had been dozing. Silently, he took the message from her. Donny watched with wrenching sympathy the color drain from his tanned face. She suddenly resented the laconic terseness of the cablegram. It was heartless not to have cabled more. Mechanically, Peter looked at his watch.

"The boat goes out at eleven in the morning. I'll pack—then two days, three days—" he murmured, but the words were just sounds, empty of meaning. He continued to stand still.

Donny moved close to him. "Peter, dear, it may not be serious. Camps don't like to take any responsibility. I'm sure she's all right." But Peter wasn't listening. He was remembering how Marianne had clung to him that last morning at camp, and how at the end he had had misgivings. Poor lonely kid. Her letters told so little. He recalled his ironical realization that the literary spark was missing in his offspring. Now this . . .

DONNY had plenty of time to herself on the trip home. Time to think, time to wonder, time to be a little afraid. For Peter was enclosed in a quiet wall, behind which he lived with his own emotions. Kind, considerate—that he was always, but Donny was a shadow by his side. And she knew it.

She tramped the decks. She swam in the pool, vigorously, trying to fill her time and dispose of her energy and her thoughts. She stood in the bow of the boat, the wind rushing past her, sculpturing her graceful body into a Norse figurehead. She felt relieved of any emotion for a few minutes at a time there. But nothing really helped. Anxious as she was about Marianne,

✦ Continued on page 41

*Now! YOU
Can Have
Lovelier Legs*



BARBARA LEWIS, famous fashion model, says: "Before posing for photographs I always remove unsightly hair from arms and legs with **NEET**. No man likes hairiness."

UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY with New Cream

In a bathing suit . . . evening gown . . . even through stockings . . . unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

Now you can easily have *lovely legs and arms*—free of ugly hair. Just spread on **NEET**, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! **NEET** removes all hair—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. No razor stubble to snag your stockings—no danger of cuts when you use the safe, easy **NEET** method.

Magnified view of sharp bristly hair after shaving. Snags stockings.

NEET removes hair below skin surface—delays re-growth, leaves no rough razor stubble.

Don't let summer romance pass you by. Shorter skirts, summer dresses and beach wear spotlight *arms and legs* as never before. *See that yours are lovely*. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with **NEET**. Get **NEET** today. At drug and dept. stores. Generous trial size at 15¢ counters.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair



Fishing or Sailing? There are wind-and-water-resistant poplins, cottons, denims and gabardines that are just the thing for above-water activities. Green, grey or navy are grand seagoing shades. Sleeveless jackets with lots of pockets in waterproof poplin or cotton are splendid ideas for the fisherman.

Playing Games? For badminton, get the longer shorts in sharkskin with two box pleats back and front and a shirt to match. Medium-length shorts and a matching jacket with elastic shirring at the waistline are grand for tennis. You may prefer the shirt, or the short full skirt and shirt. White or blue or dusty pink are good.

For golf, how about the culotte dress or a crease-resistant linen frock with kick pleats, or a knitted suit? Or a fine wool. All in the most brilliant shades your heart desires. This is the place to wear them.

For bicycling, the short skirt or shorter culotte is very good. See that your skirt isn't too full or too long, your slacks too wide-legged or your fabric too clinging.

Your summer undies. Be sure your lingerie is comfortable for summer days. Featherweight fabrics of the type that require no ironing are best. Porous elastic fabric girdles are cool and light, there are slips for every conceivable type of costume, including a new rather full chemise for shorts or very short skirts. The full wrap-around petticoat is grand for dirndls and other

full-skirted dresses, and the brassiere-top slip saves clothes in extremely hot weather.

And about your skin. Change to lighter creams for summer weather. You perspire so much you don't need as heavy an oil content. Rub special oil or cream into your hair after drying days on the beach and in the water.

Tan if you like—but those nigger-coatings make the skin coarse and tough. Keep your bright cosmetics for moonlit evenings, and tone down your make-up for sunny days. Get an indelible lipstick for swimming.

Have your cosmetics tailored for sportswear. Don't wear heavy perfumes with your beach costumes; pine, eau de cologne, carnation and bouquet fragrances in minute amounts are best for summer weather. Get one of those little kits with comb, lipstick, rouge, etc., to carry to the beach, instead of having things tumble out of your pockets all the time. For evening, be as glamorous as you like—and don't forget the pick-up face mask before dinner and the dance. Keep your hair short and easy to dress, with a good permanent.

You'll look better with a little rouge unless you're very clear-skinned and dark, and very tanned. If you want to look pink and white for the romantic winter mode ahead, use a heavy sun-proof cream and a tan powder. Remember the new gowns will show your shoulders and necks next fall. So take care of them now! +

That Babyish Look

Last year it was the Little Girl Look. This season you go right back to the beginning and appear very, very pre-school. Ruffy bonnets are one way. Peter Pan collars and frilly blouses and lacy touches are others.

Photographs of crown rayon sheer by courtesy J. M. Mathers, New York.



Here for instance, the sheer lace collar and cuffs to a navy rayon sheer (top) are dainty enough for a young lady at her christening party. French dotted rayon sheer collar and simple little jacket (centre), all in baby blue, are a nice gesture to juvenility, and (left), the shirred confection top of palest pink to a bolero dress of rayon novelty wine crepe is happily very childish.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

"SAY MARGE, THAT
NEW, IMPROVED PALMOLIVE
IS Milder ON MY SKIN!"



"TELL HER ABOUT
THE NEW PERFUME
IN PALMOLIVE"

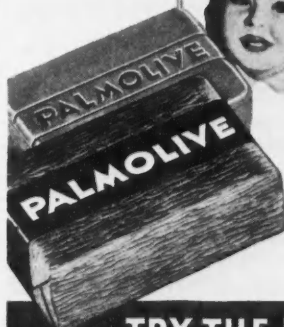
Yes, it's news—good news to women all over Canada. They're delighted with the new improved Palmolive. It's milder. Keeps complexions soft and smooth without the slightest irritation. That's because the secret blend of Palmolive's famous Olive and Palm Oils has been slightly changed.

And now Palmolive has a new, delightful, refreshing perfume. This delicate scent adds a real thrill to your daily Palmolive Beauty Treatment. And because Palmolive is ever so much harder now, it lasts longer—wears right down to the thinnest bit without breaking or cracking, and even that gives you lots of rich Palmolive lather. So now you can save money with the new improved Palmolive.



"Palmolive is the only soap used in the daily baths of the Dionne quintuplets. Their skin is clear, normal and healthy."

(Signed) *Allan Roy Daffre*



TRY THE NEW IMPROVED PALMOLIVE



*The Quins use Colgate's on their teeth
To get that lovely shine —
I, too, use Colgate's Dental Cream
For pearly teeth like mine!*

I LIKE TO
BRUSH MY
TEETH WITH
COLGATE'S...
IT TASTES
SO GOOD!

How children love Colgate's delightful peppermint flavor! And what a help this is in teaching them correct habits of oral hygiene!

COLGATE'S
MAKES MY
TEETH FEEL
NICE AND
SMOOTH. AND
SEE HOW
THEY SHINE?

Colgate's Dental Cream cleans teeth so thoroughly... yet so gently—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel, or irritation to tender gums!

WHY NOT
GUARD YOUR
CHILDREN'S
TEETH WITH
COLGATE'S



20¢
LARGE SIZE
35¢
Giant Double Size
10¢
Medium Size



CHOSSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS

Make Colgate's your toothpaste, too!

Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent not only cleans enamel to shining brightness... its special penetrating foam gets into those tiny hidden crevices between teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... cleans every surface of every tooth... gives new brilliance to your smile... keeps your breath sweet and beyond reproach!

Look Your Loveliest

Continued from page 25

Motoring? If you like to be tailored in slacks and shirt, be sure the shirt is long enough and the slacks fit well up around your waist. As a general rule, leave the shorts to young members of the party. For mother, there's a nice new culotte with a zipper which turns it into a skirt at a moment's notice. "Crush-resistant and crease-proof" should be your slogan in getting clothes. Wear stitched or unpressed pleats in skirts—with little lightweight sweaters and shirts above. A dust- and rainproof coat is a must. Take something old if you're the helpful kind when cars break down. There's nothing like a dark print if you wear dresses, or a knitted suit in cotton and wool or boucle. A jacket that fits down over your skirt will keep you neat and uncrumpled looking through the miles. Try postman or military blue. A sleeveless jacket is always a nice accessory. Get the new above-knee short stockings if you don't wear a girdle. Deep pastels in purple and wine tones are grand with lighter accents in scarves, hankies, bags, etc. Combine violet-red with navy for a really striking new combination. Get low-heeled, comfortable sandals or shoes, and leather-palmed fabric gloves if you're the driver. There's an attractive new hand-crocheted bonnet with under-chin ties that's grand for an open car. You'll want something like that, or a kerchief or beret.

Going Rural? The Dude Ranch or Uncle's farm or that kind of thing. Overall suits, slacks and sweater-and-skirt combinations being what they are this year, it's a pleasure to dress for the country. A riding skirt or breeches of denim and a cotton shirt with a waist-length windbreaker are the horses' delight. A leather vest or jacket and a wool shirt are helpful for nighttime if you're going to high-up places. Also some warm undies, pyjamas and a woollen dressing gown are good ideas for colder nights. The suspender dress with an unpressed pleated skirt and two or three lightweight blouses or sweaters will come in handy. A dirndl in a gay cotton would be nice for barn dances, if you feel that rustic and can find any. Tone your make-up down to bare essentials. Nature as a background is pretty hard on artificialities. Take this chance to nourish and cleanse your skin well at nights. Country food and air should do the rest and send you back to town a new woman.

Staying Home? A cotton dirndl for those picnics with the children, some cool cotton frocks or slacks to wear on jaunts to the lake or beach, a nice pastel "porch frock" and a dainty floral lawn with lingerie trimmings for luncheons or summer bridges. And a big hat for sitting in the garden. Please look as fresh and charming for your family as you can in the dog days.

Here's your chance, too, with so many friends away and less cooking to do, to work and rest with a chin strap or forehead band on, and to smear your face with cool, nourishing and protective cream for sunning without sunburning. Brushing your hair strokes and strokes every day will keep it clean and shining, and in

perfect condition for fall. There's just a chance your holidaying friends won't look so well by contrast, after wind and water have done their bit in drying their locks!

Cruising? Slacks and shorts. Cotton frocks. One "in between" dress of discreet sheer or crepe for Sunday evening dinner; as many cotton and other washable evening frocks as you can manage; the smartest bathing suit, beach bag and robe you can find. Get a nose-protector with your sunglasses for those lazy days on deck. Your skin needs lots of nourishment, what with salt winds and sun—and don't use bright make-up unless the days are dull.

Get a short haircut and an easy wave that you can manage yourself when necessary.

Beach Basking? At ten—Wear a one-piece bathing suit of elastic weave. Bright cotton frocks with funny figures on them, a dirndl for dress-up and a short two-piece play suit.

At twenty—The sky's the limit and the world is full of new and amusing play costumes for every type of person. California colors have replaced last year's navy and pastels. Swedish peasant themes are better than Dalmatian, overalls are almost smarter than slacks. Princess play suits are up on a par with shirt and short sets, the suspender dress is a winner, crew necklines are better than halters, shirred elastic swim suits are grand for the slim and head kerchiefs are better than calottes. Mid-calf-length trousers with loose short jackets and calf-length slacks are new and nice for the shapely of leg. You'll like the new full-skirted shantung and linen beach dresses, worn over plain shorts. Shirts for your shorts and slacks are longer, either man-tailored or bloused. Be sure everything's washable and color fast. Pleated shorts, shirt and tailored jacket or striped seersucker make a smart outfit. The whole family might wear slacks of the same fabric—styles suitable, of course, for ages and sizes. Faded blue denim, dusty pink corduroy (washable) and waxed unbleached muslin are favorites for beach outfits. Your bathing suit can be more feminine with tucks, two-color effects, etc.

At forty—Sharkskin is good and makes you look crisp and cool. Since older women are apt to look wearier and more dragged out sooner than their younger sisters, that's important. Silks and rayons in dressmaker styles are best for play suits (if you must have them) and bathing suits. Or nice fine wool jersey for your swim hours. Culottes and skirts are better out-of-the-water togs for the average older woman. If slacks are very well tailored and your shirt is tailored in the same dark color, they ought to be very smart, though.

Gardening? For comfort and extra smartness try natural crash slacks and a raspberry silk extra long shirt (outside), and a big hat that ties on. If you're older and take to overalls, you can wear a bright shirt and look very festive among the blossoms.

Use hand lotion every time you come in from pattering and take a few good stiff setting-up exercises after hours of bending and leaning over the plants.

Andy Hated Losers

Continued from page 13

room that Mr. Higgleby should take up golf, for which they maintained he already had the perfect stance; or baseball, or badminton, or hai-a-lai; or, in fact, anything but tennis. It was their opinion that Mr. Higgleby had done more to pull down the combined form of the club than muscle-strain, tennis-elbow or athlete's foot. For it was Mr. Higgleby's unique genius not so much to play a good game of tennis as to prevent the other man from playing one. At this he excelled; and for this he was about as welcome to the members of the South Shore Club as a good pelting shower in the final set.

From the open door of the women's dressing room drifted Mrs. Stephen Bogardus. As her imposing bulk temporarily blotted out the sun, she smiled stiffly at Ellen, and her gaze, sailing immediately beyond, lit with an expression of high approval on the overflowing courts.

"Not playing?" she said.

In her look Ellen read a reproof which prompted her to say, nervously, "I'm playing Ida May Dixon at one . . . and just now, I'm waiting for Andy."

Mrs. Bogardus turned, fixing on her a chilly eye. "In the days when I was playing Mallory," she observed coldly, "I never waited for any man. I practiced on the bangboard."

Turning, she sailed back into the club. Ellen, left alone, twiddled her racket nervously. On the nearer court she saw Mr. Higgleby's opponent, with an expression of strained sportsmanship, run to the net and shove out his hand. Mr. Higgleby clasped it gravely. Returning to the club, he wrapped his sparse form in a voluminous white cardigan sweater and dropped into a chair near Ellen. The other man paused. "You won't have a drink, Higgleby?" he said with painstaking politeness.

"No, thanks," said Mr. Higgleby primly, and beckoned a passing attendant. "I never drink. Bad for my wind . . . I'll have a lemonade, please."

The other man, with a distinct effort at self-control, went off to the showers. In wonderment, Ellen gazed at Mr. Higgleby, drinking a lemonade with the air of one who has fought a good fight. Mr. Higgleby indubitably couldn't play tennis, and yet, somehow, he always managed to win.

"Mr. Higgleby," she said aloud.

The little man leapt in his chair. He let the lemonade out of his straw with a loud sizzling noise, and turned an alarmed eye upon Ellen.

"If you don't mind my asking, how do you always manage to beat whoever you are playing with?"

"I don't beat them," said Mr. Higgleby, simply. "I let them beat themselves."

"But how?"

Mr. Higgleby answered with apparent irrelevance. "I love the game," he said, and an odd note came into his voice, a fanatic gleam into his eyes. "I eat, sleep and dream the game. That trap-shot, for instance; I practice that all winter, twenty-five times a night, over the edge of the bathtub.

It makes for accuracy." Mr. Higgleby's voice sank almost to a chant. "No one ever gave me lessons," he said, "my form is by no means perfect and I am not a hard hitter, and yet I win. Shall I tell you how?"

"I wish you would," she said. "I'm playing in the women's singles this afternoon, with Ida May; but she will beat me."

"With all your beautiful form," said Mr. Higgleby, "which it pains me to see wasted, you lack the competitive instinct. And the competitive instinct is what makes people win. I desire intensely and to the exclusion of all other things to win. The only way I can do this is on the other man's errors. I simply wait carefully for them to make a mistake, and eventually they do. It burns them up," said Mr. Higgleby, a certain quiet satisfaction in his tone.

"But if someone is too good for you—"

"If someone gets too hot for me," said Mr. Higgleby, "I stall. There is nothing that will dampen the enthusiasm of one of these wild hitters quicker than a sweet, high lob, dropping just inside the baseline with the sun against their eyes . . . Here's your fiancé."

ANDY, in fact, approaching on noiseless sneakers, was standing before them, frowning slightly. "Hi, Higgleby," he said curtly. "Saving yourself?"

"I was," said Mr. Higgleby with dignity, "having a lemonade."

Cora Mackey dropped onto the steps, running her fingers through her damp curly hair. "Did you ever hear," she asked Ellen solemnly, "about the time Mr. Higgleby went on a bender? It was after he made the head of the B list. He was pretty excited, and he went wild, I can tell you. He came out here on the porch and ordered a double lemonade!"

Mr. Higgleby flushed. He rose. "Am I playing you at two o'clock today, Marsden?"

Andy grinned at Ellen. "I don't know about that," he said, "but I'm playing you."

Mr. Higgleby turned, a glitter in his eye. "Well, any time."

Andy rose, irritated. "Don't you want to rest up?"

Mr. Higgleby stood leaning against the clubhouse wall, an odd expression on his face. "Why, no," he said politely. "I've been taking it easy. You're the one that needs resting up."

Andy, wiping the sweat from his handsome face, turned as if stung. He squared his broad shoulders. "Rest!" he said. "What would I need a rest for? I'd just as soon play you now."

Cora Mackey took his hand quickly and familiarly in hers. "Don't be a fool, Andy!" she said under her breath. "You're a bit wild today, and you ought to rest up before playing him. He's steady as a rock."

Andy shook her off angrily. "I could play him with one hand tied behind my back," he said angrily.

They took their places on the No. 1 court. They made a strange pair. Andy

False to your Beauty SEBORRHEA*

*Chief Cause of Shiny Nose



New GERM-FREE Face Powder helps defeat Shiny Nose as it gives tender smoothness to your skin

MEN soon lose interest in girls who are wedded to powder puffs. Yet how can you be spared the embarrassment of Shiny Nose?

It's far easier today to overcome that ugly fault . . . an oily, gleaming nose! Woodbury's now offers you a lovely new face powder of sheer texture and becoming shades, which stays germ-free to the last!

Germs Tend to Aggravate Shiny Nose

Here's why noses shine like polished glass. Oily film on the nose is often due to a skin disorder called *Seborrhea*. Germs tend to aggravate this condition. Then things go from bad to worse. More germs . . . more oiliness . . . more shine!

Germ-free face powder, like Woodbury's, cannot spread harmful germ-life to your skin. This powder alone, among 20 leading brands tested, proved germ-free both *before* and *after* use. Woodbury's does more than cover shine . . . it helps subdue it!

See the lovely, clear, life-like shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder today! All seven have fashion approval. Windsor Rose, the newest, is gloriously flattering to "in-between" complexions.

Begin in earnest to rid yourself of Shiny Nose! Get Woodbury's powder in the smart blue box at \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢. Woodbury's new Lipstick and Rouge are germ-proof, too. Try them in matching shades.



Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 556

Perth, Ontario

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder, trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

(MADE IN CANADA)



NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT

Is greaseless, actually cooling— checks underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It checks perspiration!

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it

...banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.

After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow... only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

● "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 15¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Ltd.
Dept. 72-S, P.O. Box 427, Montreal, Que.

I enclose 15¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

MADE
IN
CANADA

*Trade Mark
Reg.
Canadian
Pat. Off.



ODO-RO-NO
COOLING
NON-GREASY **ICE**

FASHION SHORTS by KAY MURPHY

WELL, GIRLS, I hope you are packing in the good old summer ozone, these nice sunny days. The right clothes help a great deal toward real summer enjoyment. And by summer I don't just mean those precious two weeks vacation which your fifty weeks of hard labor entitle you to; I mean every minute of the summer that you can cram into your existence. Summer clothing should be brief, easily laundered, fresh-looking and cool. Your station in life dictates just what type of clothing should comprise the summer wardrobe. If you are a housewife most of the time, you'll get lots of wear out of trim little washable cottons, with a net, marquisette or lace dress for Occasions. If you go to business, tailored cottons and linens will give you grand wear, also those smart combinations of spun rayon with linen and other scientifically woven fabrics that do not soil or crush easily and skip back and forth from the tub with a smile. I have mentioned before the satisfaction a business gal gets from a black, brown or navy sheer, with white trimmings. Goodness, you don't want to spend every summer night washing out light-colored dresses. The dark sheer is really very cool and crisp-looking, and a couple of trips to the dry cleaners during the season will keep it looking that way.

PLAY TOGS are part of the summer fascination for many women. When you get home from a grilling day at the office, or when the housework's done and you feel you can relax, you'll get a lot of fun in donning a pair of slacks, or shorts, with a brief blouse or shirt—kicking off your stockings and high-heeled shoes, and thrusting your toes into a pair of sandals. You are not expected to be "dressed up" during the summer. If folks drop in on your verandah during the evening, they'll enjoy your cool drinks better if you are cool yourself, in lounging pyjamas, shorts and a shirt, or maybe one of those culottes that have the casual feel of slacks, yet the grace of a skirt.

THOSE TWO weeks vacation are probably now foremost in your

mind. How you have planned—how you have saved—how you have longed for those precious fourteen days! No matter where you go, be sure to take along the right clothes and enough of them. It is so maddening to get a bid to a club dance and not a dress with you suitable to wear. No matter where you are bound for, tuck in a little party dress, just in case a current Heart Throb comes into view with an invitation that demands a little more in the matter of clothes than a pair of slacks. One of the loveliest of summer party frocks is a white silk jersey dress in the "Grecian" silhouette. All the younger girls are in raves about it. So simple, yet so flattering. The girdled waistline gives you that reedlike look, and the draped bodice and shirred skirt complete a young-goddess illusion.

IF YOU are going where bathing will be part of the fun, take along at least a couple of swim suits. Have one on the practical side, a trim-cut woollen that helps your figure and your form in the water. If you are the type that goes a

reddish hue after a bout or two with the sun, stick to the dark colors, or all-white in the color of the suit. If your complexion can stand it, the popular bathing suit colors this season, aside from white, are pink, yellow, royal and wine. Your dress-up bathing suit, which may be more for show than actual aquatic feats, may well be one of those jersey-lined cottons called "dressmaker" suits. Here your imagination can run riot, and the fussier the suit, the better it will look on the beach, especially if your figure isn't all you'd like it to be. A large terry cape, probably hooded, is a necessity and always gives you that "Little Red Riding Hood" look. Besides, terry is absorbent and that's a help on any beach.

THE DIRNDL play suit is very popular. In any sort of material it looks young and girlish and we all fall for those gathers around the waist! If there is to be a bit of boating, there is the sailor suit style of garb that goes down well with Ye Old Salts. Generally made of dark denim, it is a businesslike outfit complete with hood, that is warm enough if the water really gets rough and you have to do your part with those tricky little ropes attached to sails.



the baseline. The sweat poured down his face; but Mr. Higgleby, skipping with his odd swallowlike motion from side to side, heaving the ball high into the air, looked as he had when he started.

"Well," said someone, "there goes the set. He's pulled Andy off his game with those pesky soft pop-shots. The fact is, nobody else can play bad tennis as well as Higgleby."

The two contestants walked off the court, and Ellen realized that, incredibly, Mr. Higgleby had won again.

Cora Mackey ran forward, taking Andy's arm possessively. "Andy!" she said, "you never should have played him. You were tired to start with."

Andy, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, dropped into a chair. "I should have beaten him anyway," he said angrily.

"Not the way you were!" said Cora softly. "He was fresh as a daisy, and you were tired out."

Ellen looked at Andy. "You didn't," she said untactfully, "have to play him." Something in Cora's attitude annoyed her.

"It's not my being tired," said Andy crossly. "It's that rotten soft-shot game he plays. Threw me off my game. It's not tennis."

Ellen, with amazement, heard herself saying, in a curious imitation of Mrs. Bogardus, "It's the score that counts."

Andy and Cora stared at her. Before they could reply, a club attendant came out, a slip of paper in his hand. "Miss Dixon telephoned she's sick, Miss Tracy. So Mrs. Bogardus wanted me to tell you that you are playing Miss Mackey, instead."

A curious weak feeling buckled Ellen's knees. She looked apprehensively at Cora. The latter's eyes had a peculiar glint in them; she flexed the muscles in her arms, in much the same way that a butcher sharpens up his knife.

"Good!" said Cora, and smiled heartily. "Want to get it over with now?"

Ellen did not. She would have preferred to play anyone else in the world, at any other time. She rose to her feet, essaying a precarious smile.

"Why not?" she said.

THEY MADE a nice pair to watch. The gallery stayed. The general opinion, vocally expressed, was that Ellen's long, streamlined drives were just what you needed to counteract the pernicious effects of watching too much Higgleby. Mr. Higgleby, as usual, maintained a Napoleonic silence; red head ablaze in the sunlight, lips pressed tightly together, he watched the match from afar; but there were other differences, not expressed, that he might have spoken of. One was that Ellen was not winning.

It embarrassed her a little, with Andy watching; but there it was; hardly a thing you could conceal, like a falling petticoat. Her beautiful flat drives, a thing to count on as you would a clock, came rhythmically and obligingly to the centre of the net, where Cora, capering relentlessly with a slanted racket, skilfully annihilated them. Ellen wished, a trifle petulantly, that Cora would stay back court; the thought came to her that woman's place, if not in the home, was certainly behind the baseline; but with her un-

fortunate ability to see both sides of a question, she had to acknowledge that if Cora chose to hug the net, it was her privilege.

It was a field day for Cora. One of those fortunate players who do their best in competition, it had been said of her by a catty friend that she never made an ace unless there were at least three men in the gallery. Today, with Andy watching and a certain score she felt she owed Ellen to pay off, she outdid herself; her play, at times, rose to heights of real brilliancy. Ellen's calm unhurried play and complete lack of change of pace were a setup for Cora's cuts and chops, her quick smashes from above, her clever angle-shots. Occasionally, as she turned to gather up her balls, she threw a smile to Andy, watching intently in the crowd; whatever his emotional entanglements of the moment, Cora knew that Andy loved a winner; it was in his blood.

Nevertheless, the crowd found it hard to realize, at the end of the first set, that Cora had won it 6-2.

Ellen felt an unaccustomed color in her face as the score was called. It wasn't, she assured herself, that she minded losing; but it was hard losing in front of Andy, who was funny that way; and it was especially hard losing to Cora, who always made her feel as if she had slipped Andy's ring on her finger while he was under anesthetic.

Grasping her racket like a club in her hand, hitting harder than was her wont and with the aid of a double fault from Cora, she went forth to battle and managed to garner in the next game. But it was a futile gesture. Cora regained the net, and like a well-muscled figure of vengeance, she let no ball pass; her tireless and lightning-swift racket slapped them all down; in quick succession, she pocketed the next three games.

Wearily, Ellen gathered up the balls. Smoothing her shining hair carefully back from her forehead, she wished the set was over now. Three more games, and it would be. She saw herself at rest in a long deck chair on the porch, fanning herself with a pasteboard score-pad and being sporting about the score. "Oh, yes, Cora beat me. She always does." Of course, Andy would be disappointed; he wanted her to win; but she would point out that the choice was between him and apoplexy. A perfect nostalgia for the feel of a deck chair under her shorts smote Ellen; the hot court, she felt, was blistering her sneakers, and her eyes were full of dust. She looked up, saw Andy's encouraging smile, and returned it.

Then she got a shock. Andy was not smiling at her; he was smiling at Cora. Andy was congratulating Cora on a foregone conclusion; there was understanding and amusement in the smile they were exchanging.

Ellen stopped dead where she was on the court; something seemed to snap in her brain; she saw red. She perceived all at once that Cora's smile was odious, smug, insufferably proprietary, and altogether not to be borne. The idea of Cora's winning the match, which a moment before she had contemplated with admirable equanimity, now seemed intolerable. She knew that nothing in the world was as important to her as blasting Cora Mackey off that court. ♦ Continued on next page

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
ME, PEG?—
NOBODY TAKES
ME OUT TWICE

PERHAPS YOU
OUGHT TO MAKE
THE "ARMHOLE
ODOR" TEST
BETTY



To Be Sure of Popularity—
Happiness—you must keep
your underarm DRY

THE SLIGHTEST MOISTURE WILL GIVE
YOUR DRESS AN OFFENSIVE ODOR

HOW often it happens! You have one date with an attractive man. You seem to have so much in common. You picture all the good times you two will have together. And then—you never see him again.

Hurt, disappointed once more, you look at yourself and wonder why you should be so unpopular. Ten to one, it's something your mirror can't tell you. Something you'll never understand till you make one simple test.

Make this test tonight

When you take off the dress you are wearing, simply smell the fabric under the armhole. If its stale "armhole odor" appalls you, think of the effect it has been making on others! No matter how fastidious you think you have been, you can't afford to ignore this warning.

To safeguard your happiness, to be sure you can pass the "armhole odor" test, just keep that little hollow under your arm *always dry*. No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspiration collects on your dress, it will destroy your glamor every time you wear that dress. People

will smell your dress and think it is you.

Women of refinement never trust to luck. They avoid embarrassment by insisting on a deodorant that checks perspiration and keeps the underarm dry as well as sweet.

Just a few minutes for peace of mind

Liquid Odorono protects both you and your dress. It simply closes the pores in that one tiny closed-in area. Perspiration is safely diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. In the few minutes Liquid Odorono takes to dry, you are *SAFE*. You can't be guilty of offensive armhole odor or embarrassing perspiration stains.

Greaseless and odorless, Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use—daily or every other day.

Protect your natural feminine appeal—guard your friendships—by never being guilty of offensive "armhole odor." Get a bottle of Liquid Odorono today! At all toilet-goods counters.

• "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.



MADE IN CANADA

HAVE YOU BEEN TOLD — about Tampax?



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

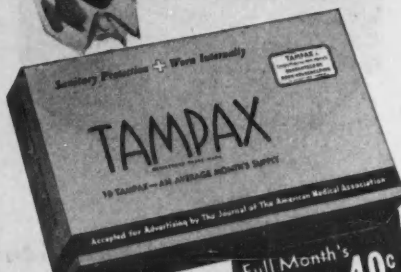
Women everywhere are telling other women about Tampax, the new form of sanitary protection for monthly use. Tampax is worn internally. You can do your household work or office work or take part in outdoor sports without even remembering you are wearing it. You can wear the sheerest gown or a modern swim suit without a tell-tale bulge or wrinkle. Use Tampax this summer; a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax was perfected by a physician for all normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart nor fail you in its protection. No odor. No disposal difficulties. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 40c. Introductory package, 25c. If your dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.



"YOU ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW
YOU'RE WEARING IT!"

Accepted for advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association.



Canadian Tampax
Corporation Limited,
150 Duchess St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me introductory size package of
Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 25c
(stamps or coins).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____ TP923

was tall, black-haired, handsome and scornful; Higgleby was small, red-headed, homely and pugnacious. He looked like a terrier matched with a Great Dane.

Andy was annoyed, and showed it. He got the serve, and proceeded to put over three blistering aces that Mr. Higgleby could not get his racket on. The first three games he took almost as fast as he could slam the ball, with a series of beautiful smashing drives that landed just inside the baseline.

A group of spectators, drawn by the sure vulture instinct of tennis fans, appeared mysteriously on the porch, hoping to see Mr. Higgleby get his. Cora Mackey cheered, under her breath. "Can't he hit, though!"

"Yes," said Ellen. She was, illogically, sorry for Mr. Higgleby, skipping oddly from court to court; the odds were so against him.

ANDY TOOK the first set, and turned to bestow a confident male smile upon Ellen and Cora.

The next moment it was wiped out. Mr. Higgleby was serving, and Andy, waiting easily to slug the ball into the baseline tape, was astonished to see it suddenly zoom away from him. Too late he saw the cut, and altered his stroke; his return went into the net. The next shot he returned with a terrific cross-court shot; but Higgleby, holding his racket at an incredibly awkward angle, used a chop-shot that

robbed the ball of its sting, and bounding to the net, barely touched his racket to the next return; it dropped dead on Andy's side.

Andy gave Mr. Higgleby a withering look, gathered his forces and began a cannonade at the small red-headed annoyance on the other side of the net. But Higgleby, instead of returning his hard shots in decent tennis fashion, drive for drive, had suddenly gone air-minded. His returns soared, with the wings of angels, high into the heavens; they dropped infuriatingly just inside the baseline with the bright dazzle of sunlight gilding them. Andy, leaping furiously to smash, miscalculated the bounce and slammed ball after ball into the net. He tried a lob or two in return; but Mr. Higgleby's smashes consisted of light, beautifully-timed angle shots from the net that sent the ball bounding infuriatingly far to right or left of the court. His form was execrable and his wrist-movement something to marvel at, but there was no denying that his eyes were in the right place.

Ellen heard comments from behind. "Heavens! I don't see how Higgleby gets his racket in that position." "Why doesn't he use a teaspoon?" "Marsden's blowing up."

Cora Mackey stood up and yelled, "Slam them, Andy! Slam them!"

Andy slammed. But something had gone wrong with his timing; he hurried his strokes, hit too soon, and overshot

SWEATERS ARE ACES FOR EVENING



HEART: A sheer mohair in pale pink or blue is lovely for lunch and very new as a dress-up-for-dinner measure, over a dark frock.
SPADE: A quaint hand-crocheted cotton lace looks pleasantly picturesque for a June tea party. Decisively successful with a long party skirt—particularly choirboy white with black.

DIAMOND: There's news in the knitted bolero—whether you slip it on for shopping or keep it for dancing dates and party make-up. You'll love it in jonquil yellow angora with a grey or violet outfit.

WORRIED about GREY HAIR?



For Those
Few
Grey Hairs

Use INEC-TINT—it tints as it shampoos. Sold by hairdressers, drug and department stores, or order by mail from us. Price \$1.30. Send sample of hair.

The
W. T. PEMBER STORES LTD.

Sole Canadian Distributors
129 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

INECTO-RAPID, the wonderful tint perfected by W. T. Pember, Canada's leading hair specialist, will correct grey-ness beautifully.

INECTO-RAPID restores the hair to its original shade easily and quickly. Can be applied at home or at your hairdresser's.

It is sold at hairdressers', drug and department stores, or by mail direct by the W. T. Pember Stores Limited, Toronto, sole Canadian distributors. Trial size \$1.50; medium size \$3.00; large size \$5.25. Send sample of hair.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME



YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

THE Secret OF YOUTHFUL LIPS



Tangee's Color-Change Principle
gives them blush-rose beauty

Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose. Paris says, "No painted look with the new model!" Tangee isn't paint. Its cream base keeps lips soft and smooth and Tangee doesn't rub off. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

Also try Tangee Rouge, and Face Powder, matches Tangee lipstick perfectly.

There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. If you prefer more color for evening, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT

Palmer's Ltd., 750 Vitre St. W., Montreal, Can. Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Send 15c in coin. CH7-38

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____

and appreciative; a tribute to the kind of hard-hitting tennis beloved by its fans; but Ellen did not hear it. An astonishing knowledge was battling for recognition in the more acute regions of her skull; a perception that with all her skill in cutting, chopping and slicing the ball, Cora Mackey was at a distinct disadvantage before a straight, sizzling drive.

With a couple of high, dizzying lobs, she convinced Cora that sticking near the net had its disadvantages; then, cautiously, she returned the ball at her regular pace, watching her opportunity; when Cora was drawn for a moment over to the right, Ellen's racket, tremendously accelerated in pace, whipped over to bang the ball across court; Cora leaped for it a fraction of a second too late, and the games were five-all.

Ellen still had two more games to win if she was even to get a chance at the third set; but she had forgotten the score. Her head felt like the inside of a boiler factory, her eyesight reeled dizzily, and her wet and sticky hair whipped about her forehead; but the tennis racket had suddenly become a live and separate thing in her hand. With a feeling of pleased surprise, she watched the beautiful way it rose to the ball, the proud and certain crack with which it connected, its mysteriously accelerated timing.

She had, in fact, though she would have been the last one in the world to understand such a thing, come in to her second wind.

THE EASY assurance had gone out of Cora's eyes; she had a stunned look, as if a pillow she was about to sit on had suddenly risen up and hit her. She faltered in her stride, hit the ball too soon, and netted more than she should have. Angrily she tried to rally; but the game had gone beyond her, and she knew it. There was a new and businesslike intensity to Ellen's drives that she was unable to meet; they pounded at her like small bombs, keeping her in back of the baseline, unable to get to the net for the clever angle shots she excelled in, unable to chop or smash.

The games ran by on zippers; 7-5, 2-love of the third set, 3-love, 4-love.

The crowd was rigid. "Did you ever see such a comeback?" they were asking each other. "From set-point!" And they cheered Ellen with mounting enthusiasm, razzing her affectionately and yelping encouragement and approval, as tennis fans do when a player has captured their imaginations.

"Good shot!" they called. "Zowie! What a drive!"

Deep in the pack, baying with all the enthusiasm of a fox-struck hound, could be detected Mrs. Bogardus' booming tones; but Ellen did not hear them. In a far corner of her brain, vaguely, she was conscious of Andy, shouting himself hoarse; in the back of her mind she would always carry the picture of Cora, panting, exhausted,

her face splashed with red and her hair wet, striving gamely to make a good finish; but she and her racket were up on a loftier plane.

A pure and disinterested feeling of enjoyment in the game had come to her, the lift of a perfect swing, a beautifully handled racket; as she shaped her strokes to a fiercer and fiercer sharpness, she felt a workmanlike pride in them.

When, suddenly, she saw Cora Mackey drop her racket to her side and run toward her, holding out her hand—when she heard the burst of sound from the watching gallery, and comprehended that the match was over, that she was now No. 1 woman of the club, and no more games to be played—it is recorded in the annals of the South Shore Club that Ellen Tracy frowned, kicked petulantly at the nearest ball, and said, while an expression of acute disappointment wreathed her lovely features, "You wouldn't like to bat a few more, Cora? After all, we've only been playing an hour!"

For these words the South Shore Club took its new daughter to its bosom. For these fighting words it tendered her an ovation. For these words Mrs. Bogardus, tumbling with unexpected nimbleness in her heavily-muscled legs onto the court, publicly embraced her. "My dear, my darling child," said Mrs. Bogardus happily, her arm about Ellen's shoulders. "I haven't seen such tennis since"—Mrs. Bogardus glanced about the crowded court, and a certain appreciation, natural to a former champion, of the drama of the moment, possessed her—"since the days when I was playing Mallory," said Mrs. Bogardus modestly.

The crowd surrounded her, swallowed her up; everyone wanted to shake her hand, to pat her shoulder. The clubhouse porch, on which Ellen, clear-cheeked, well-groomed, and sleekly coiffed, had sat alone and twiddled her racket so long, became the scene of a small triumph for Ellen, red-faced, dishevelled and wild-haired.

Andy, amazed, proud, and newly-devoted, his choice of a mate at last vindicated, put his arm possessively through hers, drawing her toward the two chairs saved for them in the place of honor. "We've got to celebrate this!" he said.

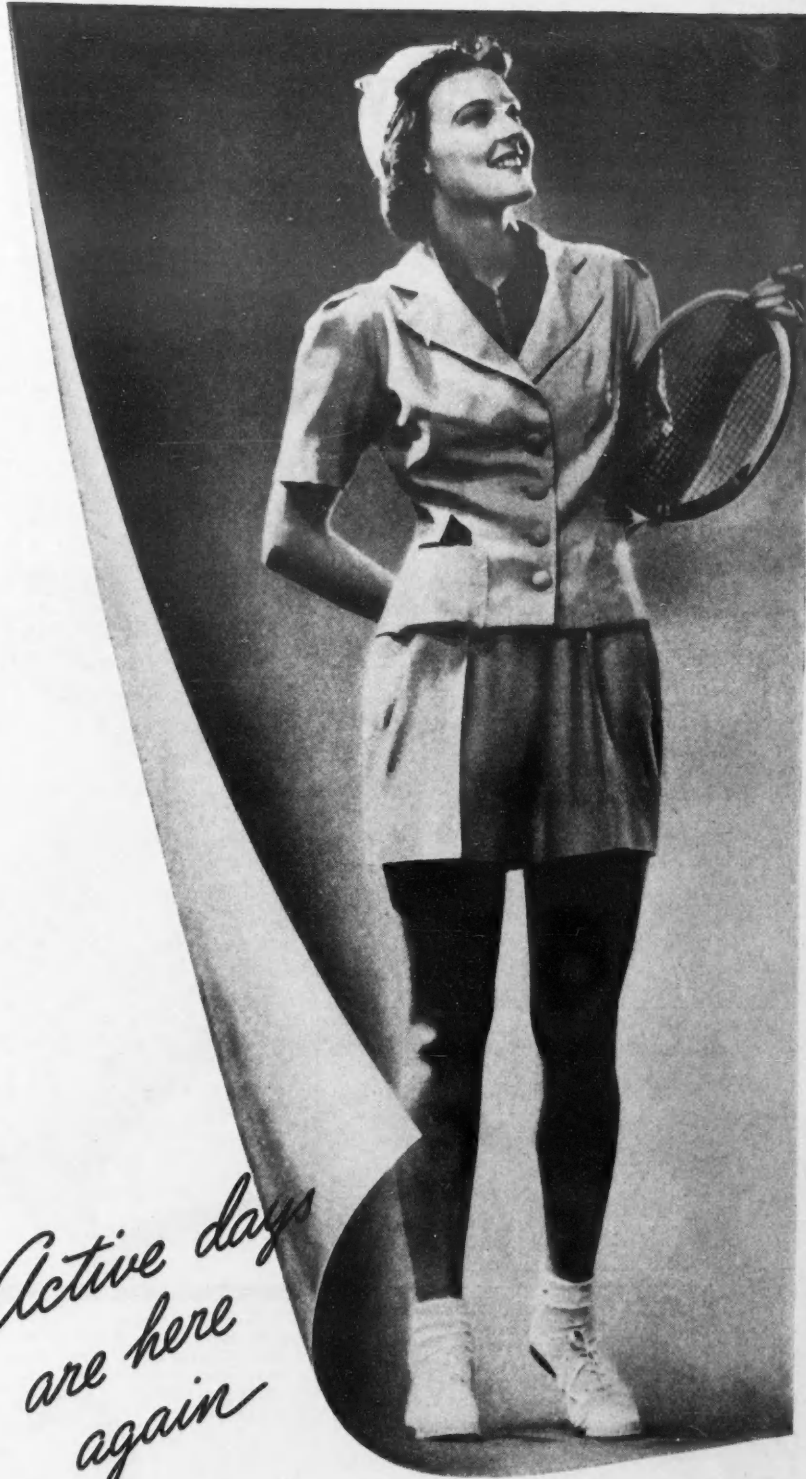
But the new woman champion's gaze strayed to the edges of the crowd where hovered little Mr. Higgleby, solemn, tight-lipped, alone, but with an expression in his eyes as he looked at her like a man who has just seen a new planet.

"No, thanks, Andy," she said kindly, but with a firm little note in her voice that he had never heard there before. "You go ahead if you like. But I'm having"—and here, for the second time that day, she made history in the South Shore Tennis Club—"I'm having," said Ellen, "a double lemonade with Mr. Higgleby." +

HELP WITH YOUR "HAIR-DO"

...

There's an unusual opportunity for you to have expert advice on your coiffure in a personal analysis. What to do to get it is told on page 10.



*Active days
are here
again*

SO WOMEN NATURALLY WANT A SANITARY NAPKIN THAT STAYS WONDERSOFT!

When you buy Kotex* you can be sure that:

★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—for it's cushioned in cotton.

★ Kotex can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.

★ Kotex can be worn on either side—no risk of using a pad with a non-absorbent side.

★ You get full value for your money...the most efficient, comfortable sanitary service that 18 years of experience can produce.

★ Only Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

Use QUEST* with Kotex...the new positive deodorant powder developed especially for sanitary napkins—soothing, completely effective and only 35c for large 2-ounce size.

FIBS*... for Waning Days. The new improved tampon-type protection, developed after extensive scientific research, tested in actual use by hundreds of women. Far superior to ordinary tampon-type protection. Fibs are ideal for waning days and for those times when the more adequate protection of Kotex is not required. Box of 12 Fibs—only 35c.



KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS (Trade Marks Reg'd.)

IT'S ONE THING TO GET A HUSBAND ...IT'S ANOTHER TO KEEP HIM

I know

MEN ARE SO UNFAIR, KATE! THEY EXPECT A WIFE TO BE DAINTY AND FULL OF PEP AFTER A DAY'S CLEANING AND COOKING

I KNOW! ALTHOUGH I WAS A BRIDE MANY YEARS AGO...I HAD TO LEARN TO KEEP STEP OR LOSE MICHAEL'S INTEREST



WELL, YOU CERTAINLY LEARNED THE SECRET OF STAYING IMMACULATE NO MATTER HOW BUSY YOU ARE...

IT'S NO SECRET, DEAR. I USE LIFEBOUY REGULARLY. IT REALLY GIVES FRESHNESS THAT LASTS. I NEVER WORRY ABOUT "B.O."



BUT HOW DO YOU FIND TIME TO KEEP YOUR SKIN SO YOUNG AND FRESH

I USE LIFEBOUY FOR THAT, TOO. IT'S MILD AS MAY...JUST YOU TRY LIFEBOUY



LATER

WHY DIDN'T I HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO TRY LIFEBOUY BEFORE? I NEVER FELT SO MARVELLOUSLY CLEAN



AGAIN LIFEBOUY HELPS OUT

IT'S BEYOND ME, DARLING HOW YOU MANAGE TO KEEP SO FRESH AND SWEET...WITH ALL THE WORK YOU DO!

SAME WAY YOU DO, DEAR - LIFEBOUY



More women, men, children, bathe with Lifebuoy than any other soap!

AND no wonder—for Lifebuoy contains an exclusive purifying ingredient not in any other popular bath or toilet soap. It stops "B.O."! ... And that's mighty important, especially at this time of the year. In warmer weather the danger of "B.O." increases.

If you want to be free from any likelihood of offending, bathe often—always with Lifebuoy.

Use Lifebuoy for your complexion, too... Millions of clear-skinned

women do! Lifebuoy's gentle lather searches every pore, removes the day's accumulation of impurities... Leaves skin clear, lovely with healthy beauty. Tests show Lifebuoy over 20% milder than many leading "beauty" and "baby" soaps.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

TUNE IN ON LIFEBOUY PROGRAM
EVERY TUESDAY EVENING

A half-hour of fun and music featuring
AL JOLSON with Martha Raye,
Parkyakarkus and Victor Young's Orchestra

Ellen Tracy threw a ball high into the air; her racket met it with an odd cracking sound. Cora stood making helpless gestures at the place where, a moment before, a ball had passed.

A look of pained surprise passed, momentarily, over Miss Mackey's face, and was gone. It was, she decided, a fluke shot, which would probably not happen again in a set. Nevertheless, she waited more warily; the next serve, which came to her backhand, she drove straight across court, and took the game with a clever volley and two brilliant gets at the net.

WITH A SAVAGE hand, Ellen pushed her hair back from her damp forehead. A horrid doubt weakened her knees; the score, 1-4, danced in front of her eyes. She heard comments from the gallery, "Well, guess that finishes it," "Shall we go?" "No, wait a minute—it'll be over in a minute."

Everyone, Ellen thought miserably, seemed to be trying to hurry her toward an untimely end. With all her might, she returned Cora's serve; but, for the first time in her life, she pulled her shot, and sent the ball ignominiously into the net. The next one Cora served deceptively soft; the uncompromising whack which Ellen had prepared, and could not alter, sent the ball zooming gloriously out of bounds.

Ellen heard someone call, "Home run!" She felt something wet in her eyes, and did not know whether it was tears or perspiration. Overeagerness, or the unaccustomed nervousness which shook her arm, had done something to her game; her beautiful form had deserted her; she pulled in her arm, overshot, put the balls out when she aimed for the sidelines. She had, a shocked spectator commented sadly, gone completely Higgleby.

Raising angry eyes, Ellen found herself staring into the intent light-colored ones of Mr. Higgleby, standing in the crowd beyond the fence.

For just the split fraction of a second, in the space in which Cora gathered up her balls, Ellen's eyes remained on Mr. Higgleby's. Did he raise his hand with an odd upward movement, or was he simply scratching his head? Which-ever it was, snatches of his words suddenly recurred to Ellen's reeling brain, "—a sweet, high lob, dropping just inside the baseline with the sun against their eyes—"

Ellen, watching her opportunity, turned her racket and sent the ball aloft, soaring blithely into the bright sunlight. It dropped plummetlike with a tremendous bounce in the left-hand corner; Cora, astonished, tried to smash, hit too soon, and plunked the ball into the net.

A feeling of pleasant surprise filled Ellen. Experimentally, she tried taking the net herself; but her treacherous hand betrayed her and shot the ball on a volley into double court. The game was Cora's, second set, 5-1.

Triumph, and something a little more personal, looked at her from Cora's face. Four more points, and the match was hers—and perhaps, Ellen read in Cora's scornful and victorious eyes, something more. Andy had no use for losers.

If it had not been for that something between them, primeval as the sound of claws sharpening on a tree, Ellen could have thrown down her

racket then and there and ceded the match. To keep Cora from winning, she would have to win four games straight, without losing a single one. Moreover, she was completely exhausted; something seemed to have gone wrong with her breathing apparatus; she thought, vaguely, of oxygen tents, and wondered if they would have to get one for her. The deck chair, now, seemed too much to hope for, but she would gladly have sat down right where she was on the baked hard court and howled for sheer weariness.

MOVING LIKE an automaton, Ellen took her place at the service line. She cast one last look at Andy, who didn't like losers, standing tense, big-shouldered and handsome at the fence. Then, sighing, she served four balls any old way. The last came back; she whacked it, dispiritedly, down the sidelines, and was amazed to hear, from sportsmen quick to appreciate a game loser, the little spatter of applause that told her the score was now 5-2.

Cora, understandably annoyed by that applause, served too quickly and put over a double fault. Ellen was more grateful for it than sables. A vague sense that Cora was hurrying the game caused her to lob, leisurely, twice. The look of stark rage on Miss Mackey's face rewarded her pleasantly, as did the two attempted smashes the latter put into the net. There was, Ellen thought wistfully, something to be said for tennis, if only you did not get too careless with the score. She saw Cora's last ball bound toward her, convinced that she would miss it. Instead, to her own intense surprise, her beautiful forehand drive, functioning with pistonlike perfection, swept the ball down centre court, to land on or about Cora's rubber-covered toe.


"Good shot!" someone called. "Bravo!" But Ellen, taking her place at the service line, suddenly aware that the score was now 5-3, and that she stood the barest chance of tying it, felt her racket wobble in her hand. It felt now, not like a tennis racket, but like a baseball bat—large, unwieldy, and incredibly unsteady. With the horror of one in a bad dream, she watched herself, helplessly, serve a double-fault.

Cora, quick to see her advantage, volleyed a return brilliantly by her, and rushing the net at the next shot, just dropped the ball over it, dead. The score was 40-love, set point. A little sigh went through the watching crowd; it was a requiem.

Ellen's heart banged painfully against her ribs; she told herself that all was over. Raising her eyes, she met Andy's intent dark ones, and fancied she read in them disappointment, disapproval, and even some of the scorn in Cora's. Swept by despair, she hit the next ball a wild, unreasoned and ungoverned whack, the whole force of her turned body behind it. Let others say good-bye to their innamoratas poetically with verses, tear-wet handkerchiefs and floral offerings; Ellen's farewell to her love was a rattling forehand drive.

It raised a little stream of dust in the backhand corner, and various spectators were ready to swear, later, that it nicked a hole in the baseline tape.

The cheer that burst from the gallery was spontaneous, involuntary,



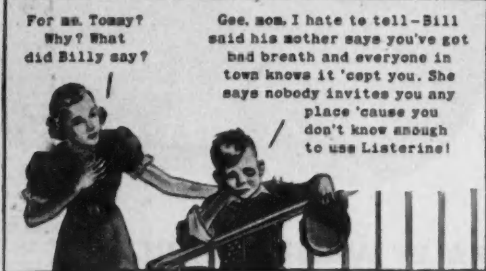
Improved
aluminum spout
opens without
removing
"Cellophane".



*"And above all
season it
with this finest
SALT!"*

Rosy stuffed tomatoes glow against a mound of finely-shredded raw vegetables—head lettuce or cabbage, with carrot, green pepper, pimiento, onion—tossed in dressing; then the so-important salt. Hollow out tomatoes, sprinkle with "Windsor" Salt, invert to drain—fill with diced chicken, celery and dressing—tastily seasoned. Garnish of lettuce and watercress.

Take back what you
said about my Mother!



Don't guess about your breath— Play Safe!

If you guess—you may be offending others right this minute with halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do and avoid you.

Don't take a chance of offending! Sweeten your breath by rinsing your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and

then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your mouth is refreshed and clean feeling and your breath is sweeter, more fragrant, more wholesome.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before social or business engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. L A M B E R T PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

MADE IN CANADA

1¢ SALE—the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste
Supercharged with Luster-Foam 50¢ VALUE FOR 26¢

Pay only 1 cent for full-size tube when you buy another at 25¢

At all drug counters while they last

Designing Woman

Continued from page 9

that he knew would knock the trade for a loop. He looked at Fanny, and his mouth worked with fury which he tried to control, but couldn't. He threw the hat savagely on the floor.

"What's the matter with you? Do you want more money?" he shouted.

"No, I don't," Fanny shouted back. "That's all you think about. Money!" Suddenly both of them laughed. They were as alike as peas in a pod, and knew it. Fanny picked up the hat, brushing it off carefully, and put it on her head.

"Nice, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, but you're not. What's wrong, Fanny? Tell me, and I'll fix it. Are you working too hard?"

"No, that's not it," she said, moving her hands rapidly. She was always helpless with words, and inarticulate to explain an essential conviction now. "You've been fine to me, and the job's fine, but—it doesn't get me anywhere. I've gone as far as I can go with it, see?"

"No, I don't," said Galt. But he did see, and could have explained it to her, being more fluent of words than she, had he been so minded. She had perfected her job, and her instinct as a creator rebelled. Her elemental being demanded new fields to explore, new media of approach. A plan, already subconsciously in formation, matured in Galt's mind. He would give her energies a new release in love! The idea made such harmony in his mind that he knew promptly he wanted this above all things; but he knew, also, that he would have to sell her the idea slowly. He stared at her. Her helplessness now, so at variance with her forceful nature, invested her with poignant, fathomable appeal. He said quietly:

"Sit down, Fanny."

"I've got work to do outside," she reminded him.

"Let it wait," Galt ordered. When she was in the chair, he proceeded simply: "You and I get along well together, Fanny. We could mean a lot to each other if we were together all the time. I care for you, more than I do for any other woman, and I think I could make you happy. Let's get married."

Fanny looked at him bewildered. At last she spoke, in husky and uncertain tones.

"I didn't know you felt like that, but—Gee, you're a peach, Joe," she said. "I—I hardly know what to say to you."

"What do you want to say?" He couldn't help it, he ripped out the words like bullets. He wanted to shake her, to kiss her, to throw her out of the window. He was afraid to move.

"You know what I think of you, Joe, and it's wonderful to work with you. But getting married—well, that's something else!" she laughed nervously. "I don't know how to explain, but honestly, I can't keep on with the job. It's as if I were up against a stone wall! Being married might be like that, too. Maybe something's wrong with me!" she cried desperately.

He opened a package of cigarettes

with hands that trembled slightly, and struck a match carefully.

"Two o'clock, and that shipment to Manton's hasn't been touched yet. It's got to go by express tonight. Step on it!" he shouted. She ran into the workroom. A moment later he was beside her, his hands touching hers unemotionally as they sped through innumerable stacks of felts and velvets.

THREE DAYS later, he stopped by her desk in the workroom.

"Do you still want to go?" he asked evenly.

"Yes, Joe."

"There's an opening at Paxton's—millinery buyer. Go over and see them."

"Thanks, Joe."

"Good luck, Fanny."

After extensive wholesale experience, Fay Lester addressed her energetic talent to retail work. As buyer for a world-famous department store, she made frequent trips to Europe . . .

"How was the trip, Miss Cramer?" "Fine. Everything come through all right?"

"Just beginning to. The stuff looks good. That Vienna lot is a knockout! I'm glad you got a little rest at Biarritz."

"I was worn out. It's no fun making time on the Continent. I almost went crazy with air routes and wagon-lits. Those schedules seem worse on the sixth trip than they were on the first. You ought to give me a little more leeway, Mr. Paxton."

"Time is money! And you must keep to the schedule."

"I need another assistant, Mr. Paxton. And I've been making a lot of plans, on the boat. We ought to expand this department and establish branches in all the important resorts. We ought to stress American designers more. When I see some of the dishrags Paris gets by with, it makes me sick! We ought to feature exclusive models under our own label! I've got everything outlined. All we need is an appropriation—"

"Hold on, Miss Cramer!" Mr. Paxton's voice was calm and measured. "Those ideas do you credit, and we'll take them up another time. Right now the millinery department is okay and all I want you to do is to keep on as you have been doing."

Fanny Cramer's hands gestured restlessly.

"But don't you see, Mr. Paxton, we're at a standstill. We're not getting anywhere!"

"No, I don't see it." Mr. Paxton's tone was colder. "Your work is quite satisfactory, Miss Cramer. Just keep on with it, and let me do the worrying. Excuse me now, I have a merchandise conference."

FANNY WALKED out of his office, and the store. She couldn't very well shout in Paxton's or along the street, but her lips moved in muttered anger all the way home. She telephoned

Continued on page 36

"No, you don't!" He took the telephone out of her hand. "Your digestion against my pride! How can you compare the two? Besides, the food at this place is good. You'll like it."

"All right," she assented. "See you at seven. I'm busy now, Frank. I can't stop to talk—"

"Not even to me?"

"Especially not to you! If business is rotten, you ought to be moving fast. Frank, don't you want to get ahead?"

"What's the use of wanting?" he said seriously. "Of course I do, but I can't make business where none exists."

"You could try."

"I do, but I don't think that makes a lot of difference. You know, Fanny, I think some people are born with a talent for success, no matter what they do—and others aren't. I guess I'm just one of the Are Nots."

"If you think I'm going to waste my time pitying you for wasting yours, you're mistaken," she said briskly. "Now you clear out of here, and sell a bunch of felts, and don't come back before seven."

"Gee, you're tough," he complained, picking up his sample case, but his smile was spontaneous and more confident than when he entered. "Tough, but bracing. You do things to me, Fanny."

"Get out!" she laughed.

AT DINNER that night, she drank cheap red wine, grimacing, and asked suddenly: "Frank, how old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

"So am I. But you look five years younger."

"And you look older," he said gently. "Fanny, you don't relax enough."

"Frank, haven't you any ambition?"

"Sure. But I can't write cheques with it."

She did not like his reply, and looked it. After a movie, when they were back at her apartment, she found an unconscionable resentment against him welling up in her heart. She turned on the radio, and made some coffee. Frank accepted a cup, and sat down on the couch, looking very comfortable.

"Here's to success—for suckers," he said, lifting his cup facetiously.

Fanny put down her cup abruptly. "You've been wise-cracking all evening, and I don't like it," she said vehemently.

Frank drank calmly. His face was flushed, but the little mocking smile about his lips did not lighten.

"What do you want me to do? Break down and cry? It's no good, Fanny. I can't make the grade for you," he said quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't pretend you don't know. I'll

◆ Continued on page 40

The Neglected Figure



LIGHT foundation garments for hot weather wear are all very well in their way. But what about the heavy figure? Must she make her choice between comfort and appearance?

Not today. For her case has been given a lot of consideration this year. With so many matrons going in for summer sports, well-known manufacturers have begun to pay attention to what one of them calls "the neglected figure."

For instance, the woman with large bust and heavy shoulders. Ordinarily, the brassiere that gives her proper bust control would have a tendency to make an unattractive back line, pushing the flesh above the top of the garment. So a new garment has been designed with her particularly in mind, giving a youthful bustline, well controlled, and a controlled smooth line across the back. It is fashioned of plain, light washable broadcloth, particularly good for hot weather, and has been tested for strength against wear and shrink-

age. It is reinforced with flexible but firm boning and strong but light elastic, and has a helpful beltline which makes allowance for bending. The danger of the garment "riding up" is nonexistent, and there are no back garters required. The brassiere of lace is reinforced with French net.

SOMETIMES the slim woman thinks she does not need hip-control—yet her hipbones have a sideways protruding effect that spoils her figure line. An especially designed garment, with light control for summer wear, is perfect for this type. And there is an extra long garment with control for the woman who finds she needs it lower in the thigh. It is believed by some manufacturers that the wearing of a separate girdle and brassiere, even for the young and slender, tends to make a "fat roll" around the middle in later life, so that the one-piece garment is recommended, in a light washable fabric, for very warm weather, rather than the two-piece outfit.

Pure mercerized cotton makes a light, strong garment for the fully mature figure. There is reinforced bust control with elastic net, and boning in the body of the garment. Elastic net is used for molding. The back top, even in a heavy figure garment, is just two inches above the waist, allowing for low evening gowns. Lacing is done at both sides so as to distribute control. Some of the best summer garments have flexible boning that will not come out because of special fastening devices and nonslip nonroll shoulder straps. ◆

The garment illustrated is typical of those designed today to bring graceful lines to the heavier figure. Courtesy of Charis Ltd.

Three Moods AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!



La Cross
CREME NAIL POLISH

50¢

a bottle, at finer shops and stores. At your next appointment, ask for the new La Cross Glycerated* Manicure—kind to brittle nails and dry cuticles. La Cross, Toronto, Ontario.

BE SMART TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—No acetone

- ROMANTIC? . . . CONCORD adds the new violet tone to new costumes.
- CLASSIC? . . . POINSETTIA is a scarlet foil for dark summer town clothes.
- MODERN? . . . TOKAY with dashing, absurd prints is a muted flattery.



Include SMART BAGGAGE IN YOUR VACATION PLANS

You'll enjoy that happy holiday jaunt far more when you take McBrine Baggage with you . . . For McBrine Baggage gives you carefree confidence. You know that its correct styling reflects unquestioned quality and good taste. And you get truly modern convenience too—light, easy to handle, and designed for crushless packing!



McBRINE

THE BAGGAGE WITH CHARACTER

Baggage

The McBRINE Aeropack

Ideal for your vacation trip. Exclusive Aeropack method carries dainty summer frocks without a worry about crushing. Dresses on separate hanger rods in lid leaving ample space for hats, shoes, lingerie, etc., in body of case. See it at your dealer's and ask for free copy of "Travel Tips"—what to take, etc. MEN'S AEROPACK ALSO AVAILABLE





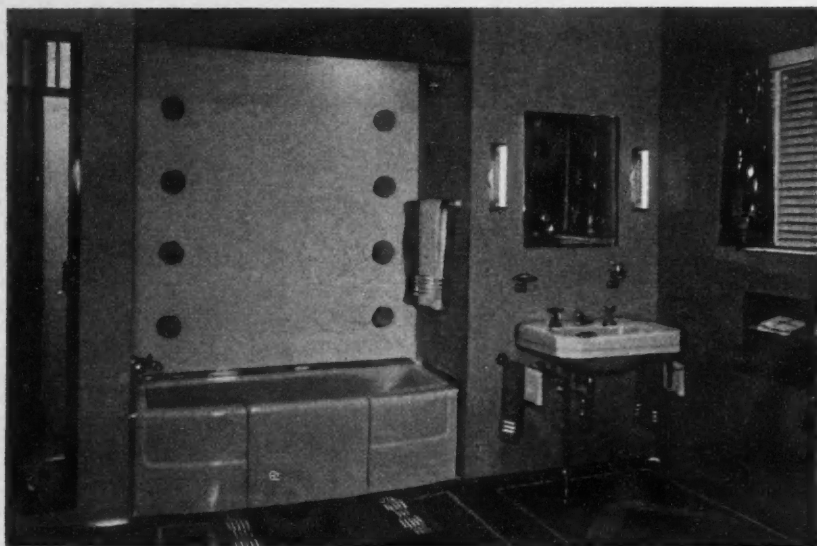
"I'm happy about my new CRANE KITCHEN and BATHROOM"



Crane Limited supplies a complete line of quality plumbing and heating materials for the modern home — sinks, bathtubs, lavatories, closets, furnaces, radiators, air-conditioning systems.

For complete information

SEE YOUR PLUMBER or visit the nearest Crane Branch



When building
or remodelling your home . . .

CHOOSE CRANE

CRANE LIMITED, HEAD OFFICE: 1170 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
Branches in 18 cities in Canada and Newfoundland.

Joseph Galt. He took her out for dinner and returned to her apartment with her.

"I'm leaving Paxton's, Joe."

He laughed. "I'm not surprised. Three years? That's a record for you!"

"I can't get anywhere with them. I'm up against a stone wall!"

"That sounds familiar," Joe said. He got up, and walked over to the couch where she was sitting. "Where do you want to get?" he asked her. He sat down, and took her in his arms, and pressed his mouth hard against hers. His embrace was comforting; it was good to rest in his arms. She wanted to stay there. But something deep within her, something more powerful than any momentary impulse, cried out in protest.

"Stop it, Joe," she whispered.

He took his lips from hers, still holding her tightly.

"Don't you want this ever, Fanny?" he asked quietly. "You meet a lot of men, and go out with them. Don't any of them get to first base with you?"

"Not that way!" she cried desperately. "No, Joe! I don't know why. Maybe something's wrong with me!" It was the old bewildered cry.

"They don't get anywhere at all?"

"No further than this."

"Me, either?"

"It's just like it was, Joe."

"That fellow from California who was giving you such a rush. What happened to him?"

"He wanted me to get married, and give up millinery," said Fanny blankly. "I couldn't do that! It's the way I think, the thing that interests me. I look at a woman, and think how to change her face, with a line here, or a slant—"

"Never mind the women's faces! What about that salesman you sent to me—that big oaf who sells felt bodies? You seemed pretty interested in him!"

"He's a nice kid, Joe. He really is. Did you give him an order?"

"I did, and he balled it up. He's too dumb to write correctly."

She pushed him away angrily.

"He's not dumb. He just lacks self-confidence, and I was trying to help him. How much did you buy?"

"Half a dozen, assorted."

"Boloney! That's no order. You could have used four times that."

"Run your own business, will you?"

"I wish I had one to run. That's just what I want to do," said Fanny soberly.

"So that's the way the wind blows! Got any money?"

"Not enough," said Fanny. "I've got to raise capital. I could make a go of it! A wholesale line, selling only the best stores, and then an uptown retail shop, featuring personalized hats. I can see the place now!" Her eyes were dreamy, visualizing color schemes.

"How much do you need?"

"What's that to you?" she laughed. "You're not going loony, are you? Planning to set up a competitor in business!"

"You wouldn't be a competitor if you make a high-priced line. You might be a pretty good investment."

"That's so! Joe, it would work out swell!" she cried excitedly. "Got a pencil? Look!"

They figured and argued late into

the night. Next day she rented a loft, and started painters at work.

"... With this solid groundwork of merchandise experience, Fay Lester opened her own wholesale business . . ."

THE DREAM, as always, had come true. There was something secretly frightening to her in this power to transform design into actuality. She had marvelled at it, standing in her spick-and-span new office.

"Sa-ay! This is some place! And you call it a factory! There ought to be a waiter with a wine list!"

"Do you like it, Frank? Really? Wait till you see my uptown place!"

"Holy smoke! Isn't this enough?"

He walked in, swinging his sample case, the "big oaf" of Joe's description, which really did not do him justice. Actually he was a tall young man, big-framed but rather thin, with a hearty manner which sought to belie an obvious inner uncertainty. He was beaming now, as he pulled off his hat, revealing a thatch of sandy hair over light-blue eyes and a candid, amiable countenance.

"Some diggings, Fanny," he said cheerfully, sitting down on her desk. "I like to see my customers get up in the world. I click right along with them. See?"

"I see you've got on a brown tie with a blue suit. Frank, are you color-blind or just careless?"

"Unfortunate!" he grinned. "I can't ever get the tie, the suit and the girl all together. When I get rich enough to get me a valet, I'll be all fixed."

"When will that be, my boy?"

"Your boy thinks, not for a long time. Business is rotten. Thank heavens, I've got an uncle in my firm and I'm not figuring on getting fired this week." He laughed ruefully.

"Would you hate that?" said Fanny, smiling.

"Not altogether," Frank admitted. "But I'm glad I've got any kind of a job; with times as they are." His face gloomed momentarily. "I wanted to be a doctor, but I didn't even get to college," he stated casually.

Fanny considered this. "If I had wanted to be a doctor, I'd have been a doctor," she said abruptly. The words slipped out with self-challenging force, as if they held some obscure menace of destiny.

"I believe you would," Frank said, in wholehearted, unresentful admiration. "You get what you want. You're a wonder! You even know what you want!"

Did she? Again the vague, menacing doubt stirred Fanny. She dismissed it to make a quick calculation.

"I'm glad you stopped in, Frank. I need some French felts, six black, six brown, six wine—"

He laughed. "Oh, no, you don't," he said easily. "You got a bunch of 'em Monday. Memory failing? I came in to give an order, not to get one. You and I are stepping out tonight, in celebration of your first month in business. We dine at a swell little restaurant I've spotted—"

Fanny lifted her hands in protest. "Another table d'hôte! Frank, my digestion can't stand it. We'll dine at my place. I'll phone Beulah—"

TIME OUT FOR PLAY....



Simplicity
2802

Simplicity
2791

Simplicity
2805

Simplicity
2785

AFTER THE thrill of spring—the freedom of summer. The very spirit of “escape” into the sunny outdoors lies in these wide-swinging, easy-to-play-in frocks.

Be that different-looking girl who goes beachcombing in an awning-striped dress with fitted bodice and full-gathered skirt—nightfall blue and red robin, with red buttons. Or make it in crinkled striped organdie, wine with lavender or jonquil yellow with burgundy, for those informal little parties of the early summer.

The eight-gored skirt of No. 2805 makes it ideal for all sorts of games. Do it in one of the lovely pastel linens or piqués, yellow-tinged pink, aquamarine or buttercup. (There's a puff-sleeved blouse for this one, not sketched.)

There's a nice bolero over the drawstring halter top of No. 2785, and the four-gored skirt makes it an ideal all-round summer frock. Black linen with a pastel bolero would be strikingly new, or cornflower blue and gumdrop rose would be a fetching combination.

With the shorts, No. 2802, wear the gypsy shirt made from two bright bandanna hankies.

Pattern backs and descriptions will be found on page 60.

DIAPHANOUS FROCKS WITH MIDSUMMER MANNERS



Simplicity
2813

Simplicity
2819

A SNOWSTORM of polka dots tailored with rows of narrow pleating lends a crisp, cool look to Simplicity No. 2813. Make this dainty, feminine frock in lacquered polka-dot cotton or dotted swiss, white on black or wine or navy, and be fresh on the hottest day.

Shoulders are dropping a hint of lower lines with such new-looking yokes as in No. 2819. The bodice fullness and rippling skirt are engagingly young, especially in nosegay prints of marquisette or muslin, in paint-brush tints.

Filmy chiffon, refreshing as lemon ice, makes a charming summer party frock of No. 2821. The clusters of gathers in the bodice give it a softened loveliness that is all-feminine. Lime with deeper green, or bonbon pink with water green girdle would be very summery.

You will be a cool pillar of shadow in the July heat, wearing No. 2830 in a dark sheer. Black, navy, wineberry, deep mulberry, or violet would be exquisite.



Simplicity
2821

Simplicity
2830

Costs of fabrics and yardages will be found with pattern backs on page 60.

Second Wife

Continued from page 24

she bitterly resented being thrust outside. When a deck steward, cablegram in hand, paged a Mr. Ford, Peter's knuckles went white with the grip he maintained on his deck chair, until the steward's voice was close enough for him to hear the distinction. Donny's hand quickly touched his in sympathy, but he dropped his eyes to his book without saying a word.

They got through the customs somehow. Peter was irritable, short with the inspector—a new Peter. The telephone conversation to camp was only faintly reassuring. There had been an accident—Marianne had been thrown by a horse, and the doctor from the nearest town had agreed with the camp doctor. Concussion. But they were extremely hopeful. Well—yes—she was still unconscious.

Donny's trained mind wanted to ask a thousand questions, but was afraid. "We'll get there as quickly as possible," Peter told the camp director. But the three hours on the hot swaying train were interminable. Donny was determinedly cheerful. "Concussions aren't always serious, dear," she told him. "Children are wonderfully resilient when it comes to bumps. She may be knocked out for a few days, but that doesn't necessarily mean anything. And we can ask Dr. Peabody to come out from the hospital if we think she needs him. He'll come, I know."

"Thanks, Donny. That's a good idea. Peabody thinks the world of you, and I'd feel better if he had a look at Marianne." His tired eyes looked gratefully at her, and Donny had a moment of thanks for the hard, exacting years she had put in at the hospital under the famous surgeon. This, then, had been their reason for being!

MARIANNE LAY very still and white under the bandages that crisscrossed over her black hair. Peter stood at the bed, holding tightly to the small hands. "Marianne—baby—look at me. It's daddy!" There was such yearning tenderness in his voice that Donalda turned away quickly, her throat choking, her eyes full.

"How he loves her," was her anguished thought. It overpowered, destroyed her sense of balance, and set its rigid seal upon her heart. Outside the room she fairly bumped into the special nurse they had ordered sent from the city. "The chart," Donny said brusquely. "May I have a look at it?" At the nurse's look of surprise and uncertainty, she quickly added, "It's perfectly all right. I am a registered nurse."

Quickly checking pulse, respiration, heart, Donny gave back the chart with a quivering sigh. "Not too awful," she sighed. She leaned her head against the wall, feeling futile, sad; her heart aching with her aloneness. Behind the eyes that shone a startling blue in her sunburned face, a swift battle was fought, and a decision made. To do this thing for Peter—and for Marianne—and then to go . . .

Donny hurried down the wooden steps leading from the infirmary. The mountain sun glinted on the fair head that the kindlier southern sun had

turned to yellow metal. The lanky girl in camp regulation shorts, presiding in the tiny camp office, rose automatically to her feet, a little awed by the determination in Donny's face, pale under the sunburn. At Donny's terse question, she indicated the old-fashioned telephone on the wall, and in a diffident voice explained the intricacies of achieving contact with the operator.

The shrill jangling of the telephone bell, and the voice of the country operator as she nasally intoned, "Ready with your call—Children's Hospital," was a welcome cut across her turbulent thoughts. The conversation was short. "Dr. Peabody was on vacation. No, he could not be reached . . . assistant would be glad to take the call. Important?" Then a slight pause and a change of tone, "Oh, Donald Stewart! How are you, Don. . . well, all right . . . just for you. I'll probably get canned for this . . . at his country home . . . you probably know the number . . . where've you been keeping—" But Donalda had abruptly broken the connection.

The frankly listening operator fairly jumped at the quick command in Donalda's voice. "Get me Hillcrest 29—and hurry!"

The veteran physician, routed out of a pleasant mid-afternoon siesta at Donny's insistence was in a belligerent mood. "I'm on vacation, Donalda," he protested grumblingly, "but these blithering idiots around here don't know it, the way they disturb a man every time this darn phone rings. What? Bermuda—that's the place . . . know better next time . . . No, I can't—sorry—get a local man . . . what?" There was a listening silence on his end of the phone, which was broken with his saying, "Well—you had a pretty good nose for diagnosis—for a woman—when you worked in my department, Donalda, but if you've broken up my hard-earned vacation for some scratch that any interne could fix up, I'll never forgive you!"

Donalda heaved a sigh of deep relief as she hung up the receiver. She knew very well how important it was for the ageing physician to have his rest at this time of the year.

BACK AT the infirmary, Donny went back into Marianne's room for a moment to tell Peter what she had done. The pain in his face was intolerable for her to witness. His eyes were frightened, strange. A great pity for him swelled Donny's heart. She thrust her own suffering away—his was so much more imminent. So hers was swept back into her heart for no one to see—to be dealt with later.

"She's going to be all right, Peter," she said softly. "Please believe that!" She took Peter's inert hands in her own vital ones, holding them firmly, steadily, denying the tears that crowded at her eyelids.

Peter had mumbled a hoarse, "Thanks," at her announcement of the doctor's coming, but his eyes, now stretched to enormous, unflickering pools of misery, never left Marianne's face. Donalda's quiet comings and

BOB, Alsatian dog, owned by Miss Elizabeth Brice Westmount, P.Q.



Thoroughbreds



"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

BOB—big, handsome and full of life—comes of thoroughbred Alsatian stock. His coat is black and tan, with a beautiful symmetry in the markings on either side of his head.

Now 5 years old and weighing 75 pounds, Bob is very fond of ice cream cones, which his mistress often buys for him.

He has a marked aversion for polished stairways and his refusal to set foot on one indicates that he may once have had a painful experience.

DINNER PARTIES • TEA PARTIES BRIDGE PARTIES

Let these useful Service Bulletins from the Chatelaine Institute help you solve the problem of
HOW TO ENTERTAIN YOUR GUESTS

SUCCESSFUL BRIDGE PARTIES



Successful Bridge Parties

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE suggests ways and means of making yours a hang-up affair

By Helen G. Chapman, Director

HOW TO GIVE SUCCESSFUL PARTIES

Good talk and good food are the two things you need to make everybody glad they came to your house, says the Director of the Chatelaine Institute in this very useful Bulletin. Why not a dinner in the Russian manner for your next party? Here you will find all sorts of suggestions for Mexican, German, Southern, Chinese and Russian style menus and can learn how to add the foreign touch to your cooking, giving your party guests a pleasant surprise. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 102. Price 15 Cents.



How to Give Successful Parties

PREPARED BY THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Order These Really Helpful Service Bulletins by Number From

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

"WANT PROOF ABOUT PRINCESS FLAKES FACTS?"

Says Mrs. D. Cameron,
6031A Park Ave.,
Montreal, Que.



**"Look at my Soft
White Hands . . .
and my lovely silks
and woollens!"**

"IT'S A FACT:

I washed beautifully with $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce of Princess Flakes (costing less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent):

- 1 baby's wool sweater
- 1 pair of chiffon stockings
- 1 pair of silk gloves."

FACT No. 2

Careful scientific tests make sure that Princess contains no harmful fillers. That's why Princess washes your stockings and undies so gently they last a lot longer.



FACT No. 3

Money Back Guarantee. You risk nothing when you try Princess Flakes. Either you get satisfaction—or your money back. That's the Princess Flakes Guarantee.



Made by the
makers of the
New Improved
Palmolive.



PRINCESS FLAKES ACTUALLY GIVES
YOUR HANDS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

Designing Woman

Continued from page 37

say it, if you like. I'm nuts about you, and you could care for me." He spoke deliberately. She stared at him, brilliant-eyed. "So what! I'm just not a go-getter, and never will be. Be a sport, Fanny. Finish your coffee, and I'll say goodnight. Incidentally, please don't withdraw your patronage from our firm. That would be a terrible note for uncle—"

"Shut up!" she shouted. She clenched her fists, every nerve in her body intent upon sitting still. Against her will, she got up, as if drawn by a magnet, and moved across the room to him, and sat down on his knees. She put his motionless arms around her. She kissed him, again and again, until he stopped her, holding her away from him.

"Fanny, darling, I believe you love me!" said Frank, awe-struck.

He held her tightly, then, in a vise-like grip; and he gave her back kiss for kiss with ardent tenderness. Like a drowning man, the recording vision of other men who had kissed her flashed through her mind. "This is different. This belongs to me," thought Fanny.

"I love you so much. Will you marry me?" urged Frank.

Fanny did not speak. Her eyes grew dreamy, veiled in the abstracted look with which she always viewed a new proposition—in full color scheme necessarily—a white breakfast room with pale yellow curtains, and Frank in a grey suit, and herself in brown, and a couple of kids running in before scampering off to school—

"You will marry me, won't you?" Frank repeated, stroking her hair.

Projected into the present, Fanny breathed a deep sigh.

"Oh, yes," she said happily.

And in the lovemaking that followed, her mind registered emotions with conclusive clarity: "He isn't successful, but I'll make him happy. He'll always need someone to set him right! He'll never be perfect. That means he'll be perfect for me—always."

"... To the list of her achievements, Fay Lester has added a phenomenally swank retail shop . . ."

THE DOOR opened, and a salesgirl entered.

"Mr. Lester just phoned from the factory that he would stop by for you in a little while, and please to be ready. I can't do a thing with that Park Avenue dame! I've shown her everything in the place, but she can't decide on a trimming for her hat—"

"No?" said Mrs. Lester. She strode into the Salon Moderne and confronted the dowager.

"Oh, Mrs. Lester, do help me," simpered the customer. "What trimming shall I use on my hat? I don't want a feather, and I don't want a bow, and I don't want—"

"Just a minute. It's no use making a crossword puzzle out of this," said Mrs. Lester firmly. "I'll tell you just what trimming can go on a hat! You can have a bow, or a feather, or a flower, or a pin! Now choose!"

"A bow!" said the customer weakly, reaching for her cheque book.

"Get the fitter," said Mrs. Lester to the salesgirl. She stalked back into her office. The interview was lying on the desk. Glancing at her wrist watch, she sat down and read the rest of it rapidly. She picked up her pencil, and across its pages she scrawled a large O.K. +

SHOULDER . . . ARMS!



Bosoms are emphasized in the scarf and off shoulder necklines. For that sagging look, raise arms to shoulder level, elbows bent. Press fist of one hand as hard as possible into palm of other. Or try stretching both arms straight out at shoulder level. Swing arms forward, crossing them in front of you as far as possible. For another one, grasp two ends of a towel in your hands, arms down in front of you, pulling sideways. Bring the arms forward over your head



Softly gleaming shoulders . . . swanlike necks . . . slim white arms will be the order of the autumn evening scene. So prepare now by deftly and gently massaging upward with cream on those threatening underchin tissues . . . Try pretending your ears are tied to something away above your head to get that nice youthful neck-uplift.



and back of you, pulling out towel as you do so.

An exercise that makes for beautiful shoulders is also very good for your chest. Stand in the corner of a room, placing a hand on each wall, fingertips inward, elbows out. Bend back and forward, keeping the body stiff.



keeps the hair YOUNG



Your hair will radiate a halo of soft shining loveliness after an Evan Williams Shampoo—world-famed as the first step toward a coiffure of lustrous beauty.

"ORDINARY" for DARK HAIR
"CAMOMILLE" for FAIR HAIR

Shampoos 10c each—3 for 25c
Insist on your Hairdresser using Evan Williams for your Shampoo.

**EVAN
WILLIAMS
SHAMPOO**

Distributors for Canada:
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL



VISITING NEW YORK?

Make your home away from home at famed Beaux Arts Hotel, overlooking the East River yet minutes away from everything of importance.

FROM \$4 DAILY FOR 1 OR 2 PERSONS

for the largest rooms in New York, including dressing rooms and serving pantries. Full hotel service.

Wire for reservations at our expense.

**BEAUX ARTS
HOTEL
APARTMENTS**
310-307 E. 44th St.
New York, N.Y.
Telephone Murray Hill 4-4000



**CASH'S
WOVEN NAMES**

STOP VACATION LOSSES

at home or abroad. Instantly identifies owner. Permanent, neat, economical. Loss or disputes impossible. Easily sewn on or attached with Cash's No-So Cement. Your dealer or direct. TRIAL OFFER—1 doz. your own first name and sample tube No-So, 15c.

CASH'S 18 Grier St.
Belleville, Canada
Also Woven Label Manufacturers
"BUY LABELED MERCHANDISE"

CASH'S 3 doz - \$1.50 6 doz - \$2.99 NO-So Cement
NAMES 9 doz - \$2.99 12 doz - \$3.00 25¢ a tube

began, and stopped. A slow red crept into the greyness of his face. "I've been wrong, darling. I thought you didn't care for Marianne. I had the insane notion that if I loved you each separately, I could keep things smooth. It seemed unfair to burden you with Marianne's problems. I encouraged her to come to me . . . But now I see," his hand went quickly in a gesture of weariness across his eyes, "what a fool I've been." A shudder went through his tall frame. "What might have happened today—without you! Donny," he said in the manner of one making a solemn vow, his eyes pleading passionately for her to believe him, "Donny, all my life, and beyond that if it's possible, I shall remember what you did today, and worship you for it—if the love of a blind fool can still mean anything to you!"

He put his hands roughly on her shoulders, "Stay with me, Donny—always. Don't ever go where I can't see you. I need you every minute, every second. Hear!"

Peter's voice rose a little on the last word, and the flesh on Donny's shoulders would show where he had gripped her, but Donny only caught her breath, staring at him, with her overflowing heart in her blue eyes. They were still looking at each other bewilderedly, a little achingly, when the nurse's quick muted, "Mr. Ward, please!" swung them swiftly into the room again. And they were just in time to see the miracle

of Marianne's eyelids lift heavily, her dark eyes expressionless, blank, until, with an effort, they found Peter.

"Daddy," her lips barely moved to let the word through. Her eyes closed again, and two big tears shimmered in the thick short lashes and slowly coursed down her face.

Eagerly the nurse bent over her, reaching for her pulse. "That's fine," she said cheerfully, "say hello to your daddy again," and in an aside, murmured, "First word she's said! Keep talking to her!"

THIS TIME Donny leaned toward the bed. "Marianne, dear," she said, steadily, confidently—relief and affection in her voice.

Marianne seemed to be taking a deeper breath. She opened her eyes again and looked at Donny. But her voice, when it came, murmured, "Daddy?" as her eyes went seeking past Donny.

"Right here, darling," Peter's voice was now strong and vibrant. "Where did you think we'd be? Siberia?" His hand was closed firmly, reassuringly, over the small one outside the cover, but the other was strong and secure, also, about Donny's shoulders.

There didn't seem to be any reason for Donny's crying, now, but the tears coursing down her cheeks detoured to make way for the radiant smile that turned up the corners of her softly quivering lips. +

When Women Investigate Prices

Continued from page 16

of the butter used in Ontario came from New Zealand; they claimed to know that large shipments of butter were coming daily to Toronto warehouses, and considered that the jump in price was the result of manipulation by a combine.

A mass meeting was held in the Mutual Street Arena, Toronto, at which around 2,000 women pledged themselves to boycott butter until the price came down to thirty cents. However, either the 2,000 wavered or their buying power was not enough to command respect, and the price of butter stayed up.

Then the Housewives organized a "Boycott Butter Week" starting March 21, and made a series of demonstrations protesting against the price of butter, culminating in another mass meeting at the Labor Temple with Mrs. Lamb presiding. A delegation urged Premier M. F. Hepburn to open an investigation into prevailing food prices. Letters outlining the beliefs of the Housewives were sent to every Member of the Ontario Legislature, and it was urged that an amendment to the Ontario Milk Control Act be passed which would permit consumer co-operatives to declare dividends on a basis of individual purchases rather than on the amount of stock held by shareholders. Premier Hepburn was showered with postcards reiterating the demand for an investigation. There were parades, radio broadcasts, and picketing of stores.

AT TIME of writing there has been a seasonal drop in the price of butter, but the women are still holding their

regular meetings. The leaders know that progress will be slow. They admit that mistakes have been made, but claim to have learned much by the trial and error method. They know that they have to educate the general public, and have to deal with discouragement because ten-cent milk and thirty-cent butter are not already realities.

In April the price of butter came down sharply, and the price of milk was reduced one cent a quart in May. The Housewives claimed credit for these reductions, but other authorities say they had nothing to do with it. Supply and demand, also seasonal changes, were the reasons.

Looking for enlightenment on the rights and wrongs of milk prices, I went to see Dr. J. B. Reynolds of the Ontario Milk Producers' League executive, and head of the Ontario Milk Foundation formed April 4. He was formerly principal of Manitoba Agricultural College, and now lives on a farm at Port Credit, Ont., so he knows both the theoretical and practical side of farming. He was emphatic that even at thirteen cents a quart, farmers got small returns for their labors. However, he also expressed sympathy for the distributors, and said it was important for the farmers that distributors be able to pay them for the milk produced. At twelve cents a quart, farmers had been getting fifteen cents an hour for a ten- to twelve-hour day, according to records kept under the supervision of the Dominion department of agriculture, with the co-operation of the Ontario Agricultural College. Even with the increase,

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Does not rot dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being HARMLESS TO FABRIC.



39¢

per jar

At drug and dept. stores

ARRID



TRIAL JAR: Send 15 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products 21 Yardley Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Chatelaine Beauty Culture Bulletins

Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful



HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Service Bulletin No. 16

Whether long, short, oily or dry, blonde, brown, black or red—the beauty of a woman's hair depends solely on its vitality and grooming. Learn the secrets of a lovely "Crown of glory"—and how to care for special problems and conditions. Price 10 cents.

A LOVELY SKIN

Service Bulletin No. 18

A beautiful skin can be the heritage of every woman—for it is the reward of proper care and knowledge. Advice on retaining or acquiring a clear fine-textured complexion, and treatments of abnormal conditions are thoroughly handled in this bulletin. Price 10 cents.



CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS,
481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos.
for which I enclose \$

Name and Address

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)

SHOPPING

"Ruins" Her Evening



Why Feet Get Sore and Puffy

Hours of standing or walking put unusual strain on foot muscles, ligaments, tendons. Fatigue acids settle in them—make them stiff, painful. Circulation is hindered. The whole foot swells and aches. Absorbine Jr. brings quick relief.

Prompt Relief for Tired, Aching Feet

WHEN shopping drags on into late afternoon—don't let tired, aching feet ruin your evening! There's a quick way to carry off the fatigue acids that cause the pain and swelling.

Just rub Absorbine Jr. all over the feet, especially around the ankles, on the soles. No soaking necessary. Absorbine Jr. speeds the blood through the feet. The blood carries off the fatigue acids.

Soon swelling reduces. The burning is eased. Your feet are refreshed! You never give them a thought all evening!

At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

Famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, mosquito and insect bites, sunburn, Athlete's Foot.



ABSORBINE JR.

Speeds FATIGUE ACIDS out of Feet

goings at intervals went unnoticed. She did not talk to him again, since he seemed to be spending himself in a silent effort to will his Marianne back to consciousness. So Donalda talked politely, inanely, instead, to the nurse, to the camp directoress who came and went with undisguised worry lining her deeply tanned face.

Meanwhile her mind refused to spare her, even for a little while, her tortured thoughts. "If there wasn't any Marianne," whispered a strange voice within her. For a blind moment Donny closed her suffering eyes. Then she thrust the thought away in a sharp revulsion of feeling.

"He doesn't really need me. I've fooled myself," was her bitter thought. "After Dr. Peabody arrives—if there's nothing I can do—I'll go back to town. Peter will have to understand." And dramatizing herself further, added forlornly, "They'll never even miss me."

THE DIAGNOSIS, when Dr. Peabody did arrive, was typically short and to the point. "Get a uniform, Donalda," he barked crossly. "What are you doing in the glad rags? We've got a job on our hands, and a sweet one. Your being here saves me a lot of time, matter of fact." The last sentence was said in a grim voice, holding satisfaction.

The next hour was one that would stretch in memory through the rest of Donny's life. The quick but thorough preparations for the delicate operation, the terse orders in the silent emergency operating room, the dreamlike sound of Donalda's own voice as she iterated, reiterated her soft, "Yes, doctor," remembering all her skill, all her knowledge, feeling again that passionate awe of the famous surgeon as he steadily coaxed a thin flicker of life to flare into a sturdy, confident one with his miraculous fingers.

Peter sprang to his feet, his breath strangled in his throat, as the doctor finally emerged, pulling a perspiration-soaked hospital apron from his portly figure. To the grey-faced Peter on the porch, he said, "Cigarette? Thanks," and eased his figure into a chair with a gusty sigh of relief.

"Kid's going to be all right, Ward," he said, inhaling his smoke deeply, and at Peter's suddenly averted face, quivering with unbearable relief, added kindly, "Kids are tough, y'know. Parents could take a lesson from them. Needs a bit of nursing, of course, but she'll come through and be as good as new in no time. Yes, we did a neat job in there. And I don't mind telling you, young man," he paused a moment to wipe a glistening bald head with an immaculate handkerchief, "that having Stewart on hand"—Peter remembered with a little start Donny's old hospital name—"was a very lucky break for all of us. Might have wasted lots of time getting a 'surgical' down from the city. She's the best nurse I ever had in children's surgery, and you're a mighty lucky young man to have her for yourself. Thought she was wasting her time, frankly, when she married and quit . . . but maybe not, maybe not. Well . . . guess I'll be getting back . . . time for a little golf, maybe."

Peter walked the now genial doctor down to his waiting car. "I don't know how to thank you, doctor, for this—" he began but he was cut short.

"Never mind the thanks, Ward," Dr. Peabody interrupted brusquely. "Don't mind telling you that very few people could have induced me to put on a collar and go to work in this heat. Donalda Stewart is completely responsible for this! She's a fine girl—but if you haven't found that out by this time, you ought to have your own head analyzed! A case of this sort needs all the patience, skill and fine womanly intuitive feeling that only a rare nurse like Donalda would have." A little pompously, he added, "I'm very particular who nurses my important cases."

Peter spoke eagerly, "Get all the nurses you need, doctor!"

The doctor glanced shrewdly at Peter's face. Who knows what a brilliant doctor might not discover in a moment or two of affectionate questioning, while he and a favorite nurse scrubbed hands and instruments? "I'd have called Stewart in on this case no matter who the patient was," he announced flatly, "so if your daughter comes through to a fine finish, you can do your thanking right at home. Donalda will be largely responsible, also, for the cure!" He shook hands through the car window with Peter.

Peter took his foot off the running board, but Dr. Peabody seemingly was not finished. In the course of his long busy life, he had seen many things, this doctor, and he now looked at Peter searchingly with his wise eyes. Quietly, he said, "It occurred to me when Donalda Stewart phoned me this afternoon, that a girl with a nature as thoughtful, as generous, as hers, would die a thousand deaths before she would disturb the rest of a tired old man—and her superb demand—demand, mind you, that I come to see your child could only mean that she held very dear, dearer than herself or another's well-being, the fate of this child. That's why I came."

There was a pause, a pause that held a thousand meanings. Peter stood stark still.

"Good-by, Ward, and good luck! Have Donalda call me in the morning. I'll run out in a day or two." The big car slid slowly down the hill.

SWIFTLY Peter's long legs took him back to the infirmary. His fine eyes had the vacant look of a man slowly coming out of a deep sleep.

He met Donny at the door of the infirmary, her hands full, so that he held the door open for her as she came through, her eyes lowered. Her borrowed uniform was wilted and soiled. There were rings of weariness under her eyes. Peter had time for a quick look at the still unconscious Marianne, watched over by the assisting nurse, before he softly closed the door. He had the absurd feeling that he stood with a stranger, and the feeling caused a sharp pain to gnaw through him.

"She's all right . . . Dr. Peabody said . . . What do you think?" His voice came uncertainly, while his eyes searched her face, wanting reassurance—groping for a word that would hint at his humble gratitude . . .

Quietly Donny answered him, "Yes, Marianne will be all right, Peter." She made a move to pass him, saying, "Try to get some rest, Peter, you look done in."

He blocked her path. "Donny," he

NUGGET WINS THE GIRL!



● All the world applauds the man whose shoes look smart. Nugget your shoes and win the world!

Now available in a new 5c trial size.

BLACK and all shades of BROWN.

235



Oriental Cream

GOURAUD



applied to exposed parts will prevent sun and wind burn, giving an attractive appearance at all times. 2

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

A more thrilling YOU

Smooth, lovely skin, wins romance and keeps it! Don't risk externally caused pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores. Use BOTH Cuticura Soap and Ointment regularly.



MADE IN CANADA

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

I ENQUIRED about the situation in Montreal, where four dairies are said to supply about fifty per cent of the milk used, thirty others to handle the remainder, and the price of milk to be eleven cents a quart. Differences were not altogether due to the smaller number of dairies, this distributor said. Health regulations are not so stringent in Montreal as in Toronto, wages paid are much lower, and besides, eleven cents a quart is only the minimum which may be charged for milk. Higher prices can be collected, and in many districts twelve and thirteen cents are the figures.

Zoning would never reduce distribution costs, I was told. Premier Hepburn was right when he said people would never submit to being told they had to buy milk from certain dairies. As for government ownership, every last dairy in Toronto would be glad to be bought out at a fair price if municipal control of milk came into effect, but it was doubtful whether the consumer would be any better off than at present, if as well off. Wellington, New Zealand, is the only place in the world where dairies are owned and operated by a city, this distributor said. There are no taxes to be paid. Farmers in New Zealand are paid \$1.65 per 100 pounds as compared with \$2.32 in Toronto, wages paid to workmen are not nearly so high as in Toronto, yet milk sells for thirteen cents a quart and the dairy is in the red, according to information he had received. Besides, Wellington had to pay pensions to many men who lost their jobs through municipalization of the dairies. Throwing hundreds more people on the unemployed list would not be good for Toronto.

According to research by the National Dairy Council, a quart of milk is equal in food value to: one lb. steak, average cost 22 cents; 11 eggs, average cost 33 cents; 3¼ lb. fresh codfish, average cost 40 cents; 2½ lb. chicken, average cost 56 cents; \$1 worth of oysters; 1 lb.

loin pork, average cost 22 cents. Milk also supplies Vitamins A,B,C,D, and E. It is well worth what it costs. If people showed more appreciation of the value of milk and increased consumption, the price would come down.

Government control of milk prices had not helped the situation from the consumers' angle anywhere, it was stated. In New York State the Milk Control Board was thrown out after several years trial. People have taken it on themselves to say that the dairy business is a government-controlled industry and they have the right to fix prices, though they do not claim this right in other fields. They do not say what ought to be paid for a pair of shoes, a dress, a motor car, a pound of meat, a machine which the dairy has to buy, but they do claim the right to fix the price of milk. This distributor thought it an excellent idea for women to investigate the prices of different commodities instead of concentrating on milk, and believed that impartial study of different industries would result in a more sympathetic attitude toward the harassed dairymen.

It seems unlikely that the Housewives will ever have a good word to say for "dat ole debbil" distributor, but stranger things have happened, and obviously there are two sides to the story of milk prices. The women want to be fair and avoid jumping to conclusions, so they have appointed a research committee, headed by a McGill graduate, to study living costs and report findings. Some critics claim that the organization is fizzling out, but this is far from being the case. Indeed, it is now the Housewives Association of Canada, with 12,000 members, a monthly magazine of its own, and branches in Hamilton, Oshawa and London as well as Toronto. Regular meetings were held until the holiday season started and will be resumed in the fall. It is no mean record of achievement for eight months and Canada has not heard the last of the lusty young society. ♦

THAT YOU MIGHT KNOW

BY VERA LOVEDAY HARDEN

I would be beautiful for you, beloved,
And move with grace when you are at my side,
And gather to me blossom after blossom
Like summer garlanded to be a bride.

I would be music wrought for your enchantment
On silver strings that stretch from star to star;
I would implore the birds to blend their voices
And bring you melody from near and far.

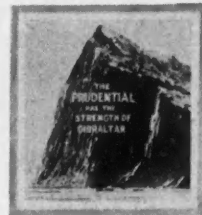
I would be rain to parching earth; and sunlight
Aslant through trees, enriching all your way;
A broad and pleasant meadow where the grasses
Are kind to weary feet at close of day.

I would be beautiful for you, beloved,
That you might know how fair the earth and sky;
That you might never haste again, unheeding,
And pass the shining face of beauty by.

That you might hear the song of wind and water,
The low and friendly murmur of the trees,
And know, as Francis knew, in far Assisi,
The sweet companionship that dwells in these.



His insurance
her protection
*through many
happy years*



The Prudential
Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES



Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelacine Depilatory
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.



NO MORE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve, quickly remove corns. Prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. Ease new or tight shoes. Soothing. Safe, sure. Cost but a trifle. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



returns were a little better for the price of \$2.32 was for milk to be sold as fluid milk. Milk to be used in ice cream, chocolate drink and other dairy products brought only \$1.85 per 100 pounds, and was fifteen per cent of the amount sold.

It had been shown that selling and distributing milk cost over three cents per quart. Zoning had been suggested as a means of preventing a dozen dairies from serving the same street, but Dr. Reynolds did not think it would ever work. Distributors did not trust each other, and would be unable to agree on the allocation of districts, while consumers would resent being told that they had to take from certain dairies. People became as attached to their own dairy as to their own doctor. However, if residents in an apartment house, or neighbors on the same street would voluntarily agree to take from one dairy, distribution costs could be cut. It was safe to take milk from any dairy, as health board rules were strictly enforced.

UNREASONABLE consumer demands were partly responsible for distribution costs, Dr. Reynolds thought. Some people asked for special deliveries, a pint of cream often being sent ten miles or more. Toronto people also objected to paying a deposit on bottles, and the number of bottles broken and unreturned were a loss to the distributors. It would, of course, bring the price down if milk consumption were increased. Much greater volume could be handled with the existing equipment for hauling and delivery. Another possibility was revision of the wholesale price of milk. Hospitals now get milk for eight cents a quart, where ten would be a fairer price, while hotels and restaurants got milk for nine cents a quart and made large profits reselling it. Government institutions, like Ontario hospitals, get milk by tender, which is unfair to the agricultural and dairy industry. However, all the remedies advocated would not total one cent a quart, Dr. Reynolds admitted.

He had never seen any evidence of "combines" among the distributors, and thought anything of the kind would have been apparent in negotiations between producers and distributors. Asked his opinion of municipal ownership, Dr. Reynolds said that theoretically it was the ideal solution; practically it would never work because of human nature and the opportunities for playing politics. Wellington, New Zealand, was often held up as a successful example of public ownership of dairies, and speakers before the Housewives' Association had said that milk there had been reduced from seventeen to ten cents per quart. However, latest information secured by the milk producers was that the retail price in Wellington was thirteen cents, the same as Toronto, in a country where cows pastured twelve months in the year and production costs were much lower. He thought that a controlled monopoly was the most efficient way of handling milk.

The distributors' representative whom I interviewed did not look at all like a villain, and he deplored the misrepresentation which the dairy industry had suffered in Toronto. Politics had a lot to do with it, he

thought; every fall some man climbed on the milk wagon and tried to ride into office. He was not satisfied with the Milk Control Board (since reorganized), claiming distributors had not been represented since 1934, but he did think the board painted a true picture in formal statements about milk prices. It had been stated that the milk producers were definitely entitled to higher prices for their product and got almost all of the one-cent-per-quart increase, also that the distributors could not possibly have absorbed the increase. On the basis of 1936-37 prices, the income of a dairy amounted to only 1.35 cents out of every consumer's dollar.

"There was money in the dairy business ten to twenty years ago, but not any more," this distributor said. "First of all, the farmer has to be paid more. He has to comply with stringent health board regulations, and this is expensive. His standard of living has gone up; he now wants a car, radio, and other comforts, and certainly he is entitled to have them. But I don't agree with the figures about what it costs to produce milk. I don't see how anyone doing mixed farming can isolate the cost of milk from other expenses. Besides, some men expect their cows to provide ready money for the whole farm. I know that the Experimental Farm at Ottawa in 1936 estimated that 100 pounds of milk could be produced there for sixty-five cents. Certainly some producers who knew their business made money under the old price.

"However, higher prices to producers are only part of the dairies' difficulties. Pasteurizing and processing cost more than formerly. Wages paid by Toronto dairies are high compared with most Canadian cities; there is a minimum of \$27.50 per week for milk wagon drivers, and some earn as high as \$195 a month. Taxes paid by dairies are higher than they were five years ago. Various internal costs are up—workmen's compensation rates have risen from \$0.85 to \$1.25. Costs of bottles, caps, fuel, labor, and feed for horses are all up. Even when getting thirteen cents a quart, the profit to dairies was only one tenth of a cent on every dollar of turnover. According to the Milk Control Board audit of twenty-one dairies supplying seventy per cent of the milk in Toronto, there was a profit of \$82,000 on a \$7,000,000 turnover. Eight dairies were 'in the red,' and half the others on the ragged edge of collapse.

"The Milk Control Board also agreed with the popular opinion that sixty-eight dairies are too many for Toronto, and said that while they could not put anybody out of business, they would refuse to grant any more licenses to sell milk. Nobody in his senses would want to put money into a dairy today, but I don't admit that there are too many in the field already, aside from a few struggling concerns that started on a shoestring. It may seem silly for a dozen wagons to serve the same street, but all customers want their milk delivered early, before breakfast if possible; health board regulations limit the length of time milk can be left on doorsteps, and it is necessary to crowd the distribution of milk into a short period. This requires many men and wagons."

Hard Lumps Came On Her Legs

Ankles and Feet Swollen with Rheumatism

Rheumatism sent this woman to bed with lumps, swellings, and inflammation. Yet these symptoms soon disappeared, as they always will do when the root cause is removed. This letter tells you the method she used:—

"I was taken ill with terrible rheumatic pains in my legs. They were badly inflamed, swollen, and they were partly covered with red, hard lumps. To put my foot down to the ground was agony. After I had been in bed for 16 days, suffering agony all the time, my husband said, 'You can't go on suffering like this, let us try Kruschen Salts.' He got a bottle, and almost from the first I felt benefit. Before long, I was completely relieved — swellings, inflammation, and lumps all gone — and I am up again and doing my housework."—(Mrs.) E. L.

Do you realize what causes a good deal of rheumatic pain? Nothing but sharp-edged uric acid crystals which form as the result of sluggish eliminating organs. Kruschen Salts can always be counted upon to clear those painful crystals from the system.



Are You Planning A Trip?



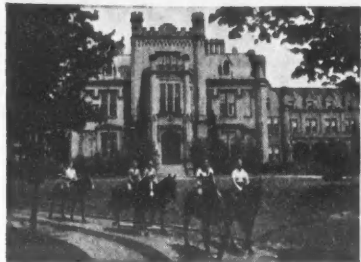
These little books are crammed with practical information that will make your holiday trips more enjoyable. Mailed postpaid for 25c a copy.

HIKER'S GUIDE. By Ben Solomon. Practical hints on a hobby that anyone can enjoy. A hiker who really hikes takes us into the country.

MOTOR CAMPING. By Porter Varney. This little book is packed with useful, practical information for motor campers. Where and how to go, and what to take. Complete plans for making equipment, even to a house trailer. Fully illustrated.

TRANS-CANADA NEWS COMPANY

210 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Canada



Ontario Ladies' College

WHITBY, ONTARIO

Established 1874

A Residential School for Girls

Beautiful situation in 100 acres of grounds. Complete Modern Education in attractive cultured environment. Public School to Honour Matriculation. Music, Art, Household Science, Secretarial Courses and Dramatics. Swimming Pool and Gymnasium. Resident Mistress of Physical Education—supervised Winter and Summer Sports. Riding on quiet country roads—Reopens September 14th.

For Calendar apply to Principal.

REV. C. R. CARSCALLEN, M.A., D.D.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY THE
LATE RT. HON. BARON STRATHCONA
AND MOUNT ROYAL

Recently enlarged fireproof building, thoroughly modern equipment. For women students, resident and non-resident, preparing for degrees in the Faculty of Arts (B.A., B.Sc., B.Com.) and in the Faculty of Music.

A limited number of Scholarships and Bursaries.

Applications should be made early.

For all information apply to
THE WARDEN

OVENDEN

BARRIE, ONTARIO
BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
RESIDENTIAL PUPILS ONLY

Numbers being restricted, opportunity is given for the fullest development of personality and individual gifts. Preparation for the Universities. Music, Art, Riding (7 horses, resident Riding Instructors). Handicrafts, Dramatics, Summer and Winter Sports.

For Prospectus, apply to the Principals.



"VASELINE" JELLY

When feet are hot, tired, burning, rub "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly between and under the toes, under the instep, on ankles or blistered heels. It's so soothing and cooling. Use it at night after bathing the feet with warm water. Jars, 15c, 25c. Tubes, 25c.



Here is an average wardrobe suggested for a girl attending one of the private schools. Of course there are variations in some of the schools, but this will serve as a general guide in selecting an outfit for the coming season.

During school hours (in the majority of schools) students are required to wear a uniform dress, consisting of a tunic of navy blue serge, with white uniform blouse, black under-knickers and black stockings.

These articles in approved design and cut and of good quality are usually to be obtained at the schools at very moderate cost.

Tailor-made suit or separate coat for street and church wear.

Simple afternoon dresses to be worn after school hours.

A dress for evening wear, the simpler in style the better.

Sweater

Bathrobe

Kimona

A warm winter coat

Usual supply of plain underwear.

Pair of stout walking shoes with low heels

Pair of bedroom slippers (mules are not permitted)

Pair of rubbers

Gymnasium shoes, black leather, to be obtained at the school

Umbrella

Napkin ring

Two laundry bags

Dresser covers

Window curtains, if desired

Spoon and tumbler for use in room

Bible and hymn-book

Plain underwear is asked for; usually a charge is made for anything elaborate which will take up too much of the laundresses' time. +

I HAVE SEEN THE FIELDS

BY MAY ELIZABETH DAVIS

I have seen the fields
With daisies white,
Mocking the moon
On a summer's night;
Have watched the flutter
Of apple trees
Echo the clouds
In a mellow breeze;
Have watched the hills
With poignant cry
With scarlet reflect
The evening sky.
But early this morning
With new delight,
I saw the world
In a lovelier light,
For the winter sun
With witching glory
Had changed the scene
To a fairy-story —
Silver lace on shimmering trees —
My heart will break
With the beauty of these!



Alma College

FOUNDED 1877
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

Delightful location; Extensive grounds; well appointed buildings with Automatic Sprinkler Protection; Gymnasium; Swimming Pool; Tennis Courts; Riding; Golf; Skating, and other sports. Courses include High School to Junior and Senior Matriculation. Public School, Music, Secretarial, Home Economics, Art, Dramatics, Interior Decoration and Handicrafts. Affiliated with University of Western Ontario.

Write for prospectus. Principal: Rev. P. S. Gibson, M.A., D.D.

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Affiliated with McMaster University

For Calendar apply to the Principal,
Miss Marjorie Trotter, B.A.,
88 Bloor St. E.
Toronto



Established 1888

Moulton College

TORONTO

Primary to Honour Matriculation

Varied Arts, Sports, Handicrafts

Fully-equipped Nursery School and Primary Grades
Kingsway District

School re-opens Sept. 14th

Brighten Up Your Parties

With the Help of These Three New

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

FORTUNES in TEACUPS—An entertaining study of the art of tea-leaf reading. If you are planning a party get this Institute Bulletin No. 200 and bring new excitement with keen anticipation to your guests—price 15c.

TELLING FORTUNES by CARDS—How to enjoy this popular hobby is explained very thoroughly in our new Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 201—price 10c.

THE ART of PALMISTRY—An explanation of this fascinating pastime is intelligently covered in Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 202—price 15c.

Order by number from

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

481 University Avenue, Toronto



So that
your shoes may
be sparkling WHITE!

The original beauty and the natural lustre of white kid is yours again when you use Meltonian White Kid Cleaner. This English preparation removes stains easily, dries quickly to a perfect white that won't rub off. 25 cents for the generous-sized bottle—at good stores from coast to coast.

Meltonian also has two other high quality summer-time products—Liquid White (25 cents) and Meltonian White (cake) Cleaner (15 cents)—made especially for sports shoes of canvas and buckskin.



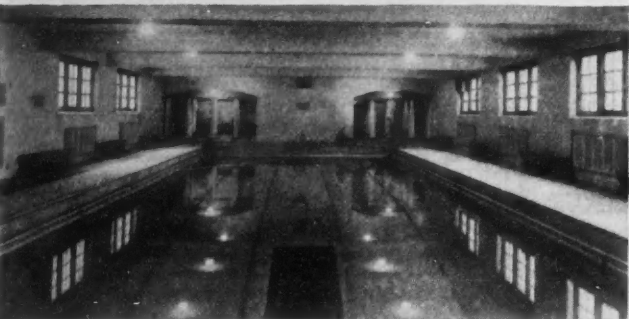
BY APPOINTMENT
TO KING GEORGE V

THERE ARE
MELTONIAN DRESSINGS
FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE



MELTONIAN

(Top) A student of Ontario Ladies' College takes her art studies out into the snows. (Centre) A playroom for younger pupils at Havergal College. (Below) The 1938 graduates of Moulton College.



(Top left) Ovenden School girls out riding in the beautiful wooded country surrounding the school. (Bottom left) Most of the schools have swimming pools, such as this well-appointed one at Branksome Hall. (Right) The May Day Festival is a great event at the big private schools for girls in Canada. Here is Alma College's May Queen for 1938, with her attendants.

Canada's Private Schools for Girls

Special attention is paid to the girl who wants a general education, with home-making or a business career in mind

by NANCY WEIR

Editor's Note:

So many parents have asked for information on the private schools of Canada, that *Chatelaine* is presenting a brief survey of what they are doing, as a general guide for those who would like their children to attend one of them. Last month the general program and purpose of the boys' private schools was discussed; this month surveys the girls' schools.

Parents are invited to address any personal enquiries regarding particular schools to the Educational Director, *Chatelaine Magazine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

SCIENCE LABORATORIES, hockey rinks and swimming pools were little thought of as adjuncts to a school for young ladies seventy years ago. That's when the first small groups of Canadian girls were learning the three R's and the catechism of gentility at such early schools as Pinehurst (later to become Bishop Strachan) and Miss Neville's, in Toronto.

Today, a group of forty-five large private schools for girls stretches from coast to coast of the Dominion. They're tuned to modern educational needs and the demands of a wide-awake world, and aim at turning out well-adjusted young individuals every year.

Two great factors assist in this work. One is the use of the latest equipment and most accredited methods of instruction. The other is the school tradition, which often runs like a fine thread through all its activities.

One Toronto school, for instance, celebrates fifty years of steady teaching activity this year. "Sound Christian Education" has been its backbone for half a century. Several others are teaching third and fourth generations of classes. Their methods move with the times; their principles remain fixed.

Today's private school for girls serves as a preparatory workshop for Canadian universities. That's its big function. For its boarders it supplies, as well, a

satisfactory background for living during those years, and a training in co-operative adjustment.

Most schools carry on extensive work in junior departments as well, and today kindergartens in the modern style form an important branch of the school setup in many cities. So that actually a girl can enter the completely graded school at any time from four years until university entrance age. Boarders are usually taken from nine on, with the senior school pupil commencing at about twelve years (high school entrance). Each department is kept distinctly separate in the average school.

It's interesting to discover that many of the best-known schools are carrying a peak load, and have waiting lists today, some of them with capacity registrations of from four to five hundred. The average attendance throughout the Dominion is about two hundred.

Fees vary from \$500 to \$1,000 a year, with an average of \$700. Day school pupils are taken in at many schools at from \$80 to \$250 a year. Some colleges prefer to take boarders only. Thus it is felt that the home life of the college is a natural one, with teachers and pupils constituting one family. Miss G. E. Millard, president of the Canadian Headmistresses' Association and principal of Havergal, believes that as boarders at the private school, girls react very favorably to the regular life, fellowship and freedom from telephones and radios.

CANADA'S girls' schools, which are largely situated in beautiful, spreading grounds and gracious surroundings, set a high standard for such buildings architecturally. Designed completely to suit their purpose, the majority of them have ample grounds for playing fields, hiking, riding, tennis, badminton, archery, skating and other sports enjoyed by the students. Buildings are fitted with first-class modern educational and physical training equipment.

Swimming pools are the order of the larger schools. Gymnasiums are fitted for games and proper development of the young girl. Rinks are provided for winter sports.

Education is, of course, the first concern of the private school. Staffs ranging up to fifty in number make it possible to keep classes to twenty-five or below. Thus individual attention, both during the class and afterward, is assured. En enviable records in scholastic achievement are set today in the private schools, laying the old ghost that Government-inspected schools give better and sounder training in fundamentals.

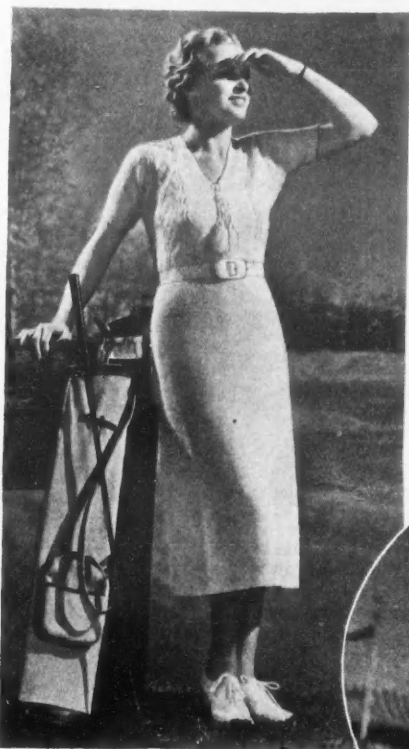
Special attention is paid to the girl who wants a general education, with home-making or a business career in mind. Commercial studies are taught in many schools, and home-making in all its important phases is on the course of studies everywhere. Especially equipped domestic science departments prepare many girls for courses at university.

There's a lot of indirect teaching that goes on, too, before and after classroom hours. Systems of student government, with "house" prefects and councils, are designed to teach girls the art of living together.

ONE OF the great needs of the adolescent today is for vocational guidance, educationalists agree. The private school has a special opportunity, through its close association of student and staff, to do a good job. The difficult child, who finds it hard to adjust, also has the advantage of careful and individual attention.

Through organizations in the school—such as Girl Guides, Canadian Girls in Training, Y. W. C. A., literary, sport and dramatic clubs, as well as the strong ties of Old-Girls, associations and friendships are fostered which prove a happy boon in after life.





The original model was made from 21 balls of white Bramble yarn. Photographs — Courtesy of the Guelph Carpet and Worsted Spinning Mills Limited.

For Sport or Town Wear



This costume is ideal in white but lends itself to other colors equally well

Materials Required: 21 balls white 3 ply wool; 1 circular needle, size 10; 1 pair needles, size 10; 1 pair needles, size 12; 1 nine-inch zipper—white bone; 1 white belt.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K—knit; P—purl; sts.—stitches; in.—inch; ins.—inches; inc.—increase; dec.—decrease; beg.—beginning; tog.—together; ch.—chain; s.c.—single crochet; d.c.—double crochet; y.o.—yarn over; p.s.s.o.—put slip stitch over.

Size: 16.

PATTERN

(1 Pattern—22 stitches)

1st row—K2, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K1, y.o., K2, slip 1, K1, p.s.s.o., K5, K2 tog., K2, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K2 tog.

2nd row—Purl.

3rd row—K2, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K3, y.o., K2, slip 1, K1, p.s.s.o., K3, K2 tog., K2, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K2 tog.

4th row—Purl.

5th row—K2, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K5, y.o., K2, slip 1, K1, p.s.s.o., K1, K2 tog., K2, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K2 tog.

6th row—Purl.

7th row—K1, K2 tog., y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K2, slip 1, K1, p.s.s.o., K5, K2 tog., K2, y.o., K1, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K1.

8th row—Purl.

9th row—K1, K2 tog., y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K2, slip 1, K1, p.s.s.o., K3, K2 tog., K2, y.o., K3, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K1.

10th row—Purl.

11th row—K1, K2 tog., y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K2, slip 1, K1, p.s.s.o., K1, K2 tog., K2, y.o., K5, y.o., K2 tog., y.o., K1.

12th row—Purl.

Repeat these 12 rows for pattern.

DRESS

BLOUSE—Back: Using size 10 needles, cast on 94 sts. Work in stock-

ing stitch (K 1 row, P 1 row) for 1 in. Next row inc. 1 st. each side, then inc. 1 st. each side every in. 3 times more. Inc. 1 st. each side every ½ in. 4 times. Work evenly for 2 ins.

Shape armhole by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each side every 2nd row 6 times.

Continue evenly until armhole measures 6½ ins. from first shaping.

Shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining 28 sts.

Right Front: Cast on 49 sts.

1st row—K18, Pattern 22 sts., K to end of row.

2nd row—Purl.

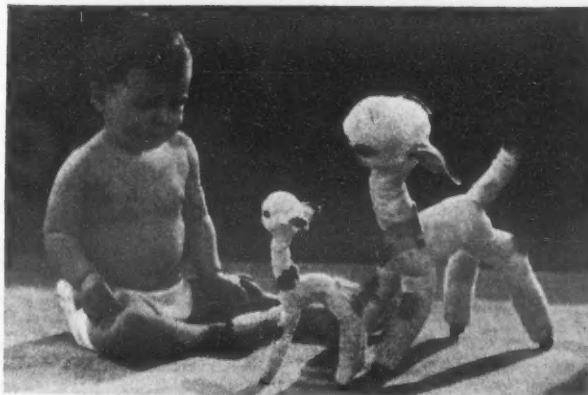
Continue in this manner, working pattern on the 22 sts., starting on the 19th st. from the front edge. When work measures 1 in., inc. 1 st. at seam edge. Keeping continuity of pattern, inc. 1 st. at seam edge every ½ in. 10 times more. Work evenly for 2 ins.

Shape armhole by casting off 7 sts. (seam edge). Then dec. 1 st. armhole edge every 2nd row 7 times. After the first decreasing at armhole, start the neck shaping by decreasing 1 st. at front edge, then dec. 1 st. every 4th row 17 times more. When armhole measures same as back, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. every 2nd row 4 times.

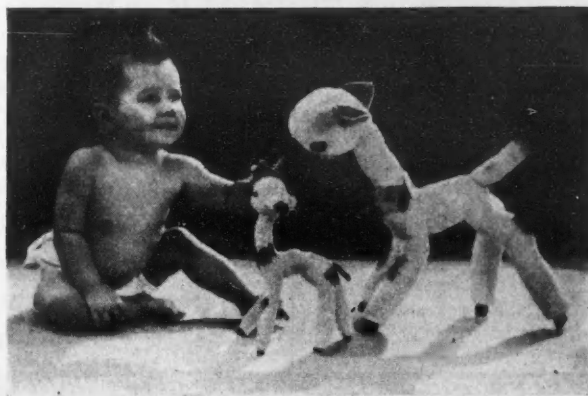
Work left front to correspond, having incs. and decs. on opposite side.

Sleeves: Using size 12 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work 1 in. in ribbing (K1, P1). Change to size 10 needles and work in stocking st., increasing 1 st. each side. Inc. 1 st. each side every 2nd row 6 times more. Work evenly for 1 in. (3½ ins. from beg.). Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of each of the next

✦ Continued on page 60



● "You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear — dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"



● "Wait — see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder . . ."



● "Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back — whee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"



● "Did you ever notice how smooth Johnson's Baby Powder is? That must be why it keeps my skin just perfect!" Perfect skin condition is a baby's best protection against skin infections, Mothers. So guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind that's made of finest imported talc—and BORATED! . . . Also important for the bath-basket: Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies . . . safe, soothing, stainless, and it cannot turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED MONTREAL

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Bulletin No. 15—5 cents

DRESSING YOUR FACE

Bulletin No. 17—10 cents

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Bulletin No. 16—10 cents

A LOVELY SKIN

Bulletin No. 18—10 cents

HOW TO BE FRESH AS A FLOWER

Bulletin No. 19—5 cents

Order by number from

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

481 University Avenue, Toronto



Perfect digestibility
—be sure of it in his first solid food



THE STORK brought you a grand baby. But it's your task to keep him that way. Take heed—choose carefully at first solid food time. His brand new nourishment must be perfectly digestible so that your child will avoid disturbing upsets.

NO GUESSING when you choose delicious Cream of Wheat. Millions of babies have thrived on it during the past 43 years. You know it is pure, safe, nourishing. And its rapid, easy digestibility makes it ideal for delicate young systems. It yields food energy in abundance, and encourages those eagerly-watched monthly weight gains.



DIVIDENDS for baby's bank, too. Cream of Wheat costs but a fraction of a cent a serving, because it cooks up to 6 times its original volume. It is a tempting blend from the best hard wheats of Canada's finest growing areas. Heat-treated, purified, with all harsh parts eliminated. Sealed in hygienic packages against contamination.



Digestion begins almost instantly!

MADE IN CANADA. NEVER SOLD LOOSE IN BAGS... ONLY IN THIS BOX



THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

...

INFANTILE ECZEMA

FAIR-SKINNED and blue-eyed boys, especially those a little overweight, are the favorite subjects for eczema of the skin. Girls are less frequently affected. The affection is rare before the third month and sometimes follows a change from breast-feeding to the use of cow's milk, or later, the addition of cereals and eggs.

The rash, which marks the onset of eczema, usually first appears on the forehead and cheeks. The skin, red at first, soon develops small papules and vesicles intensely itchy. As a result the infant scratches, and a thin serum exudes. The serum dries in yellow crusts which on hairy parts like the head coalesce to form a cake. If one of the crusts is removed, the surface beneath is red, raw and moist. The condition may spread to the neck, the body and particularly to the flexures of joints.

SCRATCHING causes secondary infection. An eczema lasting any length of time is bound to become infected. This masks the original condition and changes it into a septic dermatitis.

Causes—Either local irritation or some digestive upset, or both, are believed to be the causes of infantile eczema. Sudden changes of temperature, exposure to winds or direct sunlight, the use of strong soaps, the use of hard water, woolly and rough clothing are the external causes. Of foods, milk, eggs and wheat are the chief offenders, and about two-thirds of eczematous infants give positive skin reactions to these or other proteins.

Prevention—The keynote of prevention in eczema is the keeping of the baby on the breast, avoidance of undue exposure to the agents already mentioned and, if artificial foods are used, the making of skin tests in order to discover possible offending foods. The simplest treatment is the best.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—My four-year-old son has a pimply outbreak on his chin.

The treatment used has failed to cure it. Please tell me the cause and treatment. What diet do you advise?—Mrs. S. J. C., Jarvis, Ont.

Answer—Your boy may have impetigo, a contagious infection of the skin of children, due to infection of little skin wounds with the germs that are always found in the skin. It is more liable to occur in run-down children than in those well nourished. Apply white precipitate ointment to the parts, and give the boy twenty drops of syrup of the iodide of iron after meals three times a day. Good ordinary food, the run of the table, is best for him.

Question—My boy is ten months old and I am trying to wean him. He won't take cow's milk or milk pudding. He has only one tooth. Is there any substitute for milk? He has cod-liver oil and orange juice.—Mrs. W. T., Caledonia Mines, N.S.

Answer—I am sending you a plan of feeding, but your boy must have milk. As a rule a hungry child will take his food. If he will not take his food, let him try doing without it until next time. He will give in if his mother is firm with him.

Question—My baby is nine months and two weeks old. At 2 p.m. he doesn't want to eat, but there is no trouble of this nature at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. He is cutting his third tooth. He seems to be really healthy but sometimes appears to be in pain. As he has a habit of scratching his head, a friend suggested that he might have pain in his head.—Mrs. F. B., Saint John, N.B.

Answer—If your boy will not take his 2 p.m. meal, the indication is that he is not hungry. Put the food away and let him wait until the next time. He may have anything in the diet plan I send. Pay no attention to the head scratching. For the scanty urine give plenty of water. + *Cont'd on page 50*

The GEM SQUEEZER



THE FINEST MACHINE OF ITS KIND

Not an ordinary utensil, but a brand new kind of squeezer that answers the need of the home for a truly efficient hand-operated juice extractor for oranges, lemons and grapefruit. The "Gem" is faster, more convenient, simpler to use. Reams thoroughly while it squeezes. Comes apart in a jiffy for washing. Size—height 6 inches, diameter 4½ inches.

Price 70 cents postpaid anywhere in Canada.

If you cannot obtain from your dealer, please write us direct.

MANUFACTURED BY

LARSEN & SHAW, LIMITED
WALKERTON, ONTARIO

PLEASURE and PROFIT from HANDICRAFTS

We can't work for pleasure all the time, but we can work "for the fun of it" in our leisure, and there's no greater satisfaction than creating something with our hands. "Creative Handicrafts," a book that gives you practical and detailed information, fully illustrated, on these hobbies:

Pottery Weaving
Basketry Metalcraft
Leathercraft Book-binding
Block Printing Dyeing

Price only **25¢** postpaid

TRANS-CANADA NEWS CO.
210 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO



BABY GOT DIARRHOEA?

REMOVE THE CAUSE

IT saps your baby's strength. Lowers his resistance to disease. Leaves him a prey to other sicknesses. Regulate the bowels and banish it immediately.

Read the experience of Mrs. Edith Stroud, of Brown's Line P.O., Ont.: "I have nine children, have not had one serious illness among them, and owe this to Baby's Own Tablets. For diarrhoea they are invaluable. They quickly clear up the cause. I am positive they prevent indigestion. Children sleep a natural sleep."

Promptly effective, also, in cases of simple fever, colds, colic, upset stomach, constipation, simple croup, indigestion and teething troubles.

Free of stupefying drugs and opiates. Easy to take as candy. Safe and harmless. Can be taken by the most delicate child. Analyst's report in every box.

Get a package today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. Money back if you are not satisfied. 25 cents.

Chatelaine's

HOUSEKEEPING



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME
MANAGEMENT-Conducted
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Cold Comfort Gets a Warm Reception

by
HELEN G. CAMPBELL

DESIGNED to help a housekeeper keep cool in trying circumstances, a refrigerator is a valued appliance all the year round. Come summer, it's king pin of the kitchen.

Any woman possessed of this equipment can conjure up a good meal without sweltering in the process or having a row with her conscience. She puts into it perishable foods for safekeeping, and she takes out delicious forms of sustenance for sultry days.

Food protection, economy, convenience and good living are the refrigerator's contributions to simplified housekeeping. The minute you have one you begin to save—on food bills, time, effort—and to pile up dividends on your investment. The more judgment you use in selecting one to suit your needs and the more common sense you exercise after it is installed, the greater will be the returns on your outlay.

Electricity, gas, kerosene and ice are the four modern methods of cooling. All these types are available and offer a range of style, size, finish and price to please the fussiest shopper for a satisfactory means of refrigeration.

Electric—Electric models have gained their popularity by efficiency, smart appearance and adaptability to a hundred needs. They have constantly improved their mechanism, lowered their operating costs, and added refinements to increase their convenience. Among the features they are wearing this year are flat-bar adjustable and sliding shelves, temperature control, covered crisping pans, tray and ice cube releases, interior lights, faster ice-making ability and greater capacity for storing it. Food compartments are tailored to smooth kitchen routine, and can be depended upon to maintain a frigid zone in spite of even tropic weather.

Gas—A tiny gas flame does the job of cooling, which is contrary to its usual purpose in life. Does it well, too, according to inside information—inside the refrigerator, that is. The flame is out of sight and out of mind, for it is as safe as it is steady. If for any reason it should go out, an automatic shut-off valve stops the flow of gas and prevents its escaping.

Without any moving parts in its make-up, this refrigerator is perfectly silent in operation and has a long life line. It is durable, smart, efficient, with an automatic light, temperature dial, cold indicator, trigger releases for ice trays, and flexible grids for easy removal of cubes. There are covered drawers for vegetables and fruits and well-designed shelves which are adjustable to your demands.

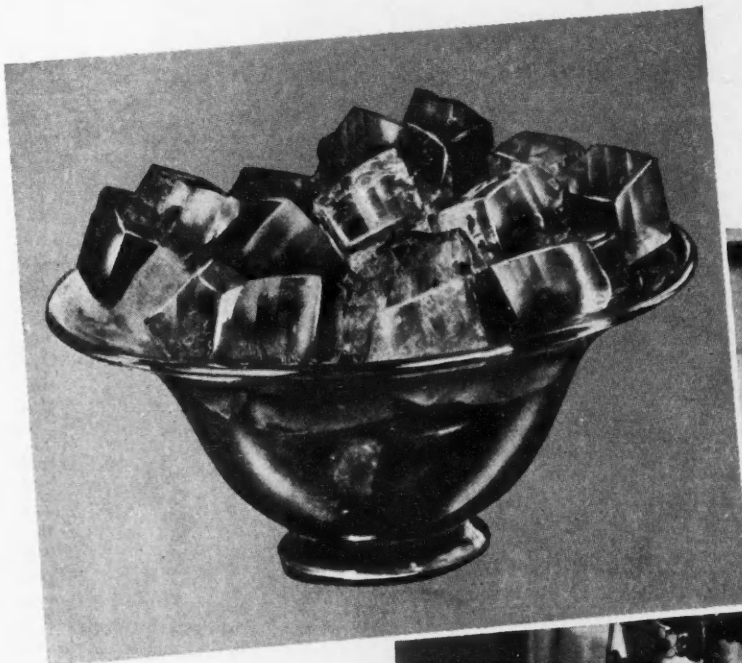
The manufacturers of this refrigerator offer the same product equipped with a

kerosene burner in place of gas. This answers the needs of many who live off the main line or in a district where gas is not available. Summer cottagers will appreciate its good behavior and contribution to carefree living.

Ice—Unlike as chalk to cheese are the modern ice refrigerators to their predecessors. In the first place, they have good looks and style, a smooth, hard finish

that is easy to keep clean and an entirely new standard of performance. They are insulated for economy of ice, and the upper chamber is designed for flat melting which results in even low temperature in the food compartment. Even when the block has shrunk considerably, it covers the whole floor of the ice section and maintains its cooling efficiency.

There is news, too, in the fact that less frequent icing is required and that servicing has been vastly improved. Delivery men are smartly uniformed, bring the ice in a canvas bag, slip it into the refrigerator with no muss, and carry their own cloth to wipe up any drips or drops. It is nearly always possible to connect the refrigerator to a drain, which permanent installation does away with the drip pan nuisance. ♦ Continued on page 57



Glassware and Tray courtesy
Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd.

Photographs by Milne Studios.

Do You Know How to Make
Such Delicious Treats
For the Family as

CONSOMME CUBES
RICE AND SALMON
MOULD
TAPIOCA MEAT LOAF
COLE SLAW WITH
ROQUEFORT CHEESE
FROZEN LEMON CREAM
REFRIGERATOR ROLLS?

...

This Article Will Tell You How to
Make Them — All Recipes Tested
and Approved
in Chatelaine
Institute.



JAMS! JELLIES!

YOU CAN MAKE A WHOLE BATCH.
IN 15 MINUTES WITH CERTO!

SAVES TIME

SEE THEN... HERE'S MY FRUIT ALL PREPARED... WITH CERTO I'LL HAVE A WHOLE BATCH FINISHED IN 15 MINUTES!

SAVES WORK

HERE'S WHY...WITH CERTO YOU BOIL ONLY ONE OR TWO MINUTES FOR JAM—A MINUTE AT MOST FOR JELLY...NO LONG TEDIOUS BOILING AND STIRRING

SAVES MONEY

MY GOODNESS! ...THAT WAY YOU CAN MAKE 4 OR 5 BATCHES ANY MORNING AND NOT BE THE LEAST TIRED OR OVER-HEATED

...AND YOU'VE POURED 10 GLASSES FROM ONLY 2 QUARTS OF FRUIT! ...WHAT A SAVING! ...I'D ONLY EXPECT 6 MY WAY

EXACTLY!... THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE SHORT BOIL...IT'S SO QUICK NO PRECIOUS JUICE HAS TIME TO BOIL AWAY

NATURAL, FRESH TASTE

WELL YOU DID FINISH ON TIME... AND YOU'VE RETAINED ALL THE NATURAL COLOUR!

NO FAILURES

OF COURSE... IN THIS SHORT BOIL ALL THE NATURAL COLOUR AND FRESH LUSCIOUS TASTE STAY RIGHT IN THE FRUIT...THERE'S NO LOSS OF FLAVOUR THROUGH LONG BOILING

...AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE FAILURES IF YOU FOLLOW THESE CERTO RECIPES EXACTLY!

MY DEAR! I'LL START MAKING JAM AND JELLY WITH CERTO RIGHT AWAY ...I CAN SEE IT'S SENSIBLE...IT SAVES TIME MONEY...WORK ...WORRY!

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Look for the book of Tested Recipes under the label of every bottle of Certo and inside every package of "Certo" Crystals—a separate recipe for each fruit.

In Crystal Form, Too

Use whichever form you prefer—liquid or crystals. Two packages of "Certo" Crystals make as much jam or jelly as one bottle of Certo.



FOR YOU 60 ASSORTED LABELS FOR JAM & JELLY GLASSES

To get these attractive labels, just mail this coupon and a 3¢ stamp with a label from one Certo bottle or two package fronts from "Certo" Crystals to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ontario.



The Baby Clinic

Continued from page 48

Question—My baby girl, eight and one-half months old, is fed on a formula (detailed). During the last two weeks she has developed a rash about her mouth. Otherwise she appears in perfect health, but she has not cut any teeth. The lotions and ointments used for the rash do not seem to have done any good.—Mrs. F. B. P., Windsor, Ont.

Answer—Try baby on the formula enclosed. The rash is probably due to improper food or too much of it. The application of equal parts of zinc oxide and tar ointment is as good as anything I know of. Apply lightly so that there is not much for her to lick off.

Question—My baby boy at ten months, weighs twenty-three pounds and has seven teeth. He creeps and can stand on his legs, but does not walk. Is encouragement in walking likely to cause bowlegs? Every time he cuts a tooth he has looseness of the bowels. Is this all right? Please send formula.—Mrs. M. F., North Battleford, Sask.

Answer—Formula sent. Encouraging the baby to walk will not cause bowlegs. The condition, when it exists, is due to improper feeding, such as lack of cod-liver oil and sunshine. The transient looseness of bowels may be disregarded. +

There's a Catch In It!

Answers to questions on page 68

Bath in the basement—He just pulled the plug out!

Toronto - Montreal motorists—They'd both be the same distance from Toronto when they met!

The ship's ladder—One rung. As the tide rose the boat would rise too.

Lily in a pond—Twenty-nine days. On the thirtieth day it doubled its size and covered the whole pond.

Cigarette scavenger—Eight cigarettes. He made up seven cigarettes out of the forty-nine butts, then made up an eighth cigarette from his own seven butts.

Back to the North Pole—North. No matter where you are, you always have to walk north to get to the North Pole.

Locked letter-box—When the man posted his key back, the postman put it into the locked letter box and the housekeeper couldn't get at it.

A pair of stockings—Three, not eleven as the majority of people say. She can't miss by bringing three out.

Uncle but not aunt—The woman wasn't his aunt, she was his mother. Of course—why didn't I think of that!

Boy's birthday—December 31. He is speaking on January 1.

Man in church—If he died in his sleep, how did they know what he was dreaming about? +

IT'S HERE! Whole Wheat
in a NEW and DELICIOUS
FORM!



You've never seen or tasted anything like this before! Whole Wheat Krumbles give you wheat toasted to a crisp golden-brown, and shredded. Easy to eat—and easy to digest!



And besides being shredded—it's krumbled too! No longer do you have the bother of breaking it in your fingers—these tasty Krumbles are ready to eat just as you pour them from the package!



Finally, the wheat has been flavored, with such a rich and delicious taste that children and grown-ups are eager to enjoy the vital food elements whole wheat provides so generously.

Krumbles are filled with iron, proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorus, besides the natural vitamin B₁ of wheat—a vital balance to help give your family the energy and vitality they want.

Order Whole Wheat Krumbles tomorrow. Sold by most leading grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

THE BREAKFAST OF ENERGY

TUNE IN — Boys and girls will thrill to "HOWIE WING — a Saga of Aviation." Broadcast four times weekly. See your newspaper for station and time.

MilksPowdered
Condensed

Evaporated

Prepared Cereals

(Choose as many kinds as you like)

Cornflakes
Shredded Wheat
Bran
Puffed RicePuffed Wheat
Grape-Nuts
Rice Krispies
Muffets
Krumbles**Packaged Cereals**Oatmeal and Rolled Oats
Cornmeal
Cream of WheatWheatena
Roman Meal
Red River Cereal**Flour**Biscuit Flour
Ready Mixed Cake Flour

Pancake Flour

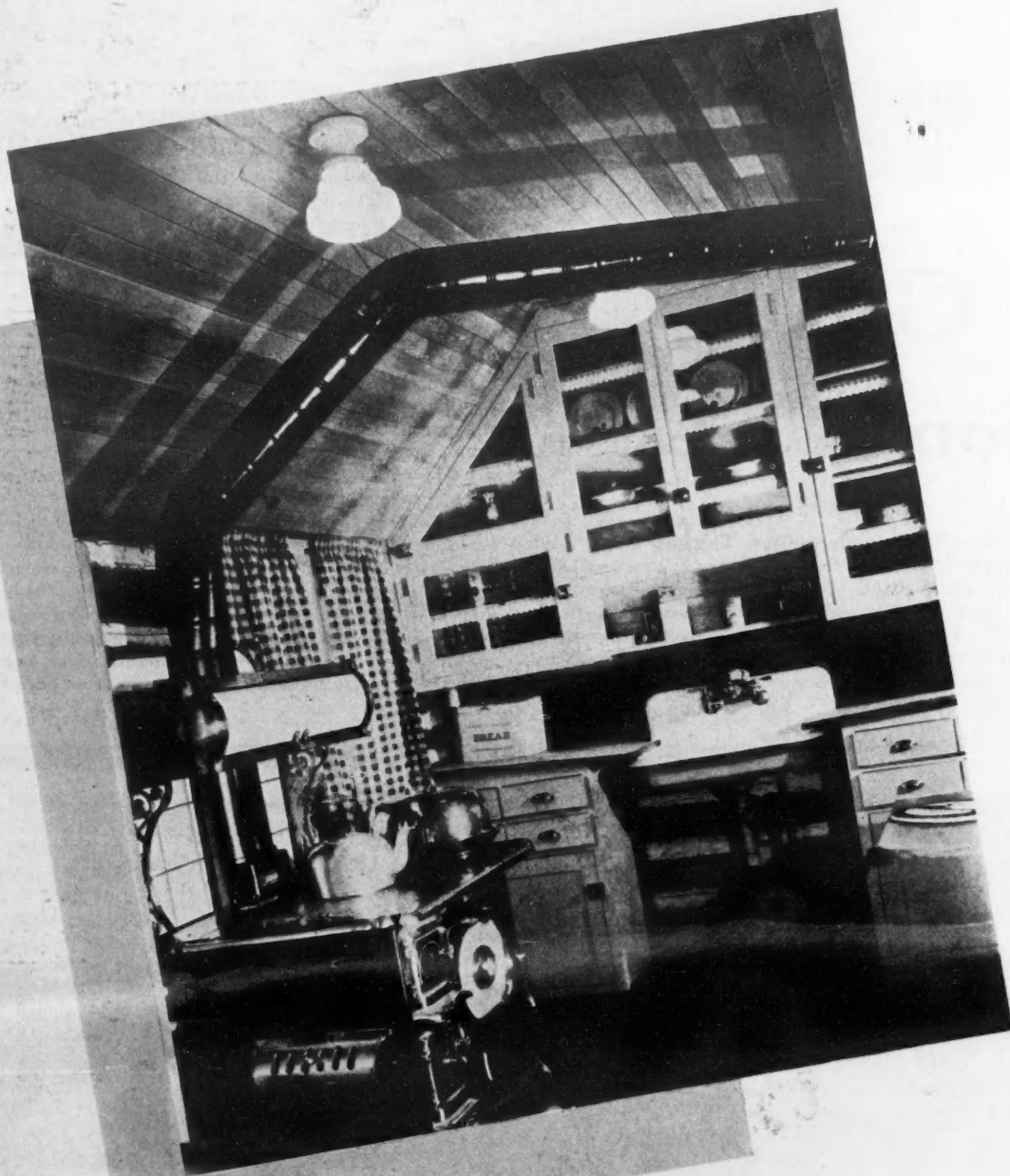
Canned MeatsCorned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Chicken
Pressed Veal
Tongue
HamSausage
Meat Loaf
Smoked Beef
Irish Stew
Boiled Dinner
Chicken à la king**Canned Fish**Salmon
Sardines
Kipperd HerringPilchard
Lobster
Crab
Finnan Haddie**Canned Vegetables**Tomatoes
Peas
Corn
Pork and Beans
String Beans
Baby BeetsCarrots
Asparagus
Spinach
Mixed Cubed Vegetables
Mushrooms
Corn on the Cob**Canned Fruits**Peaches
Pears
Apricots
Cherries
Grapefruit
RaspberriesApple Sauce
Pineapple
Plums
Fruit Salad
Figs
Strawberries**Fruit Juices**Grapefruit
Pineapple
PruneOrange
Cherry
Grape Juice**Canned Soups**

Many Varieties

Other Staples in Tins or JarsCooked Spaghetti
Jams (various flavors)
Jellies (various flavors)
Marmalade
Peanut Butter
Mixed Pickles
Olives
Catsup and Chili
Sauce
Worcestershire
Sauce
Mustard
Salad Dressings
Vinegars
Tomato Juice
Assorted BeveragesSandwich Fillings
(variety)
Maple Syrup
Corn Syrup
Honey
Molasses
Shortening
Baking Powder
Cooking and Salad Oils
Marshmallows
Maraschino
Cherries
Coffee, Tea, Cocoa
Chocolate Syrup
Ginger Ale
Assorted Flavorings**Boxed or Packaged**Soda Biscuits
Graham Wafers
Fancy Mixed Cakes
Macaroni and Noodles
Loaf Sugar
Jelly Powders and
Gelatine
Prepared Puddings
Spices (variety)
Cheese (variety)Rennet Custard Tablets
Ice Cream Mix
Tapioca
Rice, Sago
Dates, Raisins, Prunes
Chocolate
Cocoanut
Bouillon Cubes
Salt and Pepper
Baking Soda

+ Continued on page 57

DELICIOUS, Refreshing Quaker Puffed Wheat Gives
You **TRIGGER FAST** Food Energy Because it's
SHOT FROM GUNS!*IT'S A HOMER!*
He must have
PUFFED WHEAT
for breakfast
too!**Shirley Temple**
Star of "LITTLE MISS BROADWAY"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture**ATTA GIRL, SHIRLEY!**You're sure to bat 300
yet. Those nourishing
Puffed Wheat break-
fasts of yours give you
lots of the trigger-fast
food energy it takes to
hit home runs. And
Quaker Puffed Wheat
is the tops for taste.**"DELICIOUS!" SAYS SHIRLEY,** as
she enjoys her favorite break-
fast of crisp, refreshing Quaker
Puffed Wheat. Shirley, like
thousands of alert boys, girls
and grown-ups, loves the dif-
ferent, nut-like flavor of the
crisp, golden grains of good-
ness. And they're specially
easy to digest, because they're
Shot From Guns. Give your
family this delightful treat.
Ask your grocer for Quaker
Puffed Wheat today.**QUAKER
PUFFED WHEAT****QUAKER
PUFFED
WHEAT***Different Delicious Digestible***YOU'LL ENJOY COOL, REFRESHING QUAKER PUFFED RICE TOO!**



COTTAGE LIFE . . .

*A list of labor savers to
make your sojourn in the
woods more comfortable*

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

SIMPLE and carefree—that's what cottage life should be. Can be, too, if you do a little concentrated planning before your holiday begins and arm yourself with a few home comforts to take along.

A change is not so good as a rest when it's a hop from a comfortable kitchen to a poorly equipped one, from easy housekeeping to a hectic struggle every time you put a meal on the table. No wonder many women have mixed feelings on the subject of the simple life; they're apt to remember "runny" butter as well as the sunsets over the lake.

As relaxation is the aim and object of any vacation, it's only sensible to fit your summer home for comfort and stock it with labor savers. It's all very well to "rough it," but not in the kitchen.

If the place is wired, you can have all sorts of electrical equipment which adds to your ease and cool contentment.

Electric Stove—calls for heavy wiring and isn't exactly a minor purchase. Grand if you can afford it, however.

For those who can't there are rangettes which plug into any wall socket and provide top stove and oven accommodation on a smaller scale. They have their limitations but are equal to simple meals for a moderate-sized family. You can bring the rangette back with you too and use it later as an accessory to the range when you're entertaining or preparing a special menu.

Electric Roaster—Really an oven of amazing versatility, which will look after a whole meal—meat and two

vegetables, or meat, accompaniment and dessert. You can use it to roast, bake or steam, attach it anywhere or carry it with you, if you like hot food on a picnic. Also has supplementary value as a cooker all through the year and graces the buffet table at a fall reunion with your friends.

Electric Fan—To provide cool breezes, irrespective of the weather. Probably you could do with two of them; everybody is hot at the same time.

Electric Refrigerator—If such luxury is not beyond you for the cottage, it will be the means of keeping food in A 1 condition and of serving the family those crisp salads, ices, cool desserts and frosty drinks which summer demands.

Toaster, Percolator, Waffle Iron—Three appliances ready to do noble duty at the breakfast table and any other time of the day. Of course you can make coffee in a saucepan and brown bread over a stove, but who wants to?

Electric Washer—You may not wear many clothes, but what you do need tubbings. Apartment-sized machines will look after two or three sheets, a few towels or pillowcases, some of the children's clothes and your own shorts or slacks and have your washing on the line in short time.

Electric Iron—For the things that really have to be pressed. But don't work it overtime on sheets and kitchen linen that don't actually need it. You're up for the simple life—so simplify.

Mixer—Take your mixer if the family insist on homemade cakes, salad dressings, fruit juices and other accustomed good things.

Radio—For entertainment and the news.

If you're back in the depths of the country with no power "laid on," you can still have many conveniences to make the home happy.

Coal Oil or Gasoline Stove—Provides easily controlled heat and answers hundreds of cottagers' needs in a thoroughly efficient way. So long as there is fuel in the tanks and the wicks are clean, it will do yeoman service in meal preparation. Comes in different sizes with a portable oven which will bake and roast when necessary, or stand in a corner when you need all the burners for top-stove cooking.

Wood or Coal Stove—A sturdy, compact cook stove can do as good a job as any of them, once you get the knack of managing it, and it's the centre of attraction when the evening suddenly turns cool.

Refrigerator—The one made with a kerosene burner—referred to on page 51 is automatic and requires no more attention than the occasional filling of the tank. Or if a regular supply of ice is available, you'll have comfort and satisfaction with the modern product which is described on page 51.

Lamps—Have at least one with a thin gauzelike mantle inside the chimney to throw a brilliant and white light in otherwise dull places. Handle it carefully in cleaning or moving and it will give long and efficient service.

Flashlights—For nightly illumination. Keeps you from stepping on rough places on your way back from a late sail or dip. But you know all the purposes of these handy gadgets and probably you take them in pairs to the country.

Washing Machines—Hand-driven machines are available. Though they haven't all the convenience of an electric product, they are still a lot better than the old-fashioned wash tub—and a lot easier on the back.

Gasoline Iron—A self-heating affair which carries its own fuel tank. It's easy to light and operate, and does a good job of smoothing wrinkles from clothes and brow. Nothing "sad" about this one.

Portable Phonograph—To play your favorite tunes over and over—as many times as you like.

The list of labor savers for any cottage includes paper towels, serviettes and "dishes"—plates, cups, baking cases. Waxed paper for storage and picnic, oilcloth table covers, mats, scarves, and even curtains. Take up shelf paper to dress your cupboards, a Thermos jug and bottles for keeping foods hot (or cold), dark glasses to protect your eyes, and a first-aid kit in case of accident. And a camera to record your doings.

Meals require even more planning when supplies take longer to arrive or the local grocery has its limitations. Canned, bottled and packaged goods help to make you independent of conditions, and cut your sojourn in the kitchen to half time. Many of them are ready to serve, while others require only a final step in preparation before they are served. Here is the basis for easy housekeeping to be supplemented with the fresh supplies of your locality: ♦

Continued on page 53

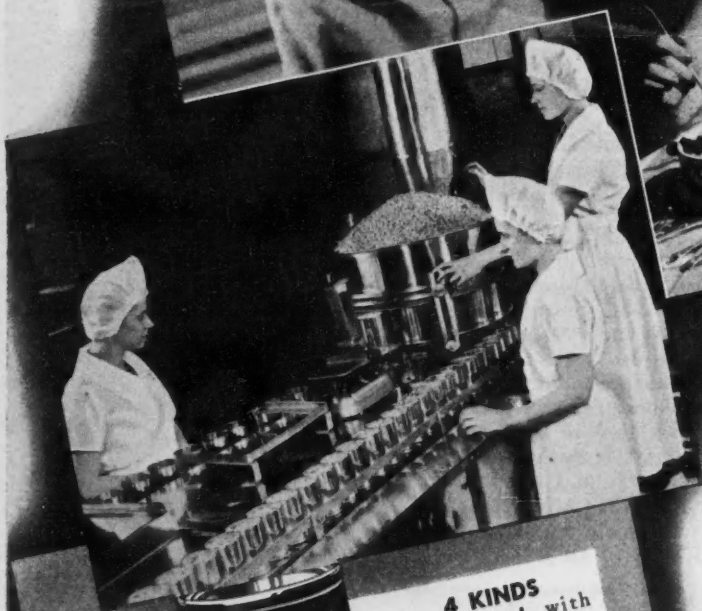


1 BREAKFAST (Dominion Day) Orange Juice Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER (Picnic Supper) Egg and Onion Sandwiches Peanut Butter Sandwiches Whole Tomatoes, Sweet Pickles Cup Cakes Crackers and Cheese Coffee	DINNER Steamed Salmon Parsley Sauce French-fried Potatoes Green Peas Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	16 BREAKFAST Bananas Cereal Toasted Muffins (from Friday) Jelly Coffee Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Bacon Sautéed Eggplant Sugared Fresh Cherries Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	DINNER Hamburger Patties with Brown Gravy Riced Potatoes Beet Greens Buttered Carrots Cottage Pudding Coffee Tea
2 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Flaked Salmon (from Friday) and Cucumber Salad Brown Bread Corn Muffins Syrup Tea Cocoa	Grilled Smoked Ham Creamed Potatoes Spinach Vanilla Blancmange with Tart Red Jelly Coffee Tea	17 (Sunday) Chilled Melon Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Cake Honey Coffee Tea	Mushroom Soup Sardine Sandwiches Cucumber Sandwiches Cream Cheese and Almond Sandwiches Ice Cream Wafers Fruit Punch	Baked Ham Slice Potato Cakes Cauliflower Fresh Raspberries and Cream Lemon Layer Cake Coffee Tea
3 (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Grilled Fresh or Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Cup of Chicken Broth Molded Vegetable Salad (cucumbers, radishes, green onions in lime jelly on lettuce) Rolls Spice Cake, Mocha Frosting Tea Cocoa	Fruit Juice Cocktail Lamb Chops, Bacon and Kidneys Mint Jelly Parsley Potatoes Grilled Tomatoes Fresh Cherry Pie Coffee Tea	18 Orange Halves Cereal Creamed Minced Ham on Toast Coffee Tea	Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce Lettuce with French Dressing Canned Fruit Cake Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Boiled Potatoes Beet Greens Gooseberry Tapioca Coffee Tea
4 Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Toasted Cheese and Tomato Baked Rhubarb Cake Tea Cocoa	Braised Beef with Vegetables Potatoes (baked with the meat) Mixed Pickles Baked Coconut Custard Coffee Tea	19 Grapefruit Juice Pan-fried Small Fish Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Sliced Cucumber and Onion Individual Blackberry Shortcakes Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Trifle Coffee Tea
5 Rhubarb (from Monday) Bacon and Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Baked Stuffed Green Peppers (use Minced Leftover Beef) Potato Chips Raspberries and Cream Tea Cookies Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Jellied Veal Potato and Celery Salad Cabbage and Carrot Slaw Chocolate Cup Cakes Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	20 Prepared Cereal with Raspberries Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Sausage Cakes Grilled Tomatoes Brown Bread and Butter Johnny Cake Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Corned Beef Savory Rice Buttered Onions Orange Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
6 Pineapple Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Creamed Fresh Asparagus and Hard-cooked Eggs on Toast Chilled Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Sausages Buttered Noodles Harvard Beets Strawberry Jelly Whip Coffee Tea	21 Tomato Juice Bacon Conserve Toast Coffee Tea	Pineapple, Grapefruit and Fresh Apricot Salad Hot Cheese Biscuits Chocolate Eclairs Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie Creamed Celery Peas Cherry Crisp Coffee Tea
7 Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Corn Soup Cold Meat Green Salad Bowl Pecan Tarts Tea Cocoa	Broiled Wing Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Wax Beans Rhubarb Tapioca Coffee Tea	22 Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Clam Chowder Fried Egg Sandwich Stewed Prunes Cookies Tea Cocoa	Broiled Fresh Mackerel Mashed Potatoes Spinach Creamy Rice Fresh Raspberry Sauce Coffee Tea
8 Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Fish and Chips Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Brown Bread Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Platter (whole cauliflower with cheese sauce, baked tomatoes stuffed with corn, carrots with parsley butter) Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea	23 Red Currants with Sugar Creamed Fish (from Friday) Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Potato Salad Mustard Pickle Green Apple Sauce Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Liver and Fried Onions Pan-browned Potatoes Swiss Chard Chilled Melon Coffee Tea
9 Oranges Cereal Brown Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Casserole of Macaroni and Chipped Beef Stewed Gooseberries Gingerbread (from Friday) Iced Tea or Chocolate Milk	Baked Back Bacon Boiled Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Fruit Cup Cookies Coffee Tea	24 (Sunday) Grape Juice with Sliced Lemon French Toast Bacon Coffee Syrup Tea	Cheese and Green Pepper Salad Buttered Bran Muffins Vanilla Rennet Custard with Fresh Berries Tea Cocoa	Fried Chicken Duchess Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Gooseberry Pie Coffee Tea
10 (Sunday) Unhulled Strawberries with Powdered Sugar Cereal Puffy Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Back Bacon Potato Salad, Sliced Tomatoes Sweet Cherries and Melon Balls in Melon Ring Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Rolled Roast of Beef Horseradish Browned Potatoes Spinach Frozen Pudding Coffee Tea	25 Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamed Pilchard with Hard-cooked Eggs on Toast Lemon Cheese Tarts Tea Cocoa	Veal Loaf Boiled Potatoes Corn Caramel Pudding Coffee Tea
11 Tomato Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Honey Coffee Tea	Raw Vegetable Salad Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Stewed or Canned Fruit Tea Cookies Cocoa	Julienne Soup Cold Roast Beef Browned Potato Cakes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Rice with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	26 Fresh Berries Cereal Date Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Cold Veal Loaf Jellied Lettuce Salad Biscuits Cheese Tea Jam Cocoa	Broiled Sirloin Steak Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Carrots Banana Custard Coffee Tea
12 Chilled Melon Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Waffles with Bacon Orange, Prune and Pineapple Salad on Lettuce Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Celery Sauce Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cherry Batter Pudding Coffee Tea	27 Chilled Watermelon Fried Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Kidney Stew in Ramekins Fruit Salad Cake Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Vegetable Plate (potato soufflé, baked summer squash, beets, creamed onions) Fresh Cherry Roll Coffee Tea
13 Chilled Prune Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Asparagus Soup Sliced Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Pickles Berries and Cream Tea Cocoa	Salmon Ring with Creamed Green Peas Mashed Potatoes Green Salad Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea	28 Orange Juice Cereal Brown Toast Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Canned Baked Beans Celery Green Onions Berries and Cream Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Cole Slaw Lemon Snow Pudding Coffee Tea
14 Orange Juice Cereal Grilled Kidneys Toast Coffee Tea	Devised Egg Salad with Lettuce and Tomatoes Brown Rolls Raspberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Boiled Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Black Currant Rolypoly Coffee Tea	29 Prepared Cereal with Fresh Berries Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Corn and Green Pepper Casserole Hard Brown Rolls Sliced Oranges and Bananas with Coconut Tea Cocoa	Boiled Chilled Halibut on Lettuce with Tartare Sauce Molded Vegetable Salad Tomato Sections Steamed Chocolate Pudding Brown Sugar Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
15 Fresh Berries Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cheese Soufflé Bran Muffins Celery Hearts Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cookies Cocoa	Pan-broiled Trout with Lemon Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Jellied Fruits in Gingeral Sponge Drops Coffee Tea	30 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Halibut Soufflé (use fish from Friday) Lettuce Salad Apple Compote Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Carrots and Peas Cherry Almond Mold Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
			31 (Sunday) Melon Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Coffee Tea	Individual Hot Meat Pies Assorted Relishes Ice Cream Sundae Angel Cake Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Jellied Tongue Browned Potato Cakes Buttered Green Beans Raspberry Shortcake Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month



EVERYBODY SAYS *Yes!*
WHEN THE BEANS ARE HEINZ



4 KINDS
Oven-baked, with
Pork and Tomato
Sauce.
Oven-baked, with
Pork and Molasses,
Boston Style.
Oven-baked, with rich
tomato sauce, without
meat, Vegetarian
Style.
Oven-baked, Red
Kidney Beans with
pork and their own
special sauce.

● The liking most people have for Heinz Oven-Baked Beans almost amounts to a yearning. With many of them it goes back to the days of the bean-crock and cookstove oven, when the Saturday night bean feast was nearly a ritual. Nowadays they don't need to wait until Saturday. You can get four kinds of delicious, home-recipe Heinz Beans from the store any time—and they're the kind everybody likes.

Of course, Heinz Beans are different. They're so brown, so mealy and tender, because they're actually *baked*—not merely steamed or boiled like some beans that come in tins. Heinz Beans have the genuine home-made taste.

Three of the four kinds give you the appetizing savour of sweet, bacon pork. The fourth has no meat. Delicious sauces which only Heinz knows how to make, penetrate to the heart of every luscious bean. No wonder every appetite says "yes!"

Your family will like Heinz Oven-Baked Beans for lunch or supper—as a side dish at dinner—a picnic at home. To the kitchen raider nothing can take the place of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. Order a few tins now—the kind your family likes best. Be sure they're Heinz—and you'll be sure they're baked.

Happy thought!—Be sure to take a good supply "to the cottage."

Heinz **OVEN-BAKED BEANS**

Cottage Life

Continued from page 53

Cottage Dinner

- ¾ Pound of hamburger, browned in butter
- 4 Small potatoes, sliced
- ½ Onion, sliced
- ¼ Cupful of rice, uncooked
- 1 Small can of tomatoes (No. 2)

Seasonings

Arrange the hamburger, potatoes, onion and rice in layers in a baking dish, repeating the layers until the dish is filled, and sprinkling seasonings on each layer. Pour the seasoned tomatoes over the materials in the baking dish and cook for one and one-half hours in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. Four to five servings.

Onion Soup

- 2 Cupfuls of onions (thinly sliced)
 - 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
 - 1 Can of consommé
 - 1 Can of water
 - 3 Rounds of toast
 - Grated nippy cheese
- Cook the onions in the butter until lightly browned, add the soup and

water, and bring to boiling point. Place rounds of toast on top, sprinkle each one with one teaspoonful of grated nippy cheese, and place in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Serves three generously.

Casserole of Baked Eggs and Tomatoes

- 1 Can of tomato soup
- ¾ Can of water
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 1 Small onion, finely chopped
- ½ Cupful of left-over peas (may be omitted)
- 4 Eggs
- Salt and Pepper
- Grated cheese

Combine the soup, water, bread crumbs, onion and peas, and turn into a buttered baking dish. Break the eggs carefully on top, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cover with grated cheese. Bake in a slow oven—300 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the eggs are set. Four servings. +

Cold Comfort Gets a Warm Reception

Continued from page 51

The first rule of choice after you have decided upon the type, is a trademark that stands for quality and value. Well-established manufacturers with a reputation to maintain, cannot afford to produce unreliable products, or to be anything but straightforward in their dealing.

Size is a major consideration and many a woman has repented her decision to make a small one "do." She has forgotten, perhaps, that entertaining, sickness or an addition to the family makes extra demands on the space. She may not have known how she could save money by buying foods in larger quantities, and she didn't realize the convenience of a little leeway in accommodation. A refrigerator is one of those things you buy only once in a dog's age, so don't stint yourself in so important a purchase. The cost of upkeep is very little more and the returns in comfort great.

ONCE YOU have chosen your refrigerator, have it installed in the kitchen where it is most convenient. It is a frequently used storage centre and should be in good relation to the range, sink, and food preparation counter. Have the door swing away from the work space if possible, so that its shelves are within easy reach.

Efficiency and economy of operation will be in direct relation to your own good management. It's pretty silly, then, to wander all over the room while the door stands open. Some people do, and run up bills for fuel or ice accordingly. Or to overcrowd the shelves; dishes shouldn't be jammed in in such a way as to interfere with the free circulation of cold air around the food. You will notice that the covered crisping pans which are standard

equipment in many refrigerators are placed a little away from the walls—and that's the reason. If you are using an ice refrigerator, it's poor business to use the ice chamber for anything but ice, and don't make the mistake of covering it.

CONCENTRATE on cooling food, not a lot of paper wrappings, and use some judgment in placing it on the shelves. Give the coldest location to milk, cream and butter, the crisping pans to greens, and strategic positions to tall bottles. Temperature in a well-constructed refrigerator does not vary more than a few degrees, so your own convenience is your gauge for arranging other perishables.

The rule of covering foods should be used with reservations. With an automatic refrigerator—electricity, gas and kerosene—it's an advantage in most cases, although meats are better with only a light protection and foods which provide their own don't need it at all. The moist air of an ice refrigerator makes covering less necessary, though it's an added precaution against the interchange of any odors that don't go down the drain. Waxed paper, parchment, moistureproof Cellophane and oiled silk bags—oiled silk caps for bowls and sets of refrigerator dishes are available for protective purposes at very low cost.

Appetizing dishes or their makings come from the Arctic climate of the modern refrigerator—cooling drinks, crisp salads, jellied, chilled or frozen desserts, rolls, cookies, pastries and many mainstays of a meal. Here is evidence for you, and you can pile up further proof in a thousand and one different ways.

+ Continued on next page



• The famous Maytag Gyrofoam method of washing is fast but thorough. The gyrator starts powerful currents of water streaming through the clothes. The dirt particles are quickly loosened and rinsed out. The sediment zone collects the dirt instead of permitting it to be washed back into the clothes. A cleaner, whiter wash is the result.

Every single part of the Maytag is built for lifetime durability. The indestructible wringer is thorough and easy to operate. Maytag electric models are quiet, rugged and good-looking. Maytag washers can also be supplied with two-cylinder, vibrationless gas engines.

Why not see this famous washer in action. Telephone our nearest dealer and arrange for a free demonstration in your own home.

Maytag

QUALITY WASHERS

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WASHERS

The Maytag Company, Limited, 268 Van Horne St., Toronto

Branches at WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER

ROASTS THAT ARE DONE TO A TURN!

THERE'S a special glow of satisfaction when the roast is tender and delicious—cooked to a turn! No apologies are needed because the meat is overdone or not sufficiently cooked—no dismal explanations when a fine piece of beef or pork or lamb has been spoiled in the oven. Not when you have substituted exactness for guesswork by using one of these Roast-Meat Thermometers—made by the Taylor Instrument Companies of Canada, internationally famous for their accurate, high-grade thermometers.

We Will Send You One of These Roast-Meat Thermometers —Without Cost to You!

We will send you one of these beautifully constructed Roast-Meat Thermometers (with a special skewer to use in inserting the Thermometer into the roast) without any cost to you whatever... if you will secure for us a total of \$3.00 in subscriptions to *Chatelaine*. You can make up the \$3.00 with One-year subscriptions at \$1.00 each; Two-year subscriptions at \$1.50 each; or you can include a Three-year subscription at \$2.00 with a One-year subscription at \$1.00—any combination that will make up a total of at least \$3.00. If you are sending three One-year subscriptions, your own subscription or renewal may be included—but not if you send in only two subscriptions. In that case, both subscriptions must be from other persons, and paid for by them. Write the names and addresses of the subscribers plainly, with your own name and address, and mail with your remittance to—

JEAN TRAVIS

CHATELAINE
TORONTO - CANADA



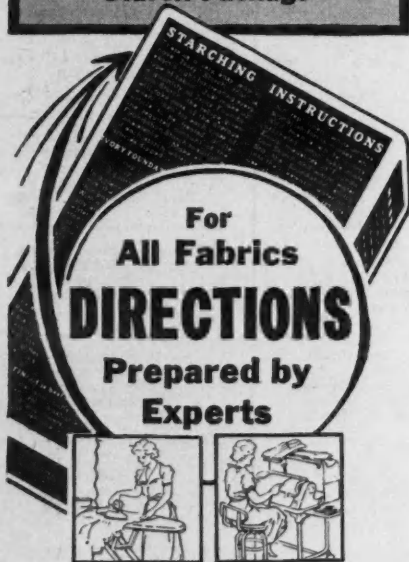
Tested and Approved by
SERIAL 0—NO. 105
Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
Chatelaine Magazine

NEW PACKAGE



HOW TO STARCH CORRECTLY

Directions printed on every new Ivory Laundry Starch Package



NO MORE GUESS WORK

...when you buy Ivory Laundry Starch in the new blue and white package with the modern directions printed on the back. Complete directions prepared by expert home economists tell you how to best starch all types of fabrics—how to give new life and appearance to fabrics you haven't been in the habit of starching. The new directions on Ivory take the mystery out of starching on wash day. They enable you for the first time to correctly starch with the right solution. All you do is follow the directions on the label. This is the only laundry starch label with modern up-to-date directions on the label. From now on starch correctly—get Ivory Laundry Starch in the new blue and white package with the modern directions on the back.

If your grocer can't supply you send his name and address to the St. Lawrence Starch Co. Ltd., Fort Credit, Ontario, and we will see that he is supplied.

IVORY LAUNDRY STARCH



“STIFFEN UP”

Slapdash methods don't pay in starching

BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL

YOU COULDN'T call us a stiff-necked generation in the matter of either collars or character. Nevertheless, we see the value of a little starch in both; a supine nature can't cope with this modern world, nor can we turn our best face toward it with clothes as limp as the proverbial rag.

We don't use as much starch as in the '90's when petticoats billowed away from their wearers and shirt bosoms were like a board. But we do need a little to renew the original finish of a fabric, or to stiffen its resistance to creases and soil.

Starching isn't a business for “by guess and by golly” methods. Follow a definite recipe with the same precision you give to your cooking, then dilute the foundation starch according to the material and the effect desired.

This quantity will serve an average wash, so you can make as much or as little as you like by using the same proportions.

- 1/2 Cupful of laundry starch
- 1/2 Cupful of cold water
- 2 Quarts of boiling water

Mix the starch with the cold water in a saucepan and stir in the boiling water carefully. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick, clear and smooth. If you are not ready to use it at once, cover the pan closely, and you won't be troubled with a skin forming over the top.

Lukewarm water is best for diluting as hot starch penetrates more quickly and evenly. Not only will the garment have a smarter appearance, but it's easier to iron than when cold starch is used. Different solutions are used for

different purposes and the following suggestions are given as a guide.

Heavy starch—Equal proportions of foundation starch and water. For collars and cuffs, maids' caps, perky ruffles and trimmings.

Medium starch—Three cupfuls of foundation starch to one gallon of water, or the proportion of one to five in any desired quantity. Gives a crisp but not stiff finish to house dresses, smocks, children's cover-alls, men's soft shirts, etc. About right, too, for glass curtains of net, dotted Swiss, marquisette and so on. Use a somewhat stronger solution—one part of starch to four parts of water—for uniforms and aprons, or anything else which is improved by a touch of firmness.

Light starch—Two to two and a half cupfuls of the prepared mixture to one gallon of water, or the proportion of one part of starch diluted six or eight times. Use to give body to, but not really stiffen, fine cotton materials—lawn, muslin and other sheers.

To freshen—If you want to improve a well-worn piece of linen such as a tablecloth or a washable silk that has seen many tubbings, dip it in a very weak starch solution—one cupful of foundation starch to one gallon of water.

Starching is done after the last rinse, using enough to cover the garment completely. If several pieces, such as pairs of curtains, require the same crispness, immerse them together or bring the solution to the proper strength between each bath.

Dry starched clothes at once and for ironing, have them moderately damp. Use a clean, hot iron to smooth them.

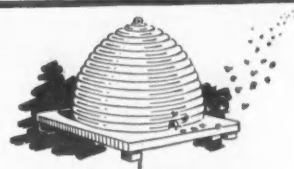
THREE NEW CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

Thirty-four Pies — new ideas for a man's favorite dessert. Bulletin No. 2206, price 15 cents.

Favorite Cakes and Fillings of the Chatelaine Institute. Bulletin No. 2205, price 15 cents.

Make Your Own Curtains — all you need to know about drapes and curtain fixtures. Bulletin 2100, price 15 cents.

Address your orders to Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, enclosing payment in stamps or postal note. Please state bulletin number when ordering.



It takes
QUAKER Natural BRAN
to make
Delicious Bran Muffins

— Just as it takes
Bees to make Honey

Only Quaker Natural Health Bran gives the true bran flavour—best results from any recipe that calls for bran. Quaker Natural Bran is especially intended for baking and possesses a health plus enjoyed daily by thousands. Sold only in sealed cartons—yet costs much less!



Get QUAKER Natural BRAN
at your grocer today
* COSTS MUCH LESS



Use MEMBA-SEALS

Clear as glass. Beautify your Jams and Jellies. Packet of 25 Seals complete 10c, at all grocers, druggists and 10c stores.

SIT ON YOUR PORCH IN PEACE

This delightful cream keeps mosquitoes away. Will not soil clothing.

Potter & Moore's 35% TUBE ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM



Use New Jar Rings Each Season



VICEROY
JAR RINGS
Viceroy Manufacturing Co. Limited
West Toronto.



Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES MADE

At All Good Dealers in Electrical Appliances

Fresh Raspberry and Banana Pudding

- 1 Package of raspberry-flavored jelly powder
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of raspberry juice and cold water
- 1 Cupful of fresh raspberries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Bananas
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipping cream

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water, add the raspberry juice and cold water. Chill until the mixture begins to thicken. Beat until light and fold in the raspberries which have been crushed and drained and combined with the sugar. Fold in the sliced or diced bananas and the cream which has been whipped only until it will hold its shape. Turn into a mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded and garnished with whole fresh raspberries. Six to eight servings.

If desired, the cream may be omitted from the mixture and served, instead, as an accompaniment.

Refrigerator Rolls

- 1 Yeast cake
- 1 Teaspoonful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of lukewarm water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of cold water
- 2 Eggs, well beaten
- 7 to 8 Cupfuls of flour

Crush the yeast cake, add the sugar and the lukewarm water and allow to stand for ten minutes. Combine the sugar, salt and butter, add the boiling water, stir until the butter melts and add the cold water and the yeast mixture. Add the beaten eggs and enough flour to make a dough which can be handled. Knead on a lightly floured board until the mixture is very smooth textured. Chill overnight. Form into rolls of any desired shape, place on a greased baking sheet and allow to rise for two to three hours at room temperature. Bake in a hot oven—400 to 425 deg. Fahr.—for about ten minutes. Serve hot.

Cherry Lemonade

- $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of lemon juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of cherry juice (canned or fresh sweetened)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of corn syrup
- 1 Pint of ginger ale
- Ice cubes

Combine the lemon and cherry juices and the corn syrup, mix well and add the chilled ginger ale. Serve at once over ice cubes. Six servings. +

This is Chatelaine Pattern No. 1604



Price 15 cents. Sizes 30 to 40. Available only by mail order to Pattern Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



S.O.S. will make it shine again like new

Simply grand, the way S.O.S. saves your time and temper—whisks away those stubborn stains and scorches—shines blackest pots and pans like new and like magic.

Really, no other cleanser is just like it. Try S.O.S.—a package will convince you. Buy it today at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store. Or mail the coupon below.



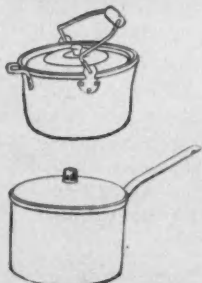
Look for the YELLOW and red package

FREE Mail this coupon, or a post card to S.O.S. Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, 365 Borauren Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it! Made in Canada. Fully protected by patents.

Name _____
Address _____

C.

The best foods deserve the best COOKING UTENSILS



"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils are safe. They help to keep foods delicious and wholesome because aluminum protects the natural flavors and colors, besides guarding the vital vitamin C while cooking. Aluminum browns cakes and roasts more evenly, too, as it conducts heat almost three times faster than other commonly used materials. For safety, economy and cleanliness always use "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils, equipped with attractive black fittings, harmonize with any kitchen color scheme.



Look for this trade-mark stamped on the bottom of every genuine "Wear-Ever" Utensil.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

She's a bright little lady



STURDY of limb and brimful of joyous health, because her mother gives her Shredded Wheat, every day, with plenty of milk and fresh, juicy fruits in season. She never tires of this breakfast. Shredded Wheat is a perfectly balanced food that develops strong growth and alert minds! Keep plenty on hand all the time.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd.
Niagara Falls - Canada

12 big biscuits in every box



She Eats

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

Raspberry and Watermelon Cocktail

- 1½ Cupfuls of fresh raspberries
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- Small watermelon balls
- Lemon juice

Wash and pick over the raspberries, cover with the sugar and chill in the refrigerator for at least one hour. Arrange chilled watermelon balls in six sherbet glasses, sprinkle with lemon juice and add three or four tablespoonfuls of the raspberries which have been forced through a coarse sieve.

Consomme Cubes

- (1) 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
2 Cupfuls of consomme
Seasonings to taste
- (2) 2 Cans of chicken broth
(chilled until jellied)

OR

- 2 Cupfuls of chicken broth
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of water
- Seasonings to taste

(1) Soften the gelatine in the cold water, add one cupful of hot consomme and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add the remaining cupful of consomme, season to taste and pour into a pan to make a layer about one inch thick. Chill until firm.

(2) Chill the canned chicken broth in the can, or turn it out into a pan, making a layer about one inch thick and chill thoroughly. If using chicken broth which needs the addition of gelatine to set it, follow the directions given in (1).

For serving, cut the jellied consomme and the jellied chicken broth into uniform cubes and arrange some of each in bouillon cups. Garnish with sprigs of fresh parsley. The combination of the two kinds of cubes makes an interesting effect of light and dark and an appetizing combination of flavors. Four or five servings.

Rice and Salmon Mold

- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 2 Cupfuls of meat stock or canned consomme
- 1 Cupful of cooked rice
- ¼ Cupful of diced celery
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- ¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 Small can of red salmon

Soften the gelatine in one-quarter cupful of the cold stock, heat the remainder of the stock, add to the softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool and when it just begins to thicken, add the cooked rice, the diced celery, salt, minced onion and paprika, and the salmon which has been drained, freed of bones and skin and separated into flakes. Turn into a mold and chill until set. Five to six servings.

Tapioca Meat Loaf

- ¼ Cupful of quick tapioca
- ¾ Cupful of tomato juice
- Salt and pepper
- Dash of cayenne and paprika

- 1 Teaspoonful of finely chopped onion
- ½ Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- 3½ Cupfuls of ground left-over meat

Combine the tapioca and tomato juice, add the seasonings and other ingredients, mix well and turn into a loaf tin. Bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for one-half hour, reduce the temperature to 325 to 350 deg. Fahr. and continue baking for another half hour. During the baking, baste occasionally with one-half cupful of hot water in which a bouillon cube has been dissolved.

Cole Slaw With Roquefort Cheese

- 1 Small head of crisp, green cabbage
- 1 Small green pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimiento
- 1 Cupful (less if desired) of boiled salad dressing
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of crumbled Roquefort cheese

Shred the cabbage very finely, chop or cut the green pepper into fine slivers, combine and add the chopped pimiento. Add the dressing and the crumbled Roquefort cheese and chill until serving time. Six to eight servings.

Mint Ring With Green Peas

(attractive to serve on cold plate suppers)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- ½ Cupful of fresh mint leaves
- 2½ Cupfuls of boiling water
- ½ Cupful of lemon juice
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- Green coloring

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Pour the boiling water over the mint leaves, cover and let stand for five minutes. Strain, bring to boiling and pour over the softened gelatine. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool, add the lemon juice, salt and enough green coloring to produce a delicate shade. Turn into individual ring molds and chill until firm. Serve unmolded, the centres filled with fresh green peas which have been boiled, chilled and marinated in French dressing. Eight servings.

Frozen Lemon Cream

- 2 Eggs
- ½ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- ¾ Cupful of corn syrup
- ½ Cupful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water

Beat the eggs until thick and light colored, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Add the milk, cream, corn syrup, lemon juice and rind, and lastly the gelatine which has been softened in the cold water and dissolved by placing over hot water. Mix well and turn into the tray of an automatic refrigerator. Freeze until firm, and serve garnished with chilled, stoned black cherries. Eight servings.



Away from it all ...

Most people endure discomforts at their summer cottage which could easily be eliminated, says EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

IS THERE any reason why one's summer holiday should be associated so often with almost every inconvenience under the sun? So few summer cottages are constructed or equipped for convenience and comfort that the months spent there are enjoyed in spite of many discomforts which could be eliminated with a little careful planning.

Sometimes the cottage becomes unbearably hot in midsummer and at other times uncomfortably cool. Quite a number of cottages are not constructed to resist heat or heat loss. It would be an easy matter, and an inexpensive one, to line the walls, floor and ceiling with fibre or gypsum board. This board, when laid on an old floor and covered with linoleum, makes a splendid draughtless floor.

Mosquitoes and flies contribute in no small measure to one's discomfort. Why not "get them" before they can do their dirty work? If you want comfort both day and night, screen the doors and windows. Also, plug up holes or large cracks in the walls, especially at the junction of the wall and roof.

Why tire yourself by carrying water from the well? Pipe it to a sink in the kitchen. The waste water from the sink can drain into a soakaway pit, located so as to prevent contamination of the water in the well. The historic backhouse can very well be discarded, a chemical toilet taking its place. The cost of modern equipment, including tank, closet bowl and vent pipe is \$35. For another \$15 you can build a small addition so that the toilet can be entered without going outside the cottage. The tank is provided with an outlet—for discharge into a soakaway pit, ravine or lake, and placed in such a position as not to contaminate the well water. The chemical used prevents danger to health.

WE ALL like to eat outside as much as possible when at the cottage, but there are rainy days to think of. A small nook, four feet by six feet, fitted with table and benches in a corner of the living room, is very useful. The table can be thirty-one inches high with top twenty-four inches by forty-eight inches, seats one foot nine inches wide and eighteen inches high. All built of flexboard or of ply board. Clothes closets are just as useful in the cottage as in the city home. A good size is two feet deep and carried up the height of the room. A shelf fitted five feet ten inches from floor will provide space above it for bags and dead storage. Below the shelf fit a hanger bar, five feet six inches from floor. Two small rails for shoes will keep the floor of the closets clear and clean. A closet thirty-two inches wide will accommodate five men's suits and five women's dresses. It can easily be constructed either in asbestos fibre, or plywood board. A bookcase adds greatly to the interior of a summer cottage. The sectional type can be made to suit wall space available, + Continued on page 63

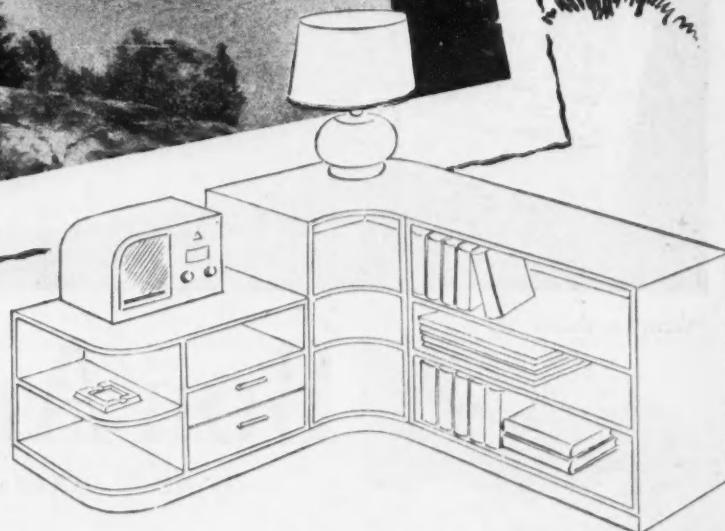


Bookshelves built into the wall save space and add to the decorative qualities of the room.



Two simple suggestions for making a cottage sign, and the type of bookshelf which the average man can construct are shown in the colored sketches.

Photograph courtesy C.P.R.



JOHN EVANS

World's Welcome
TO CANADIAN PRODUCTS
is bringing New Markets
TO OUR DOOR

Every Canadian is vitally interested in any movement or plan which will increase the prosperity of our country as a whole, and which will eventually work out to the benefit of each one of us.

The Department of Trade and Commerce with its Trade Commissioners located in strategic points throughout the world; its Exhibition offering opportunity to display Canadian products in International Exhibitions; and its many and diverse services rendered to Canadian Business has steadily advanced the volume of our exports until today Canada ranks fifth in the list of exporting nations of the world.

This world's welcome to Canadian products is bringing increased markets to our door. Every dollar spent by these nations in the purchase of Canadian products is a dollar in the pockets of Canadians.

The success of the efforts of the Department of Trade and Commerce is of outstanding interest to all Canada, and the outstanding results obtained in widening the channels of Canada's trade will have, and is having, a direct bearing on the general prosperity of our country.

T.C.373M

DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE
Ottawa
HON W D EULER M.P. MINISTER J G PARMELEE DEPUTY MINISTER

For Sport or Town Wear

Continued from page 49

2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each side every 2nd row 18 times, then dec. 1 st. each side every row 10 times. Cast off remaining 14 sts.

SKIRT: Using size 10 needles cast on 348 sts. Join (being careful not to twist sts.). Knit for 7 ins.

*1st decreasing round—** K14, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even.

*2nd decreasing round—** K14, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even.

*3rd decreasing round—** K14, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even.

*4th decreasing round—** K14, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even.

*5th decreasing round—** K9, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even.

*6th decreasing round—** K6, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even.

*7th decreasing round—** K4, K2 tog., repeat from * around. Work 3 ins. even. Cast off.

Work 1 in. in s.c. around lower edge.

Beading at top of skirt: Work 1 row s.c. around top, do not break wool. Continue with chain 5, skip 2 sts. of previous row, * 1 d.c. into next st., ch. 2, skip 2, repeat from * around row, join with a slip st. into 3rd st. of ch. 5.

Finishing: After sewing blouse together, work 1 row s.c. around lower edge. Work 2 rows s.c. around neckline, working 2nd row down fronts of blouse. Sew blouse and skirt tog. Sew zipper in front of blouse, sewing inside the row of s.c. Run elastic through beading. Make cord and tassels and tie in top of zipper slide.

BOLERO

Back: Cast on 101 sts. Work 1 in. in moss stitch. Continue in stocking stitch. When work measures 1 1/2 ins. from the beg., inc. 1 st. each side. Inc. 1 st. each side every in. 3 times more. Inc. 1 st. each side every 1/2 in. 3 times. Work 2 ins. even.

Shape armhole by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each side every 2nd row 6 times. Work evenly for 5 1/2 ins. (until armhole measures 7 ins. from first shaping).

Shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows (28 sts. for each shoulder). Cast off remaining 31 sts.

Left Front: Cast on 64 sts. Work in moss stitch for 1 in. Continue in stocking stitch keeping 7 sts. in moss stitch at front edge for border. When work measures 1 1/2 ins. from the beg., inc. 1 st. at seam edge. Inc. 1 st. at seam edge every in. 3 times more. When front edge measures 7 ins. from the beg. start the front shaping by decreasing 1 st. (make all front decreases inside moss stitch border). Dec. 1 st. at front every 8th row 12 times more. When seam edge measures 8 ins. from the beg., shape armhole by casting off 8 sts., then dec. 1 st. armhole edge every 2nd row 6 times. When armhole measures 4 ins. from the first shaping and on next knit row, K16 (K2 tog.) twice, K across row. Repeat this row every 1 1/2 ins. twice again. When armhole measures 7 ins. from the first shaping, cast off 7 sts. (armhole edge) every 2nd row 4 times. Continue on the 7 border sts. for 2 1/4 ins. for back of neck.

Work right front to correspond, being careful to make shapings on the opposite sides.

Sleeves: Using size 12 needles, cast on 49 sts. and work in moss stitch for 3 ins., change to size 10 needles and continue in stocking stitch. Inc. 1 st. each side. Inc. 1 st. each side every inch 9 times more. Inc. 1 st. each side every 1/2 in. 8 times. Work 2 ins. evenly (or required length to underarm). Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each side every 2nd row 19 times. Dec. 1 st. each side every row 8 times. Cast off remaining 15 sts.

After sewing shoulder seams, sew moss stitch bands tog. and holding right side of back and band tog., sew across back of neck. +

Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns, Pages 38, 39

No. 2802—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, Blouse: 2 handkerchiefs of 29 inch square with a 2-inch border selvedge. Shorts: 2 3/4 yards of 35-inch fabric; 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 2791—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 5 3/8 yards of 35-inch fabric; 5 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 2805—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 2785—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 4 5/8 yards of 35-inch fabric; 4 yards of 39-inch fabric. Cord for trimming: 2 1/2 yards. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2813—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and

20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 3 3/4 yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Trimming: 3 1/8 yards of 1 1/4 -inch-width ruching. Price, 20 cents.

No. 2819—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 3 3/8 yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric. Tie Belt: 2 yards of 2-inch ribbon. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2821—Bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires, 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 3/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Ribbon Belt: 1 3/4 yards of 2 1/2-inch ribbon. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2830—Bust sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires, Dress: 3 3/8 yards of 35-inch fabric; 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Jacket: 2 3/4 yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric; 1 3/8 yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents. +

POINTERS FOR YOUR HOME

TO GET rid of spiders, take down every web as soon as it appears, preferably with a vacuum cleaner. Spider eggs develop in crevices in woodwork and other protected places, in broken edges of wallpaper, on the underside of tables, dressers, etc. Squirt insect spray into all such places. Swat every spider with a fly swatter. A good general purpose insect spray is one part paradichlorobenzene dissolved in three parts alcohol and five parts carbon tetrachloride.



To remove ordinary wallpaper on lime plaster walls, use just plain clear water and plenty of it. Begin at the top lefthand corner of the wall; sop the wallpaper thoroughly for the entire length of the wall, then return and sop the paper again. Continue until the water has struck through the paper and has softened the paste. After drying, go over the plaster with sandpaper, wrapped around a block of wood. This will take off the hard crusts of paste and bits of paper.

Rust in a house heating boiler can be removed by the use of a boiler cleaning compound.

The simplest and most satisfactory method of cleaning black and white block linoleum is to apply bright drying water wax, which is put on without rubbing. When soiled, clean with water wax. No shellac or varnish will then be needed.



The simplest way of guarding a tree from cat scratching is to wrap a piece of small mesh chicken wire around the trunk of the tree. Cats can run over it, but they cannot do any scratching through it.

To get apart two glasses which have become stuck after washing, drip a little glycerine down between the two glasses, and let it stand for a while. That will lubricate the sticking places, so that you will be able to twist the glasses gently apart.

A good way to clean window screens is to wipe thoroughly with turpentine. Follow with benzine and then apply a thin varnish, of the kind to be wiped on floors with a cloth.

To prevent grease spots on the wall from penetrating new wallpaper, apply a thin coat of clear shellac before hanging.



Away from it all

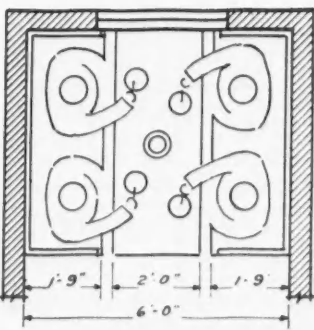
Continued from page 61

even to turning corners. By using fibre board or ply board, an excellent job can be made.

IT IS always a good thing to keep son's hand and mind busy during the summer vacation. But the task should be one that he can take an interest in, such as making name signs for the house. An oar can be used for a lake-side cottage. If your name is Sparrow or Swallow, get him to make a sign with two of these birds resting on top of a cross name plate. Perhaps your cottage may be a little difficult to find on a dark night. Get an old ship or stable lantern, mount it on a piece of timber or tree stump. Below paint or carve the name of the cottage.

If you have young children, you will sometimes want to keep them in the cottage, but at the same time feel that the outside is yours. This can be done by having a Dutch door for the entrance. This type of door is cut in half, like the old stable doors. They

look well and with a narrow shelf fixed at the top of the lower half of the inside, you can carry on business, without giving access to itinerant strangers. With these improvements I am sure that your summer cottage will have a greater appeal than it had before.



Dimensions for a snack nook in the summer cottage.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Next month Evan Parry will describe ways and means of making dark and poorly-lighted rooms more livable and congenial.

In the August Chatelaine.



IF OLD MODEL HOMES
COULD BE "TRADED-IN"
THIS QUESTION OF
INSULATION
WOULD NOT BE SO
VITAL!

● When you build, BUILD "FOR-KEEPS" — that house of yours must be NEW in its essential features of comfort and livability twenty, thirty or forty years from now — you cannot afford to make even one error in judgment — that is why this question of INSULATION ranks so high in importance!

In Donnacona Insulating Products, the most effective insulation is combined with great structural strength and, when used as an interior finish, with attractive decorative effects. Donnacona Insulating Board, used as a sheathing, makes homes warm in Winter and cool in Summer. Equally effective under brick or masonry, stucco or wood exterior finish. Donnacona Insulating Lath should also be used as a plaster-base throughout all rooms. This assures complete insulation and freedom from lath marks.

No drafts — the elimination of dampness — rooms that are easier to heat in Winter — worthwhile fuel savings (as high as 30%) that go on year after year — higher resale value — these are a few of the advantages accruing to the home-owner who chooses Donnacona Insulating Products for his home. The annual savings in fuel alone will soon offset the slight extra cost of Donnacona Insulation.

Build or remodel THIS YEAR with the aid of the Dominion Housing Act or the Home Improvement Plan — whatever you do, give Insulation the attention it deserves. Your contractor can give you full details.



INVESTIGATE BEFORE BUILDING
Fill in the Coupon Below



DONNACONA
SHEATHING
DONNACONA
LATH
BRICK
VENEER

For brick or stone construction, Donnacona Insulating Board will provide adequate insulation for the life of the building.

DONNACONA
SHEATHING
BUILDING
PAPER
DONNACONA
LATH
STUCCO

In stucco construction Donnacona Insulating Board will make the dwelling cool in Summer and easily heated in Winter.

DONNACONA
SHEATHING
DONNACONA
LATH
WOOD
SIDING

For clap-board houses nail siding directly over the Donnacona Insulating Board and heating costs will be surprisingly low.

DONNACONA
INSULATING PRODUCTS

ALEXANDER MURRAY & COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL SAINT JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG HALIFAX VANCOUVER
Affiliated with Dominion Tar & Chemical Co. Limited
Canada Creosoting Company Limited—Fibre Conduits, Canada, Limited

ALEXANDER MURRAY & COMPANY LIMITED,
4036 Richelieu Street, Montreal.

Please send me, without obligation, further information on Donnacona Insulating Products. ☐ for Attic and Basement Rooms
☐ for Insulation in New Homes ☐ for other Rooms.

Name

Address

"26 years and no sign of wear"



Could you look at your bathtub—and write a letter like this?



SAVES TIME... Do you realize that Bon Ami not only cleans quickly, thoroughly—but also polishes as it cleans?

SAVES PORCELAIN... Do you realize that Bon Ami does not make scratches that catch dirt? Therefore, it keeps sinks and tubs easy to clean!

SAVES HANDS... Do you realize that Bon Ami leaves hands soft, white? Try Bon Ami. See how quick, thorough and safe a cleanser can be.

"We have lived in the same private house for 26 years," writes Mrs. H. E. Parry... "The bathtub, the basin and the kitchen sink were put in new when we bought the house..."

"For more than a quarter of a century they have been scrubbed by an assortment of cleaning women, good, bad, and indifferent..."

"They have been given a 'lick and promise' by youngsters in a hurry... by menfolks to whom household jobs are a plague..."

HER SECRET

"But today—the bathtub, the basin and the kitchen sink are as white, as shining, as unmarred as the day the plumber finished putting them in. The reason, of course, is Bon Ami. For year in and year out no matter who was doing the cleaning, the cleanser was Bon Ami."

(Her original letter is in our files)

"hasn't scratched yet!"



Bon Ami

MADE IN CANADA



Puzzled by some detail in decorating, furnishing or remodelling? - Send your question to

THE HOUSE CLINIC

Conducted by
EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

Question—We intend painting our house cream, with blue roof, shutters and front door. Will the cream include trim? Also, could you give me some hints about drapery and slip covers?—E.W.C. Tisdale, Sask.



Answer—Trim and arch over door and "everything," as you say, should be ivory. Paint the bricks and joints of the brick fireplace one uniform color.

I would not worry about removing the paint from the bricks, because you will be so pleased with the result. Slip covers can very well be glazed chintz linen pattern with green, yellow and mauve plumage, foliage or stripes. The drapes should have vertical stripes of orange and green, and all windows opening to stairs and sunroom should be the same. Keep the pattern for slip covers on furniture.

Question—I want to repair, also enlarge, my house. The building as it is, is twenty-four feet by twenty-eight feet and has a low roof, covered with rubberoid. I want to raise and shingle it. I was told to save work and expense, the best way would be to loosen the roof and raise it with a jack. What would you advise?—S. J. K., Onion Lake, Sask.

Answer—The best way to raise the roof is to cut the studs under the roof plate and lift the roof bodily with jacks. Be sure to brace the roof before starting operations.

Question—Before we begin the decoration of our new home, I am coming to you for help. The walls are of wallboard; the wood trim is hardwood. My husband would like to stain the doors, windows and baseboards of the living room. The floor is to have a linoleum cover. Would the walls be nicer painted or wallpapered? Perhaps you could suggest some color scheme?—E. J. H., South Porcupine, Ontario.

Answer—I would not advocate staining the woodwork at all. A much

better effect can be obtained by painting the trim the same color as the wall. The wallboards can be painted or calimined, with good effect, or papered, if you prefer. In your living room, with east and west exposure, light French grey would be suitable, the color being derived from bright drapes and coverings to furniture. The linoleum could be rose, with plain border. The dinette and hallway, if painted light cream, would harmonize with the other work.

Question—I am anxious to finish my home without any projecting baseboard. I saw a room once plastered flush to a very narrow baseboard which I think was placed there before the room was plastered. If such were the case, I think the wood would warp and leave a crack and that is just what I want to avoid.—H. L. S., Grande Prairie, Alberta.

Answer—You can use a linoleum base, made by Armstrong Cork and Insulation Co., which is made to finish flush with plaster or a strip of masonite, supplied by the International Fibre Board Company, Ottawa. Either would serve your purpose.

Question—I should like your advice on redecorating my sun porch. It is a room twenty-two feet wide and sixteen feet long, facing south, with windows along the entire front and on part of each side. The walls up to within three feet of the ceiling are panelled in Douglas fir, finished in walnut. The wall above the panelling is of metal, like the ceiling, both are painted ivory color. The furniture is wicker, painted a bronze green, and all the pieces of furniture have loose cushion seats — A. I. R., Dartmouth, N.S.

Answer—I would paint the whole of the Douglas wall in the sun porch and the wall above, one color, a light bluish French grey, the ceiling broken white—white with a touch of cream in it. This would go very well with your furniture. +





Prepare for the Heat Waves

Take a tip from those who live in the tropics and learn how to combat the hot weather

PEOPLE LIVING in the tropics know what to do in hot weather. Rugs are taken up from all floors, and stored until used again in the wet season. All window and door drapes are removed. Wood window shutters keep out the heat. All upholstered furniture, including cushions, have loose covers. All cooking is done outside the house. Why not take a lesson from dwellers in tropical countries?

City or town dwellers who, perforce, have to spend a large part of their time in towns or cities, could go a long way in alleviating discomfort during hot summer months. On the face of it, taking up carpets and rugs seems to be so simple that there is nothing to it. Try it. The floors may have to be revived, waxed, or re-polished, but it is worth it. Replacing fabric window or door drapes with those of printed transparent cellulose gives rooms a cool feeling, which must be tried out to be appreciated.

AS TO cooking outside the house, you may think it means going back to the days of our grandmothers. But grand-

mother was not able to sit, eat and cook outside, with all facilities available. You can today, with a fitted cabinet placed outdoors. These cabinets are easily constructed in waterproof plywood, and will give both pleasure and comfort during the trying days of a hot summer.

The cabinet I have in mind is four feet wide by two feet deep with doors seven feet high. Into the full-depth middle counter is let an enamelled sink, with waste flowing into a tiled drain. This drain is bedded on broken stone or loose gravel. The grease from the sink is caught in a trap which can be home-made. Water is brought to the tap through the garden hose. On the same counter, or on the table, coffee can

"perc," waffles bake, bread toast and eggs boil. Two strands of wire bring electricity from the house to multiple moistureproof outlets. On the upper shelves glass and china can be kept, the lower shelves will house china, pots, pans, containers, and gaily painted trays. Enough supplies can be kept in the airtight canisters and portable refrigerator. ♦



Cabinet for outdoor meals.

THE HOUSE CLINIC IS AT YOUR SERVICE

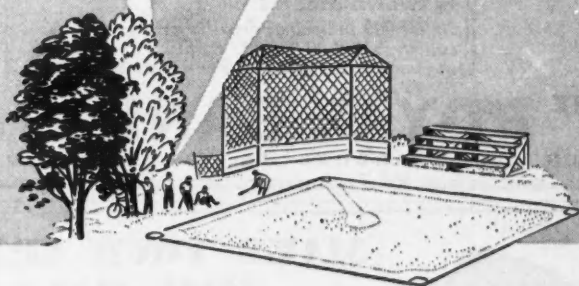
Readers are invited to send in their problems to Evan Parry, Chatelaine's "Your Home" Editor, who replies by personal letter to all correspondents. Maybe your roof leaks, or you feel that the furniture in your living room could be arranged to better advantage, or you have a basement which you would like to turn into a playroom . . . there are dozens of problems which present themselves to the house owner, and the expert advice and counsel of Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., is at your disposal.

Enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for your reply, just write to:

The House Clinic, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

NO—I DON'T FEEL
LIKE PLAYING BALL
THIS MORNING.
I'D RATHER
JUST REST.

GEE—WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
TOM? MAYBE
IT'S THE
WRONG FOOD.
SAY LISTEN...



"I'll bet I know why you don't want to play. It's those breakfasts you eat. Heavy—hard to digest. Why don't you get your mother to give you a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes?"

"Kellogg's are great with milk or cream! Crisp and good-tasting. And they give you lots of energy. Besides, they're light and don't overload your stomach. You'll feel ready for anything after that kind of a breakfast!"

Kellogg's Corn Flakes provide abundant energy in the form of a delicious, easily digested cereal—oven-fresh and ready to eat. Order a big, economical package from your grocer today. Sold everywhere. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

TUNE IN—Boys and girls will thrill to "Howie Wing—a Saga of Aviation." Broadcast four times weekly. See your newspaper for station and time.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
MADE BETTER • PACKED BETTER • TASTE BETTER

NO MORE TOILET ODORS ON HOT DAYS



BEWARE of toilet odors during hot weather. Germs are breeding there. Health is being threatened. Keep toilets spotless and safe—without nasty labor. Just sprinkle a little SANI-FLUSH in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet, and the job is done.

SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to purify toilets. It purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. The bowl glistens. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores—30 and 15 cent sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

A New Service Bulletin

From the Chatelaine Institute
CONCISE • AUTHENTIC
ESSENTIALLY HELPFUL



"BACKYARD" INTO GARDEN . . . practical help for the average gardener. Preparing the soil . . . the flower border . . . making a beautiful lawn . . . planting the seed . . . apportioning the space . . . planting rules . . . bedding plants . . . easy-to-grow annuals . . . the perennial border—all phases of gardening simply presented.

Chatelaine Service Bulletin, No. 301 . . .

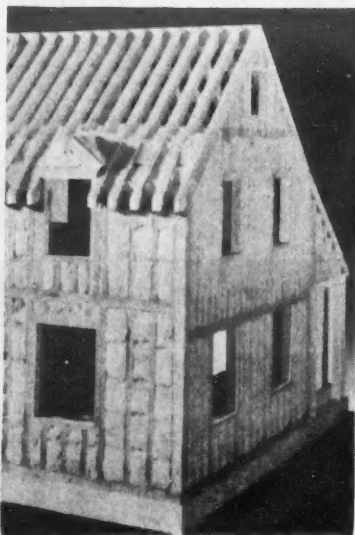
Price 15 Cents from

CHATELAINE
SERVICE BULLETINS

481 University Avenue, Toronto

An Insulation Problem

Tighter construction of houses has brought about the bugbear of condensation



Outer wall insulation with mineral wool.

WITH THE introduction of modern improvements in homes, increasing comfort and decreasing operating expenses, the condensation bugbear has come to the fore. Tighter construction is partly responsible for it. Greater humidity develops because it cannot escape through the outer fabric of walls and roof. Such things as insulation, weatherstrip, caulking around windows and doors, have all made their contribution to home-tight construction.

For many years, homes in localities subject to severe winter weather have suffered from condensation, causing loose plaster, ruined decorations, decayed roofs, decayed wood wall studs and sheathing; bulging floors and outside paint failure. In some houses, the damage is visible, in others it is not. There has been a tendency to blame insulation for increased condensation. Such hasty conclusions are futile. This is borne out by an investigation recently made concerning the use of mineral wool insulation. The findings proved that mineral wool insulation in walls and attics does not invite condensation and will not take up moisture from the air.

Scientists are of the opinion that indoor humidities, low enough to preclude condensation, are undesirable both as a factor of health and comfort and in preventing cracking, warping and shrinkage of interior woodwork

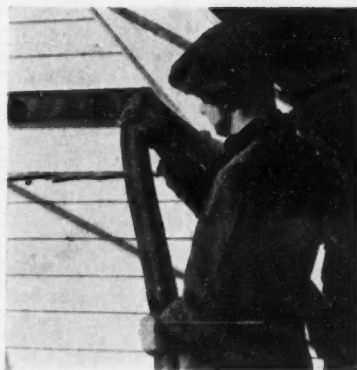


Placing rock wool pads in position in roof.

and furniture. But, as outside temperature and humidity cannot be controlled and as insulation adds to comfort, health and fuel economy, methods of prevention are limited.

THE MOST positive and least expensive method of control experimented with so far, is the use of moisture-resistant barriers at or near the inner face of the walls, and under ceiling joists of the upper floor of the house. With a new house, this barrier can be attached to the inner face of the walls, after they have been insulated and before lathing or finishing the walls on the inside. In houses already plastered, the barrier can be some suitable material or treatment applied to the interior surface of exterior walls.

There are materials which have moisture resistance and one would be quite safe in using them. Among these are asphalt sheathing paper, laminated sheathing paper, laminated sheathing paper with two or more sheets of kraft paper, cemented together with asphalt, and double-



Applying insulation in powder form to a house already built.

faced reflective insulation mounted on paper. These moisture barriers should be applied vertically on walls and below the top floor ceiling, with edges lapping after the insulation is installed and before lathing and plastering. It is essential that they be fixed up tight against door and window frames and other similar openings.

WALLS FINISHED with such material as fibre board, plaster board, plywood and the like, should also be treated in the same way. Occurrence of condensation in old houses, after insulating them is not usual, largely because such houses are not so tight as new houses. But in both old and new houses, attics should be ventilated. These precautions will prove helpful in homes which are air conditioned, as well as those which are not.

Should evidence of moisture appear in mild weather, following a cold period, cut off all possible sources of humidity for the balance of the winter. Some time later, in the following summer, after the moisture has had time to disappear, coat the walls and top floor ceiling with two coats of aluminum paint, after which you can redecorate as desired. ♦

Hollywood's best dressed woman
takes no chances with
her lovely clothes



Hope Hampton, Universal
Star, uses Larvex to protect
her famous wardrobe

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. So, spray with Larvex as movie stars do and forget your moth worries.

Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. You should use the Larvex Sprayer to get the best results.

Larvex is economical too. One suit of clothes costs less than 19c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

Sold in all Drug & Department Stores in the following sizes: 16 oz., 32 oz., 64 oz., and 128 oz.



LARVEX



"It's Fun
to
Earn
Money
This Easy
Way!"

"I FELT a little worried, I'll admit, when I wrote to the Fidelity Circulation Company about subscription work, because I had never done sales work of any kind. But it's really been fun—now that people know that I can take orders for all leading Canadian, United States and British publications, and the extra income that I make has helped me to get so many things that I couldn't afford before!"

Ambitious Canadians, of all ages, are finding this spare-time work an agreeable and profitable source of extra income. You will not be placed under the slightest obligation if you let us explain our plan for building up a dependable business for you.

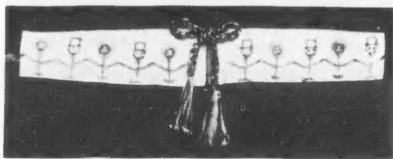
Write Today for Full Details!

FIDELITY CIRCULATION
COMPANY OF CANADA
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto

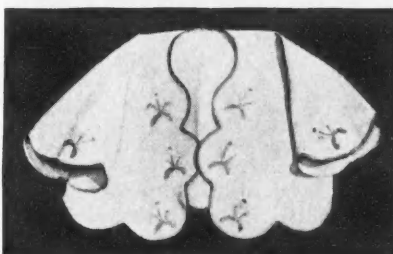
Index of Advertisers for July, 1938

Absorbine Jr.	42
Alexander Murray & Co. Ltd.	63
Alma College	47
Arid Cream	43
Baby's Own Tablets	48
Beaux Arts Hotel	40
Bon Ami	62
Bristol Myers (Ipana)	1
Campbell's Soup	17
Canada Dry	2nd Cover
C.I.L. Windsor Salt	4th Cover
Carter's Little Liver Pills	42
Cash's Woven Names	40
Certo	50
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream	26
Crane Limited	36
Cream of Wheat	48
Cuticura Remedies	42
Dept. of Trade & Commerce	60
Donnacona	63
Evan Williams Shampoo	40
Fels Naptha Soap	23
Fleischmann's Yeast	19
Flexible Shaft Co. Ltd.	59
Germolene	48
Gouraud's Oriental Cream	42
Heinz Oven Baked Beans	54
Imperial Tobacco Co.	41
Ipana Toothpaste	1
Ivory Laundry Starch	56
Johnson's Baby Powder	49
Kellogg's Corn Flakes	65
Kellogg's Krumbles	50
Kotex	33
Kruschen Salts	44
La Cross Nail Polish	37
Larson & Shaw	48
Larvex	64
Libby, McNeill & Libby	3rd Cover
Lifebuoy Soap	32
Listerine	34
Lux	3
Maytag Washer	57
McBrine Baggage	37
Meltonian Cream	47
Memba—Seals	56
Mercolized Wax	44
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	22
Mixmaster	59
Moulton College	47
Mum	24
Murine	44
Neet	24
Nugget Shoe Polish	42
Odo-ro-no	31
Odo-ro-no Ice	28
Ontario Ladies' College	47
Orlex	30
Ovenden College	47
Palmolive Soap	27
Paris Paté	56
Pember Stores Ltd.	30
Pond's Cold Cream	21
Potter & Moore	44-56
Princess Soap Flakes	40
Prudential Insurance Co. of America	45
Quaker Natural Bran	56
Quaker Puffed Wheat	53
Royal Bank of Canada	66
Royal Victoria College	47
Sani Flush	64
Scholl Mfg. Co.	44
Sergeant's Dog Medicine	44
Shredded Wheat	58
Shu-Milk	66
S.O.S.	59
St. Lawrence Starch Co. Ltd.	56
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes	41
Swift Canadian Co.	35
Tampax	30
Tangee	30
Viceroy Mfg. Co. Ltd.	59
Wear-Ever Aluminum	58
Windsor Salt	4th Cover
Woodbury's Facial Powder	29
Yardley's	4

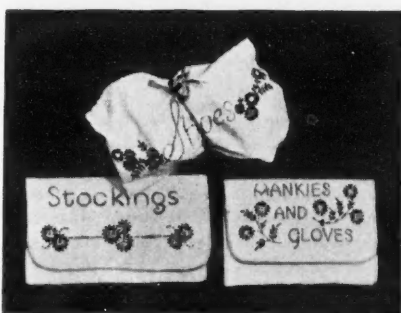
New Handicrafts by MARIE LE CERF



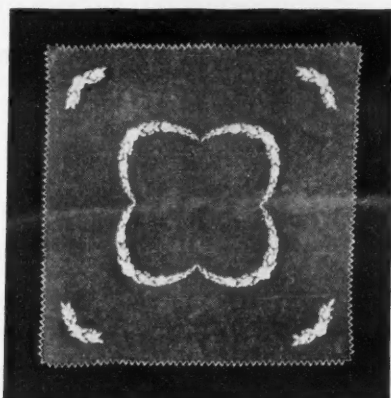
C592 — "Merry-go-round" belt. Stamped on white, cream or green linen—1½ inches wide when finished. Ties to be made up of the six-strand cotton to match work. Belt and lining 25 cents. Please be sure to state size. Cottons to work 10 cents.



C591—Vanity Jacket, which you will find very handy for a summer bed jacket, if required. Wide, roomy sleeves, so that it can be slipped on over a dress when putting on make-up or combing the hair, as well as when dressing. Stamped on blue, yellow, green, peach, mauve, rose or cream linene. To fit all but very large figures. Price, including binding, 75 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents. Please state color for jacket, binding and cottons for working.



C593—Hankies and Gloves; **C594**—Stockings; **C595**—Shoes. Travelling companions that you will find equally helpful for keeping these small articles fresh and dainty when at home. Stamped on blue, peach, green or yellow linene, with suitable pockets, to be bound with contrasting color to match work—please state choice. Complete materials for each piece are priced at 25 cents or the set of three for 70 cents.



C596—Wedgwood Luncheon Set. A perfectly charming and really distinctive design. Particularly lovely stamped on Wedgwood blue linen, worked all in white, but can be supplied stamped on white, cream, yellow or green linen—roses to be worked in color preferred and leaves in green. Work is in satin and long-and-short stitches with edges in buttonhole stitch. The 36-inch cloth with four serviettes, price \$1.50; the 45-inch set, which can be supplied in white or cream only, price \$2.00. Cottons for working, 30 cents.



C597—Wild rose cushion in the new embroidered appliqué. Stamped on black or green art felt, roses may be in red, yellow or rose. Size 15 x 18 inches, front and back of cushion with appliqué and cottons for working are priced at \$1.25, and a form can be supplied at 50 cents.

C598—Tulips; **C599**—Sweet Peas. Flower pictures, well drawn and really natural. Stamped in cream sampler linen, 12 x 14 inches, to be worked in natural colors. Price 45 cents each; cottons for working 15 cents each.

Send orders to Marie Le Cerf, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing remittance by postal note or money order. Please add 15 cents exchange on out-of-town cheques.

Chatelaine for July

Vol. 10

No. 7

Cover by Frank MacIntosh

FICTION

- Girl With a Latchkey
Elisabeth Sanxay Holding 5
- Designing Woman
Gertrude Levy 8
- Andy Hated Losers
Frances Howard 12
- Second Wife
G. Sutland Smolens 14

GENERAL ARTICLES

- Does Your Coiffure Become You? 10
- When Women Investigate Prices
Isabel Turnbull Dingman 16
- Canada's Schools for Girls
Nancy Weir 46
- There's a Catch In It!
Wallace Reyburn 68

BEAUTY CULTURE

- Week-end Invitation
Carolyn Damon 20
- Look Your Loveliest
Carolyn Damon 25
- Fashion Shorts
Kay Murphy 28
- Time Out for Play (pattern) 38
- Diaphanous Frocks With
Midsummer Manners
(pattern) 39

HOUSEKEEPING

- Cold Comfort Gets a Warm Reception
Helen G. Campbell 51
- Cottage Life
M. Frances Hucks 52
- Stiffen Up! 56
- Meals of the Month 55

"YOUR HOME"

- Away From It All
Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C. 61
- House Clinic 62
- Pointers 63
- An Insulating Problem 64
- Prepare for the Heat Waves 65
- House of the Month 66

REGULAR FEATURES

- The Baby Clinic
Dr. J. W. S. McCullough 48
- Handicrafts . Marie Le Cerf 67

To You, he's the
FAMILY BUTCHER—

To the Bank, he's
BIG BUSINESS



FOR EXAMPLE, of the 86,600 borrowers on our books in Canada at end of our 1937 business year, 61,728 had loans for \$500 and less. In other words nearly 70 per cent of these clients were what might be termed "small" borrowers—owners of businesses, farmers, and ordinary men and women requiring money for legitimate personal needs.

Small loans are *Big Business* to this Bank, which desires at all times to meet the legitimate credit needs of business and private individuals. Your enquiries are invited.

In twelve months
10,500,000 individual deposits were accepted from
customers and 40,000,000 cheques cashed, entered,
checked and rechecked by The Royal Bank alone.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
OVER 600 BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME PAY!



"I'd never had any experience at selling, but I found that magazines are one thing that are welcomed in every Canadian home . . . and once people found out that I was representing all the leading publications I had no trouble in getting new orders and renewals. It's a grand plan—take my advice and write today."

In every part of the Dominion ambitious men and women have found this spare-time work pleasant, dignified and profitable. There are still many localities waiting for someone to cash in on this opportunity. You will be under no obligation whatever if you will let us tell you the full details of our money-making plan. Write

LOCAL AGENTS DEPARTMENT
FIDELITY CIRCULATION CO. OF CANADA
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto

The Smartest People use
SHU-MILK
to Safely
CLEAN and WHITEN
WHITE SHOES

Regular Size 15c—New Large Size 25c

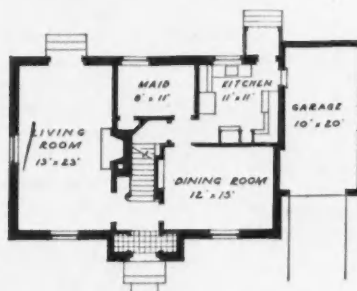
The House of the Month



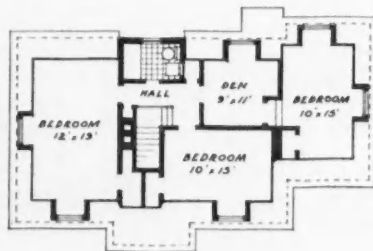
A French colonial style house which looks equally attractive in summer or winter setting.

SET IN a thickly wooded section of the lovely valley at York Mills, Ontario, this attractive house breathes charm and hospitality. The large overhanging eaves, small windowpanes full-length shutters, wide clapboard treatment of upper story and a chimney at either end are decidedly French colonial in character. The ground floor includes a spacious vestibule. The communication between living room and kitchen permits serving after-dinner coffee, or refreshments for a card party, without going through the hall or dining room.

On the second floor the bathroom, with a door leading from the hall and to the owner's bedroom direct, serves the dual purpose of a private bathroom and one for guests. A balcony with French doors is provided at the head of the stairs for airing blankets, an excellent provision for any home. In the basement there is a spacious playroom, with fireplace, laundry and boiler-room. This compact plan gives plenty of accommodation at moderate cost. Architect, Earle L. Sheppard, M.R.A.I.C., Toronto. +



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



BEDROOM FLOOR PLAN

THE LONELY HOUSE

BY PAULINE HAVARD

The little house is lonely, for it lacks the friendly touch
Of eager fingers pressing on its doors;
The little house is silent that loved to hear so much
The sound of youthful feet across its floors.

The poplar and the birch-tree beside the garden-wall
Can keep each other company with tales of long ago,
But the little house, deserted, has nobody at all
Now that no tenants hurry to and fro!

The little house is lonely, — no one to open wide
The windows just to let the flower-scents in,
Or polish up the knocker, or the fire-dogs inside,
— A little house is lonely that has no kith or kin!

Libby's

Deep-Browned Beans

COOKED THE NEW WAY
being served by thousands of women

Libby's

New Way of Cooking

They *must* be good; they *must* be different to cause thousands of women to order them again and again! Of course, the credit goes to Libby's Patented New Way of Cooking—a method so successful that Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are absolutely unlike any you have ever eaten.

To begin with, the beans themselves are carefully selected. Only plump, firm, sound beans are hand-picked. Then Libby's new cooking method cooks them through and through . . . browns them to their very centres. That's what makes the difference between "just beans" and *Libby's Deep-Browned Beans!* It explains the more tempting aroma—the warmer, deeper, eye-gladdening colour—the firm, yet tender texture—the finer, richer flavour—of these golden nuggets of bean goodness. But don't take *our* word for it. Serve these beans once. If you don't agree that they *are* better beans than you've ever eaten, you can take advantage of Libby's

Double Your Money Back Offer!

If you don't agree that Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are the best you have ever tasted, from the standpoint of: 1. Flavour; 2. Texture; 3. Colour—simply send the label with your name and purchase price, and your grocer's name, to Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited, Chatham, Ontario. Libby will pay you double the purchase price.



Libby's

4 Kinds:

DEEP-BROWNNED BEANS

- 1—With Pork and Tomato Sauce
- 2—Vegetarian with Tomato Sauce (without meat)
- 3—With Pork and Molasses
- 4—Kidney Beans with Pork

If your grocer cannot supply you, please send his name to us at Chatham, Ontario, and we will see that you are supplied.

Made in Canada by LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA LIMITED, CHATHAM, ONTARIO

There's a Catch In It!

Try these teasers on your friends
and see just how smart they are

by WALLACE REYBURN

Illustrated by Alice Bradshaw



On Sunday he took
a holiday.

HOW ARE your wits today? Are you feeling pretty smart, or are you going to fall for these catches I have for you? I'll start off by trying you out on the original catch, the father of all catches.

What's the opposite of not in? Out, did you say? No, the opposite of not in is in. Try that one on your friends and see if they are as slow as you are.

Here is one that never fails. Ask someone, "What is the name of that raised printing they have for deaf and dumb people?" Like a flash the answer will come back, "Braille." You then inform your friend that Braille is for the blind, not for the deaf and dumb.

Of course a lot of these catches are of the kick-yourself variety. Here is one which is just too obvious for words, yet you'll be very annoyed with yourself when you can't see it. There are three towns, A, B and C, which are situated at the three corners of an equilateral triangle; the distances from A to B, B to C and C to A are the same. A man walks from A to B and it takes him eighty minutes. Another man walks from B to C and it takes him eighty minutes. Yet a man walks from C to A, which is the same distance, and it takes him an hour and twenty minutes. Why? People offer all sorts of explanations—there was a hill, he stopped for a drink, he was lame, etc. They often get quite annoyed when they can't figure it out and you explain quietly to them that an hour and twenty minutes is the same as eighty minutes.

IF YOUR friend still remains your friend after having that one put over on him, try him with this one. A donkey had a ten-foot rope attached to its neck and there was a pile of carrots twenty feet away. He wanted those carrots and he succeeded in getting at them. How did he do it? The donkey just walked over to those carrots and ate them, the ten-foot rope around his neck not being attached to anything!

But if you want to get your friend really mad at you, tell him the story of the man who was having a bath in the basement of a house. As this man was turning the water off, the tap came off in his hand and the water started gushing forth from the pipe. It was coming so fast that he couldn't stop it, and slowly the water started rising in the basement. He rushed to the door, but it was jammed and wouldn't open. There was only a skylight, no windows, and no cracks through which the water could drain away. Slowly, slowly, the water got higher and higher and the man was trapped there. But he didn't drown. How did he solve the problem? Have a shot at figuring that one out yourself. If you can't get the answer, you'll find the solution on page 50.

Some of these catches sound very complicated and get people seeking pencil and paper to solve them. They

make the mistake of thinking you are setting them a problem, when as a matter of fact you are merely trying to catch them, testing how quick they are on the uptake. Take this one for instance: A motorist sets out from Toronto to motor to Montreal. He is travelling at forty miles an hour. Another man sets out from Montreal at the same time to motor to Toronto, but he is only going at twenty miles an hour. Which of the two motorists would be nearer to Toronto when they met?

THERE IS a boat anchored in a harbor, with a ladder hanging over the side. At low tide there is one rung of the ladder submerged. The rungs are a foot apart and the tide rises at a rate of fifteen inches an hour. How many rungs would be submerged after three hours?

A lily in a pond doubles its size every day. It takes thirty days to cover the whole of the pond; how long does it take to cover half the pond? That one is just so darn obvious that it is hardly worth while looking up the answer. (Have a care, there! I'm trying to trick you.)



Slowly the water got higher and higher.

A tramp used to pick up cigarette butts off the street and make them up into cigarettes for himself. He found that the tobacco from seven butts made up into one cigarette. One Saturday he picked up forty-nine butts and the next day being Sunday he decided to take a holiday (he was his own boss!) and smoke just as many cigarettes as he could make up from those forty-nine butts. How many cigarettes did he smoke?

A man started walking from the North Pole. He walked ten miles due south and ten miles due west. In what direction would he have to walk to get back to where he had started?

An absent-minded professor went away for a holiday and told his housekeeper to send his letters on to him. He had been away a day or two when he got a letter from his housekeeper telling him that she couldn't send on his mail as he had locked the letter box and taken the key away with him. So he mailed the key back to her, but still he didn't get any letters. Why not? There wasn't any mail for him, ha, ha, ha! No, that's not the answer, you'll have to try again.



The answers are on
page 50.

THE CATCHES I have been quoting seem to be mostly about men, so here is one with a definite feminine angle. A girl had twenty stockings, all the same size. Ten of them were dark and ten light and she kept them in a cupboard in a rather dark corner of a room. She was going out to a party and, being a girl, she was, of course, running late. She wanted to get a pair of stockings as quickly as she could, but she had to bring them to the doorway to see what color they were. She didn't mind whether she got a dark or a light pair. How many stockings would she have to bring to the doorway to make sure of getting one pair, either light or dark?

Of course you all know that old one about sisters and brothers have I none but this man's father is my father's son. Well, here is a relationship catch which I consider rather ingenious. A man and a woman were brother and sister. A young chap pointed to the man and said to someone: "That man is my uncle, yet the woman, who is his sister, is not my aunt. How can that be?" There is nothing in this one about stepsons or second marriages or anything like that. It's just plain relationship and just plain reasoning. I've known people puzzle for hours over this catch and then let out a sky-rending "Aren't I a fool!" when told the answer.

And then there's the boy who said: "Two days ago I was fourteen years old, next year I shall be seventeen. When is my birthday?" Obvious, you say. He was born in a leap year. No, you're in too much of a hurry again. This is quite a clever catch and requires some thinking.

ANOTHER brand of catch is the what's-wrong-with-this-story type. The original one of these was the tale of the man who went to church with his wife. Here it is, if you don't know it. In fact, here it is, even if you do know it! You have to point out what is wrong with this story. A man went to church with his wife. It was hot and the sermon was about as interesting as last year's calendar, so we soon find our friend asleep. He got to dreaming about the French Revolution and dreamed he was just about to be guillotined. At the precise moment he was putting his head down onto the block his wife happened to notice that he was asleep and tapped him on the neck with her fan to awaken him. Dreaming as he was that the knife was just about to descend upon his neck, the tap of the fan gave him such a shock that he died of heart failure. Now, what's wrong with that?

Let's finish up with a catch to which there is no answer but which is just so darn stupid that you have to laugh. There was once a squirrel

and a piece of drain pipe. The squirrel poked his head in one end of the pipe and then ran round and poked his head in the other end. Supposing that the squirrel's speed on the initial trip was fifteen miles per hour and it doubled its speed each trip, how many trips would the squirrel have to make before it poked its head in both ends of the drain pipe at the same time?

With that I think I'd better stop! There will be some more of these catches next month, and meanwhile some readers might care to send in their favorite catches to me.

The answers are to be found on page 50—if you need them.



How many trips did the squirrel have
to make?

"IT'S

Freshens you up in a flash

GINGERVATING"

PICKS YOU UP

SUPPLIES QUICK ENERGY

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES
INWARDLY

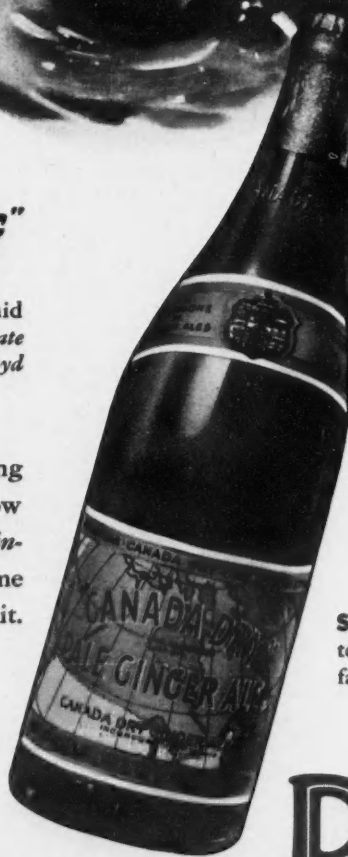
AIDS DIGESTION

In a word... **"IT'S GINGERVATING"**
THE DRINK WITH A REASON

The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous Dr. Lloyd "Liquid Ginger" Process, the one process that captures ALL the elusive flavour, the delicate aroma, the wholesome stimulating qualities of pure, natural ginger. (The Lloyd Process is a secret process owned and used by Canada Dry.)

When the thermometer soars, beat the heat by calling for a cooling glass of Canada Dry. You'll enjoy its sparkling zest... its mellow delicate flavour that's neither too sweet nor too dry. And "It's Gingervating"... it cools you off, freshens you up in a jiffy. Keep some Canada Dry in the refrigerator so you're always ready to serve it. And let the children have all they want. It's good for them!

drink
CANADA



"The Champagne
of Ginger Ales"

SAVE MONEY by getting Canada Dry in the easy-to-carry handy home cartons which contain four large family size bottles or six regular 12-oz. bottles.

DRY *it's pure
and wholesome*

